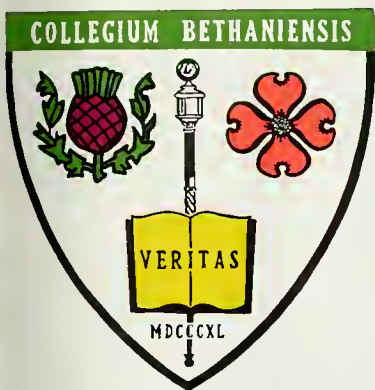




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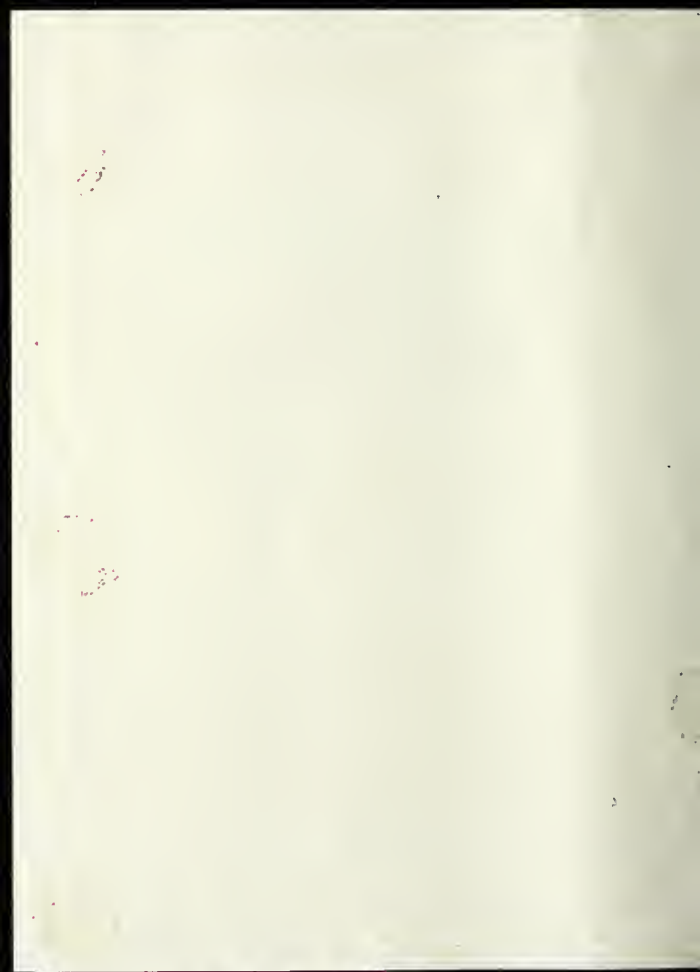


BETHANIAN



Gift Given to Bethany College
Martha Stewart Taylor, Class
1942. (2/92)

Yearbook 1941-42



BETHANIAN



In the Army..In the Navy..In the Marine Corps..In the Coast Guard

ACTUAL SALES RECORDS IN POST EXCHANGES, SALES COMMISSARIES,
SHIP'S SERVICE STORES, SHIP'S STORES, AND CANTEENS SHOW..

Camels are the favorite!

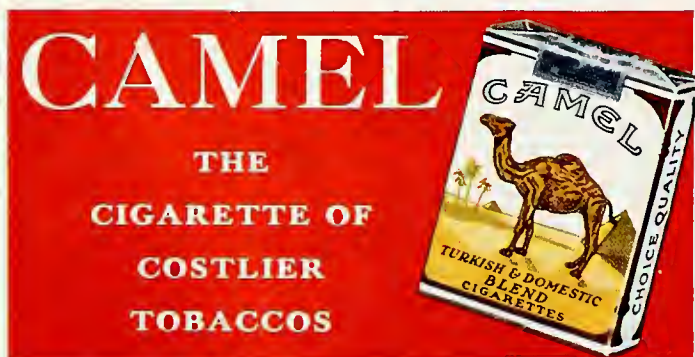


The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28%

Less Nicotine

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling
cigarettes tested—less than any of them—
according to independent scientific tests
of the smoke itself! The *smoke's* the thing!



First on Land and Sea!

Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard
...yes, it's *Camels* with the men in the
service. And with the millions of others
who stand behind them, too. For Camel
is America's favorite.

Join up with that ever-growing army
of Camel fans now. Enjoy the cool,
flavorful taste of Camel's costlier tobac-
cos. Enjoy smoking pleasure at its best
—extra mildness with less nicotine in
the smoke (*see left*).

SEND HIM A CARTON OF CAMELS TODAY. For
that chap in O. D. or blue who's waiting to
hear from you, why not send him a carton
or two of Camels today? He'll appreciate
your picking the brand that the men in the
service prefer...Camels. Remember—send
him a carton of Camels today.

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average
of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—
slower than any of them—Camels also give
you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

By David Huntsberger

REGARDING BETHANIAN

During the past school year and during the Summer months now drawing to a close it has been brought to my attention that the students of Bethany College are not in accord in their reception of our magazine, "Bethanian". Most of the students, I am happy to say, have found it a worth-while endeavor and favor it's continuance, but there are those who are not satisfied and advocate a return to the year book type of publication.

"Bethanian", in its present form, was and still is a new departure in student journalism. Three years ago a group of far sighted students, with the approval of the student body, ventured from the beaten path into entirely unexplored land when they threw aside the conventional "year book" type of publication for the present form of the "Bethanian", a combination magazine-yearbook. The efforts of this group were not unrewarded. As far as can be ascertained Bethany was the first college in the United States to publish such a monthly magazine portraying a panorama of campus life and the originators had the satisfaction of seeing at least two other colleges follow the trail they blazed. This year we will continue the experiment and attempt to aid in the evolution of this form of college publication.

In our opinion the "Bethanian" has a twofold purpose. First, it should present a true and accurate story of all phases of compus life; academic, endeavor and achievement, extra-curricular activities, outstanding events, groups and organizations, campus leaders and personalities, and a lasting record of the student body. In this fashion it will serve the purpose of the yearbook.

The second purpose, if successfully accomplished, will afford the student something the year book cannot possibly offer. That is a medium for self expression. In our opinion the "Bethanian" should not be a result of the efforts of a small group which comprise the staff, but should be a mirror of the thought, opinion, and talents of the student body. It's pages should be open to each and every student as a place where he can express an idea or opinion he considers important or interesting to his fellow students. It should have between it's covers the result of the student's creative ability; whether it be pictures, illustrations, short stories, poetry, or feature articles.

We of the staff are going to make a concerted effort to make this magazine all that it should be. We will do everything in our power to adhere to and accomplish the two purposes we have here set forth but we can not be successful if we alone publish the magazine. The student body must be behind us and assist us in our efforts. They must feel free to contribute anything they consider to be of interest and must do so if it is to be truly a student publication. The staff can, without too much difficulty, fulfill the first purpose without the assistance of the students, but if this be the case we can only offer a yearbook on the installment plan and will have failed our objective, the furtherance of a new and truly worthwhile type of student journalism.

So, fellow students, we of the "Bethanian" make a sincere appeal to you to help us make this all that YOU can desire of YOUR magazine. We ask you to aid us by giving us your suggestions, your criticisms; we ask you to let us have your opinions of all things pertaining to your college experience; we ask that you let us see your literary efforts, your poetry, your drawings, and your photographs. In this way you can help immensely to make the "Bethanian" a volume that we can all be proud of.

BETHANIAN

Volume 33—Number 1

October, 1941

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THIS MONTH'S PICTURES

Cover	D. Huntsberger
Pages 4, top 5	Courtesy C. C. Barlow
Pages 6, 7, 8, 9, ..	Speed Koval, D. Huntsberger
Pages 10, 11, 12, 13	D. Huntsberger
Page 15	Courtesy C. C. Barlow
Page 16	D. Huntsberger
Page 17	Courtesy C. C. Barlow
Pages 18, 19	Speed Koval, D. Huntsberger
Page 20	D. Huntsberger

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EDITORIAL STAFF

To be organized very shortly

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BUSINESS STAFF

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Mary Lou Smith
Nellie McIlvain
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PHOTOGRAPHIC DIRECTOR

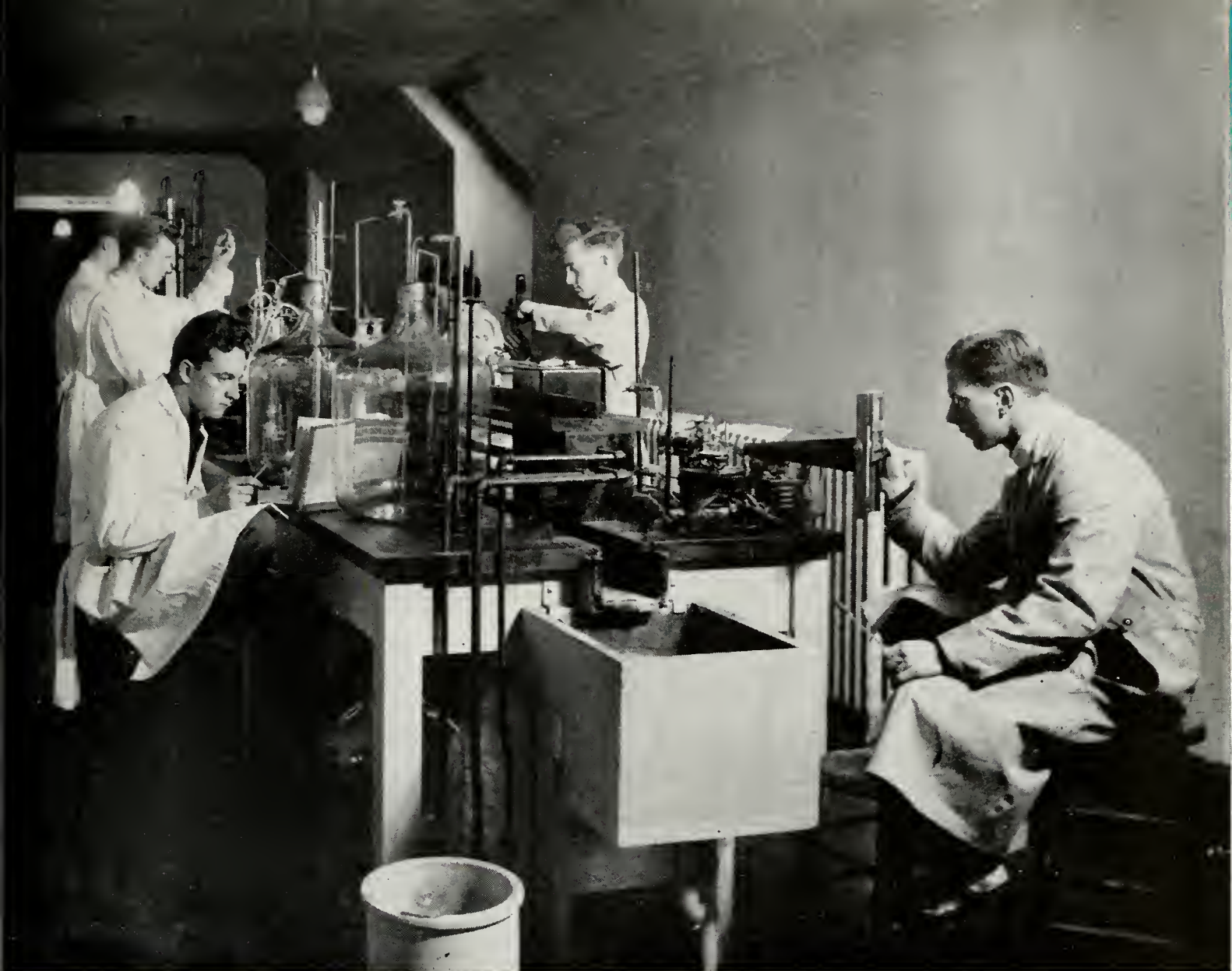
Speed Koval

Bethanian, a magazine of features and photographs, published each month from October through May by the Student Board of Publications of Bethany College. Entered as second class matter on January 14, 1920, at the Post Office at Bethany, W. Va., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Subscription price: Four dollars the year. Volume XXXIII, Number 1.



CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT

The chemistry department at Bethany is one of the most important and most progressive. Nearly all of the students at Bethany sooner or later have at least one chemistry course. They may take a general course to satisfy graduation requirements, they may take all the chemistry courses for a major. Students majoring in biology, pre-medical or other scientific endeavors find a good background in chemistry necessary for the fullest understanding of some of the phenomena they study.



The chemistry program at Bethany College aims to provide a superior chemical training for teachers of high school science, for entrance to medical schools, and for buttressing allied fields. Preparation is given for routine work in industrial or government chemical laboratories, and for minor research in certain areas where graduate training is not absolutely essential.

Bethany students are given a thorough working basis for entry into graduate schools where they will continue their training for industrial research for some closely related vocation. It is the very definite purpose of the department so to correlate the student's endeavor that he may achieve an absolutely workable technical training in chemistry at the undergraduate level without sacrificing a balanced social or religious life.

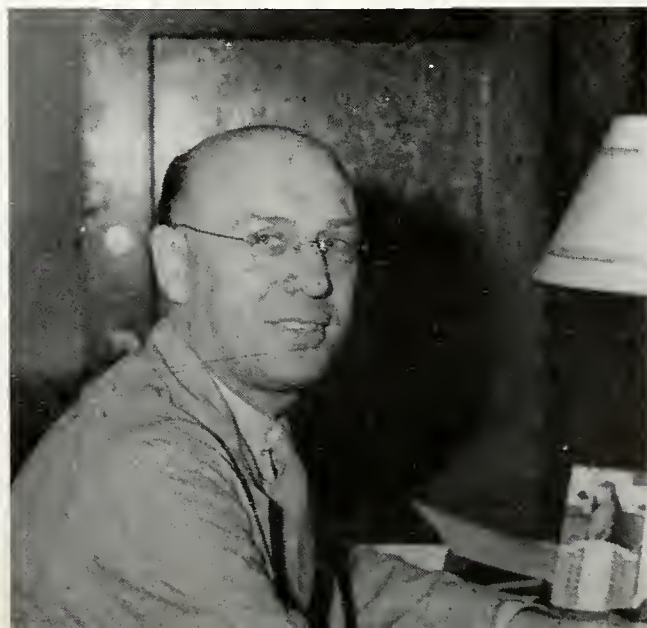
Laboratories and Equipment

The department is supplied with a general laboratory equipped for 156 students, an analytical laboratory with provision for 64 students and a well equipped laboratory for organic and

(Continued on Page 20)

ABOVE—The physical chemistry laboratory on the third floor of Oglebay Hall is the scene of nearly all the laboratory work assigned in upper division courses in chemistry. Students working here work almost entirely without supervision, many of them on problems they themselves have chosen. A problem must result in something entirely new. It need not be a new product. Just a new development in technique is sufficient. Also on the third floor is the advanced organic lab and a machine shop for the manufacture of special apparatus required for experimental purposes.

HEAD OF DEPARTMENT—DR. H. D. DAWSON



FRESHMAN WEEK

Since it can be stated that beyond any reasonable doubt the most important series of events in the first few weeks of school are those of Freshman Week, Bethanian presents a lasting picture story of these events. In order to make a connected story it was decided that a "Typical Freshman Girl" should be chosen and Bethanian will follow her through all the activities of Freshman Week. The girl chosen was Patricia Cederquist of Ashtubula, Ohio. Her picture appears on the cover of this issue of the magazine and on this and following pages the camera records the most important of her activities in her first week of college beginning with her arrival on the campus and terminating with Sodbusters Ball. Pat was chosen as the "Typical Freshman Girl" because of her pertness, her vivacity, her general appearance, and her camera face.



Upper left, Pat is welcomed to Phillips Hall by Crix Fiess upon her arrival on Sunday afternoon. Sunday evening at the first informal gathering of the freshmen she was amused by the antics of Tony (Brooklyn)

Cusmano who was the life of the party, upper right. Monday evening, informal reception at the Heights, lower left Pat meets Dr. and Mrs. Cramblet. Lower right she chats with others at reception.



The third evening was a freshman party in the gym featuring "Stunt Nite" and games to further getting acquainted. Upper left, Pat turns to shake hands with Jim Day. Among the stunts Pat thought the funniest was Tom Thumb (Melvin Sweeney, arms by Speed Koval) attempting to co-ordinate hand and mouth in eating a banana. Upper right, and "Brooklyn's" consternation when Carl Geenen as a side show salesman left

him well smeared with shaving cream, lower left. Wednesday nite the church gave it's annual party for the incoming freshmen. There were games, group singing, and refreshments. In the lower right Pat assumes the role of Spectator with mixed emotions while others sing. Later it became her turn to participate while others watched with equally doubtful expressions.





On the opposite page: upper left Pat tries to get seconds on ice cream when served at the church party. Thursday was the day of the Freshman hike and picnic. Pat was unable to make the trip because of the appearance of one of the boys from back home. The picnic, served on the lawn at Point Breeze Inn, consisted of the usual beans, potato salad, hot dogs and ice cream sticks. Two pictures, opposite page upper right and this page upper left show George Northrup feeding a dog to Yvonne Balster while Boetcher minds his own eating and Virginia Forry and Helen Colton receiving their share as they pass down the line of waiters.

One of the most import, but least attractive features of Freshman week is the battery of tests to which the unsuspecting Freshman is submitted. These tests occupy a fair percentage of each day and before the week is over those subjected to them wish they might never see another. Opposite page lower left Pat chews the eraser as she attempts to solve a particularly difficult problem.

Each Freshman is required to have a physical examination to supply a record for the dispensary that is kept, changed, and added to for the time the student is in Bethany College. While waiting their turn the girls weigh one another to see if there is any truth in the saying that all Bethany girls put on weight. Martha Umble weighs Pat, lower right opposite page.

After the picnic the Freshmen attended parties

held by their counselors for the purpose of acquainting counselor and counselees. Pat was assigned to Miss Mahaffey with several other students. At Miss Mahaffey's house she met and chatted with fellow counselees and with Miss Mahaffey, see picture upper right above. Later they all drank a toast to happy days to come in Bethany. (Soft drinks were used.)

The meeting with counselors was the last event of Freshman week with the exception of registration on Thursday and Sodbusters on Saturday nite. Friday nite was free so most Freshman became first-niters and went to the year's first movie in the chapel. Classes started Friday so Friday afternoon found Pat in the bookstore buying books and books and books plus notebooks, paper and the many other items required for classes and study, see lower left above.

Saturday nite and Sodbusters and the school turned out in mass for the official meeting of the Freshmen and the upper classes. The girls were lovely, the men were smooth, the music was good and a good time was had by all. The dances were tag dances and after the first little bit of backwardness everyone fell into the spirit of the thing and taggd right and left. Lower right above shows Jack Warmington, a friend of Pat's from Morgantown tagging back of Tony Cusmano who just shortly before cut in. The week was now over and Pat tired but happy looks forward to rush week.



F. H. KIRKPATRICK

Among the distinguished visitors at sodbusters ball was Dr. Forest H. Kirkpatrick, Dean of Personnel who has a years leave of absence to work with R.C.A. in Indianapolis on Defense work. At intermission the Dean made a short speech in the course of which the said quote: "Bethany is primarily an educational institution." unquote.

A lot of last years upperclassmen are not with us this year. They have been asked by their uncle to help run one of his big camps, Uncle Sam. We cannot trace all of them but the air corps seems to have gotten its share. Tom Grimm, George Brady, Charles Hart, Tiny Morill, and possibly others are with the army air corps. Dick Glass and Butch Esty, graduate fliers from Bethany's CAA course are now with the Navy Air corps. May all their landings be happy ones.

Bethanian points with pride to its new photographer Speed Koval and his pictures. As a test we turned the camera over to him and asked him to get a few pictures for Freshman week. He came back with a few dozen and all of them good pictures that tell a story. Bethanian will make good use of Speed if he doesn't go on strike like he did for Sodbusters. "Look", he said, "I've taken pictures all week and I don't know the freshmen or the upperclassmen. Tonight you take the pictures while I scout around and get acquainted." That is what he did and if the picture to the right be true, he did all right.

That hectic period known as rush week is now over and everyone,

freshmen and upperclassmen alike can relax and get some sleep and, incidentally, catch up on study. The results of rushing are not available at the present time but will be published in the next issue of the Bethanian. To the new pledges let us offer our congratulations. No matter which Fraternity or Sorority you pledged, you have affiliated yourself with a fine group of young people.

Bethespian Club, the all college dramatic organization, announces through its President James Huntsberger that it will present its annual homecoming play as usual this Fall Homecoming. The play is not yet, at this writing, definitely chosen but, as far as advance information can be trusted it looks like a toss up between Lady Windemere's Fan and Night Must Fall. Both are excellent plays and Bethespian promises to have it's best season this year. The old dramatic standbys are still with us and these persons augmented by scores of talented freshmen give promise of productions throughout the year that all Bethanians who like the drama should not miss. Put the homecoming play on your must list!

Once more Bethany prepares to put some of it's young men into the air. Bethany College in conjunction with the Civil Aeronautics Authority has already graduated 13 private pilots and even now the first group to be enrolled for this school year is attending ground school conducted by Lloyd C. Bagby of Wheeling. In these ground classes they learn the principles of aerodynamics, navigation, meteorology, and the



SPEED KOVAL

civil air regulations which govern flight rules and traffic.

Before long these new fledglings will start their air training which is under the direction of the Higgins Flying Service of Glendale. By the end of the first semester they will be ready to take their flight test, which, if they pass, is the last test before they receive their wings and private licenses. This is probably the most romantic course in the school and designed primarily to establish a reserve of pilots who, in wartime can be quickly turned into military pilots, and who in peacetime will be the basis for a rapid advance in private flying and thus in the geared up aircraft industry. Unfortunately, women are no longer permitted to enroll. Nellie McIlvain who took the course last year will therefore be the only girl pilot turned out by Bethany College. To those enrolled this year we say happy landings.

Speaking of Bethany's flyers we might mention that the good townspeople are a bit wroth about the lowflying antics of some of the boys on a Saturday and Sunday of not so long ago. On Saturday Wib Cramblet and Bill Neumann circled the town at a low altitude disrupting the peace for a short period. The next day Dave Huntsberger with his lady by his side repeated the performance but unhappily chose an inappropriate time. He glided into town and then gave full throttle right over the church in which church services were in progress.

In regard to the Bethanian staff. There will be a notice on the bulletin board shortly after this first issue appears. Any and all persons who wish to join the staff or to write are cordially invited to attend. There is room and work for everybody so don't let numbers frighten you.



PICTURE OF THE MONTH

This picture was snapped one night during the summer when the waiters should have been working but instead had taken some time off to attend to some other matters. What those matters may have been the picture helps make clear. The location—the back steps of Phillips hall. The boy and girl? We are not allowed to divulge that information and will do so under no circumstances so do not ask us.





LEFT, the three most popular waiters with the conference girls pause in eating to hit a solid note of harmony. RIGHT, John White, freshman this year, swings a wicked brush (hairy paddle in the vernacular) between

pipes at the Phi Kappa Tau house which Strasser's crew painted this past summer. CENTER, Bob Bullard helped the photographer get a picture of a baby skunk. WOW!

BETHANY SUMMER

Few of Bethany's students realize that there are two distinct and separate phases to life in Bethany; one of nine months duration, the school term; the other of three months, the summer season. Bethanian has always endeavored to present in it's page a true and compre-

hensive study of the activities and events of the school term but never has it made any attempt to acquaint the readers with the Bethany they do not know. Bethany in the summer. At last the veil is torn away, we present a short picture story of Bethany Summers.—Editor's note.

The forgotten man is the man who spends his summer in Bethany. When school is officially over the majority of the student body is dispersed and scattered over many states. A few remain behind. During the past summer there were eight or ten who stayed the entire three months. Their activities were many and varied.

No sooner had the students left when the campus was invaded by a host of young people attending church conferences. The conferences were of a weeks duration and when one group left another took its place. Altogether the conferences lasted from early June until the tenth of August. During that time six of the remaining students worked at Phillips Hall as waiters. Their duties were simple but many. They included serving meals, washing dishes, scrubbing pots and pans, setting tables, and cleaning up the hall and kitchen. These duties took from

10 to 14 hours a day depending upon the number of persons in the conference. Spare time was necessarily scarce but since 75% of the conferees were girls from 16 to 24 years of age what time there was was used to good advantage.

When the last conference had left, each of the waiters went his way on a well earned vacation; Martha's Vinyard, Long Island, Cleveland, Washington, Baltimore, Everywhere, but after a week or two weeks at the most, all were back in Bethany ready to go to work on Strasser's gang. Some became painters at fifty cents an hour, some carpenters, some laborers, and general flunkies at forty cents an hour. No matter what the job, there was plenty of work and plenty of hours and nearly all had a nice little nest egg with which to meet the reopening of school in the fall.

Until the last two weeks before the return of

(Continued on Page 19)



AT THE TOP Conference girls were anxious that the waiters get through work in time to keep their dates so they came into the kitchen and helped the boys work their way through 1000 dishes plus silverware.

AT THE BOTTOM Jim Huntsberger had his mind on a coming vacation in New York. When he dried dishes he built a replica of Manhattan. Here he points out the position of Times Square with reference to the Empire State building.

FOR THE FRESHMEN

In persuing back issues of the Bethanian we ran across a page titled "Freshman Bible" and discovered it to be a list of do's and don'ts coupled with a few words of advice designed to assist the new students in becoming acclimated to campus life. It seemed to us to be really worthwhile and though it seemed a trifle facetious in spots we deemed it very worthwhile and therefore, with apologies to a former editor, we reprint it here in the sincere belief that if you freshmen will note and take heed it will be of some little value in helping you navigate the first few weeks of your college life.—Editor's Note.

DEUTERONOMY

Thou shalt not smoke on the campus. It's an old Bethany tradition, and besides, the administration frowns on it.

Thou shalt not play tennis, nor cards, nor dance on Sunday.

Thou shalt not annoy the cows in the college—nor the graves in the cemetery.

Thou shalt not save up all thy clothes for one laundry case—nudity is frowned upon here.

Thou shalt not cut chapel more than five times—save that walk until afternoon.

Thou shalt not demonstrate class spirit by inscribing "1945" all over the campus.

Thou shalt not linger more than 3 hours over a 5 cent coke. A soda rates 6 hours, a sundae is good for the day.

Thou shalt not talk on the telephone for more than 3 hours at a time.

Thou shalt not bull after 12 o'clock midnight.

* * *

Thou shalt get enough sleep at night. The desks are so hard around here that insomnia often occurs in the daytime.

Thou shalt stay clear of Breezy Heights Beer Garden.

Thou shalt remember—the view from reservoir hill is much more effective in the daytime.

Thou shalt beware of the cross-country team. They are always running around. Strangely enough, in the country.

Thou shalt show proper respect for the upperclassmen. (Adv't.)

Thou shalt go to the Beta walk (in case you didn't know) by walking down Pendleton road, past Miss Mahaffey's and Prof. Robert's houses, climb a fence, go around a pig pen, and, there you are.

Thou shalt try writing home sometime when you don't need money.

Thou shalt always remember "Bethany is primarily an educational institution", especially after dark.

Thou shalt (ye gentlemen) try calling up for dates three days in advance at least (It's the legal limit).

Thou shalt always be a good little freshman, duly admiring of the upperclassmen and duly obedient.

REVELATIONS

This "Bible" is written in a sincere effort to help freshmen lead a happier life in Bethany, and to help you avoid some of the inevitable mistakes. But, if, with all the worldly wisdom of your seventeen or eighteen years, you look at the thing as so much upperclass froth, it will be your own loss.

Since dating is probably the uppermost thing in your mind, let us consider that first. One of the frequent mistakes made is starting immediately to "go steady" with one person. Playing the field will get you further in the long run, little Fannie Frosh, even though you do feel flattered that Sammy Sophomore is fascinated enough by your charms to limit himself to your company exclusively. Don't feel too bad if you don't have a date for the big dance. Just take an excursion through the corridors of Phillips Hall, and you'll see that at least 40 per cent of the girls are dateless, and many of them from their own choosing.

If you have a date, exercise some discretion about romantic proclivities, particularly in the drawing room, or you will find yourself furnishing an amusing show for the others present. Don't make your affection the object of everyone else's derision.

Now for the question of study. After all, you did come here for an education, so don't subordinate your studying to having a good time. Plan your day, and prepare each class during the time you have scheduled for that purpose. Your grades will show exactly how much work you do. When you study turn off the radio and turn out your friends. If they get angry, they don't have the stuff in them that real friends are made of anyway.

There is also a sort of Bethany etiquette to observe, so remember such things as speaking to everyone and being quiet during serenades.

Concerning extra-curricular activities, don't get membership in so many that you're of real value to none.

Get acquainted with everything, the faculty, the library, the buildings, the traditions of the school, the village, the country-side and above all—the students.

Let us conclude with an admonition not to let college go to your head.



BETTY BELLINGER
Assistant Librarian



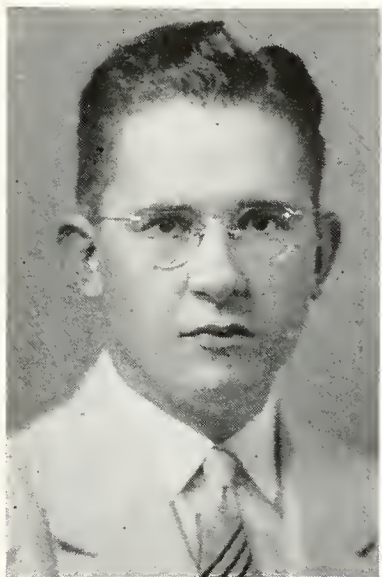
JOHN F. HARRISON
English



ANNA E. PALMER
Dietician—Bethany House



ALYNE KEY
Languages



E. HUGH BEHYMER
Librarian



ZETTA E. BANKERT
Sociology

FRESHMEN ON THE FACULTY



BETTY CLARK
Physical Education



INEZ CUNNINGHAM LYLE
Secretarial Arts

FIRE

Sunday, Sept. 14 was indeed a day of excitement, for, not only was it the day the freshmen arrived, but it was also the day of the big fire at Forney's.

At approximately 5:30 P. M. the siren at the heating plant commenced it's banshee wail to proclaim to the Bethany Volunteer Fire Department that their services were required. These worthies lost no time in responding to the call. But a few minutes later the chemical wagon, drawn by the firemen, was racing down Main Street, closely followed by the ladder department, also drawn by firemen.

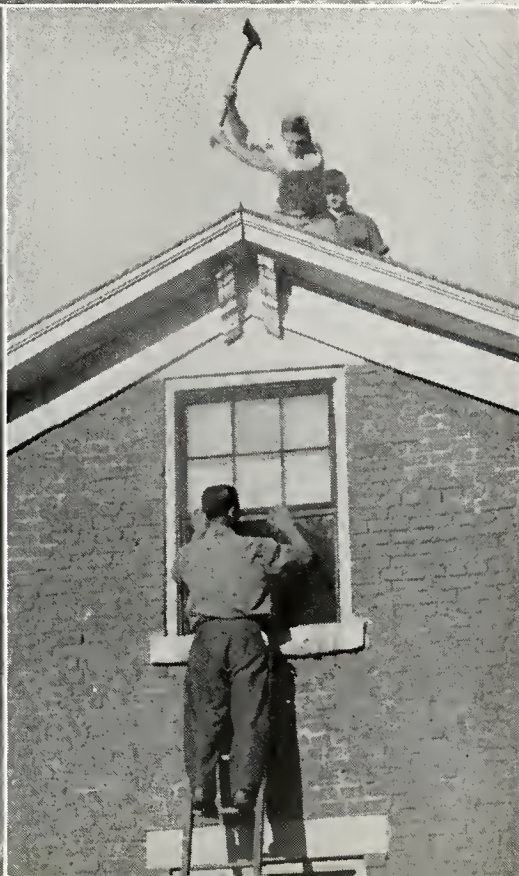
By the time these museum pieces had arrived at the scene of the fire, other firefighters had entered the lower floors of the house and found the fire to be enclosed in the south wall, from first floor to third. They knocked small sections of the wall out and brought into play buckets, and hose. Some removed furniture and other valuables to a place of safety and in but a few minutes the fire was out and everything under control.

At this propitious moment, after the fire was out, the Wellsburg fire department, complete with truck, came into Bethany. It is said that this was the first appearance of the Wellsburg company since the night many years ago when the Old Bethany house burned to the ground. That is a tale worth telling.

It seems that the students had long been ashamed of the appearance of this old hostelry and when the college bought the ground it occupied, and incidentally the hotel, they saw an opportunity to be rid of this eyesore by the simple expedient of setting it on fire.

At the height of the conflagration the Wellsburg fire department made it's appearance and went into action. The students, fearing the firemen might succeed in extinguishing the blaze hindered their progress by cutting their hose with axes. To protect the equipment the firefighters turned their hose on the students but by the time the small riot was quelled it was too late to do anything about the fire except to let it burn. Everyone had a grand time. There was a community sing and parade in the light of the end of the Old Bethany House.

The pictures to the right show the Wellsburg truck, the Bethany ladder wagon and chemical cart, and in the lower right a demonstration of two methods of entering a third floor room.





BETHANY HOUSE, NEW EATING PLACE FOR MEN, AND SODA GRILL

BETHANY HOUSE

Newest addition to the buildings of Bethany is the new eating place for freshman men, and any others interested. Construction was started at the end of the school term last year and during the summer the present edifice quickly took shape. It was finished shortly before the present semester started. Opening night was the 6th of September. Dinner was served to the Live Wire Club of Wheeling. The dinner was free to those attending, a gift from Bethany College.

The most attractive feature of the Bethany House is the soda bar and sandwich grill which occupies the front end of the building. It has facilities for loafing, bridge, and jitterbugging. The big question in the minds of many is what effect this will have on that old haunt, the College Inn.

With the upperclassmen the Inn is almost a tradition and if Cocanut Grove or The Trocadero were moved into town they would still

patronize the Inn for they have been at home there for years and feel comfortable nowhere else. However the Freshmen comprise the bulk of the student body and they are prone to patronize Bethany House. Just what will be the effect on the Inn and the Grey Bonnet cannot be predicted with any accuracy.

Management of Bethany House is in the hands of Anna E. Palmer, for picture see page 15, who comes from California to Bethany. She is a graduate of Penn State and has spent two years as a dietician. She has also been the author of a dietetics column and a household hints column in western newspapers.

Prices at Bethany House are consistent with other eating places in town. The board rate is \$6.00 per week, the same as at Phillips Hall.

Notable items on the bill of fare are: Banana split 25c, Chocolate frost 25c, Cheeseburger 15c, Cokes (of course) 5c.



LOUISE WEAVER



Top left, Roxy Silvers the chief cook at Bethany House examines baked potatoes to make sure they are not half baked. Center left, Mrs. Neff, pastry cook and assistant to Mrs. Silvers works out on a mess of chickens, must be Sunday. Bottom left, the soda bar. Bill Young behind the bar, in front of the bar Jack Baumgartner, Bill Humber, and an unidentified freshman. Directly above Louise Weaver the short order cook and sandwich specialist.

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The steps at Bethany House offer a good resting place and gathering place. On the left Jim Huntsberger, Wally Mayor, Jack Simeral, and Ed Harris roll out the barrel (in song). On the right the eternal triangle is represented by Bill Dowler, Nellie McIlvain, and Fred Albrecht.

Bethany Summer

(Continued from Page 12)

the student body work consumed just 45 hours a week. The last week however brought twelve hours a day, seven days a week. Free time was spent playing "Black Jack" and a new card game called "Just for the Hell of It", bowling at Strassers, visiting Hep and Lil at "Poke's" or Jack Morgan at "der deutsche Garten". Rides out of town were scarce but about once a week the boys were able to get into Wheeling or Steubenville to take in a show.

The summer Bethanians were called upon to do many things outside their line of duty. They helped

to quell a miniature riot. They provided entertainment through the medium of song. One, while in swimming with some conferees saved a girl who had been knocked out in a rough house and had slipped unnoticed to the bottom. One Sunday one of the waiters was asked to deliver a sermon in one of the neighboring churches. The offer was declined as the particular student thought he was not in the least qualified. No other offered to pinch hit.

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Chemistry Department

(Continued from Page 5)

physical chemistry. There are also two minor research laboratories, a spectroscopic laboratory, a large chemical storeroom, a machine shop, a seminar room for departmental periodicals, and a balance room with 26 balances available for analytical work. General apparatus is adequate for all courses offered.

The department provides excellent periodical literature at the undergraduate level and this is in the process of still greater development. Some 20 of the most important domestic and foreign journals and abstracts are regularly received, both general journals and those which apply specifically to each of the divisions of chemistry.

Individualized Training

It is not customary for two students to follow identical educational patterns. An effort is made in each case to set up a program which appears most likely to be of the greatest benefit to the student. The plan is quite highly individualized, particularly when auxiliary courses outside the department have been taken into account.

Chemical Engineering

Since chemical engineering is essentially applied chemistry, the Bethany program enables the student to secure the most important factors. What competent advisers feel is a nearly ideal program may be attained by taking intensive work in chemistry such as is offered at Bethany, following this period with an



DR. JOHN REYNARD
Assistant Professor

additional year in a strictly engineering school.

Curriculum

It is the policy of the college to advance exceptionally well prepared freshmen to analytical or organic chemistry. If by the sophomore year a student has decided to enter some phase of chemistry as a vocation, a more intensive program is begun. This includes first year physical chemistry, and either first year organic chemistry may be elected on three yearly levels and analytical on two or three. Physical chemistry is taught on two levels. Upper division students, normally those in the Junior or senior years, may choose from other catalogue offerings, and superior students often do minor research in some chosen field, in which event they write a student thesis.

Student Placement

Exceptionally high correlation exists between the college course of the chemistry student and his post college activity.

A summary which covers the past six years shows that Bethany graduated forty-two chemistry majors of whom thirty-eight per cent immediately entered into graduate study in the chemistry departments of twelve high ranking universities. Fourteen per cent entered medical colleges. Two students during the depression period took non-technical jobs; nineteen per cent were placed as teachers of science in secondary schools; the remaining twenty-five per cent entered industry directly, placing in eleven different organizations. At the present time, twenty-four per cent of these graduates are still pursuing graduate study; ten per cent are in medical colleges; twenty-two per cent are teaching; forty-one per cent are working in technical positions for sixteen different chemical industries.

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BETHANIAN

VOL. 33

NO. 2

NOV. '41



Reverse Weekend
... Page 8

XSB2C-1—It's the Navy's new dive-bombing sensation—Test Pilot Bill Ward at the stick



HOW DOES IT FEEL to dive *straight down* from several miles up? Bill Ward knows. He's the test pilot who put this amazing new Curtiss dive bomber through her paces for the Navy. That's Bill (*left, above*) smoking his (*and the Navy man's*) favorite cigarette. He'll tell you—

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS



It becomes increasingly apparent that there is something definitely wrong somewhere on our campus but that elusive little something is as hard to set our hands on as a greased pig, principally because we have no idea what it is.

The symptoms of the ailment are painfully present; we are all aware of them; apathy, lethargy, and a general lack of spirit, enthusiasm, interest, and good clean fun. Or, briefly and to the point, Bethany has lost it's traditional spizz, vim, vigor and vitality.

Never in the history of Bethany has dating fallen to such a low ebb that it became necessary to let the ladies do the dating. True, everyone had a good time, everyone entered into the spirit of the thing, and it was quite successful but, and here's the rub, why did the social committee feel that such an affair was in demand? Because it was novel, we say. Alright, it was novel but, we know there was more to it than that. We all know that so few fellows were dating that the girls were becoming a trifle discontent and something had to be done. The very proof of this statement is the success we have noted for leap week. The girls entered into the thing seriously because they wanted dates. The men entered into it because it was the most satisfying thing for the male ego that has ever taken place in Bethany. Results: (temporary) the girls are broke. The male egos are sated. Results (permanent) none. Dating has resumed its former negligible status.

What we are interested in is the WHY of the issue. It was often said that four girls out of five were pretty and the other one came to Bethany, but no fair and unbiased observer can look over this year's crop of pulchritude and make that statement. Most of the men agree that there are more beautiful women in Bethany this year than there have been in the last several years. From this we may conclude it is not a lack of local talent but a lack of interest in the talent on the part of the men.

However this does not only apply to dating but to every other phase of college life as well; to classes, to clubs, and worst of all, to our football team. It is only fair to add that, with the possible exception of dating, this applies to the girls as well as to the men.

We are bored, we find everything dull, and we lay the blame on the school, the administration, the faculty, the weather, the international situation, in fact upon everything but the right thing—ourselves. The school, faculty, and administration are the same as they have always been. They are in no way curtailing our activities. If our activities are fewer and not so enjoyable as in former years we have only ourselves and our lack of spirit to blame! Let's all get back into the swing of things and help the Moo Moo Moo, the 20 Club and above all ourselves make 41-42 a banner year at Bethany!

BETHANIAN

Volumne 33—Number 2 November, 1941

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BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT

The picture above is of the preparation of specimens for the Comparative Anatomy course offered to upper division students of Biology and Pre-Medical courses. These cats may be purchased from biological supply houses but to keep them for the course which is offered in the second semester they must be injected with a preservative, and left in formaldehyde until ready for use. The students will dissect and study these cats and thereby gain an insight into the human anatomy as well as that of the cat, as the cat and the human are similar.



FRESHMAN LAB.



BACTERIOLOGY

BETHANIAN VIEWS THE BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT

By George Northrup

Biology at Bethany College has a unique history of its own. This particular history dates back to the year 1921 when a new professor faced a freshman class of Biology in which sat a young man who was to become a professor of Biology at this same college. It was Dr. B. R. Weimer as the professor, and W. J. Sumpstine as the freshman student. Since 1921 these two men have associated together as teacher and student, and finally as associate professors. Now, in 1941, the Biology department consists of two professors, and five assistants, Betty Murphy, Martin Reiter, Dorothy Reynolds, Esther Mackey, and Raymond Rappaport are the assistants who act as helpers during laboratory periods, and who see that materials and equipment are always on hand. These assistants perform valuable services as they are available during work periods in the various laboratories.

The purposes or aims of the department professors are to acquaint the student with the living world around him, and the fundamental dynamic life processes, to demonstrate scientific methods of approach to problem solution; to provide a training ground for the pre-medical student, and other professional fields. There are many professors of Biology in large universities to whom this department can point with pride as a product of Bethany; in fact the fields of medicine, research, laboratory technicians, and public health service have all drawn from Bethany's Biology department.

There are at present four rooms in use; one as a conference room, one for an office and research room, and two laboratory rooms. There is a full line of equipment in each room; complete projection machines for lantern

slides, and for sound or silent movies, microscopes for each individual to use; and all the supplementary equipment and materials for a scientific study of a range of subjects, from General Biology to Theoretical and Advanced Morphological Biology. Almost one half of the present enrollment is taking some course in Biology this year. Of the 200 students taking Biology, the greater percent are freshmen, enrolled in General Biology. There is a special freshman laboratory where microscopic studies are carried on several hours each week. For the advanced students there is a special bacteriological laboratory which is well equipped for the directed studies. Future plans include the addition of a small greenhouse where much more material will be available for use as specimens.

As a special point of interest the discovery and excavation of a mastodon by the Biology department last year was of enough importance to merit a write-up in the "Science" magazine. This prehistoric animal was first discovered in the form of part of a skull bone by a steam shovel operator, who brought the queer specimen to the Biology professors for identification. After recognizing the bone as a part of some monstrous animal, the professors with an excavating party of students went out and finally located most of the missing parts of the skeleton. The hills of Bethany were apparently part of the range of this particular mastodon.

The fine natural environment of all the hills and woods around the college provides the various classes with opportunities for field trips, and makes available all sorts of animal and vegetable life which can be gathered or observed by the students themselves. There are regular field



trips planned when the weather is permissable, and these expeditions are complete with lectures by either Dr. Weimer or Professor Sumpstine.

Dr. B. R. Weimer obtained his degree of Dr. of Philosophy from the University of Chicago in 1928, seven years after he became a professor at Bethany College. In addition to his duties as head of the department, Dr. Weimer is the Dean of the Faculty, and serves on the County School Board. The textbook for General Biology now in use at Bethany, was written by Dr. Weimer in collaboration with P. D. Strausbough, Professor of Botany at Morgantown.

Professor W. J. Sumpstine holds a Masters degree which was given him in 1930, and since then he has completed most of his work on the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Pittsburgh under Dr. Jennings. Professor Sumpstine is also kept busy as Mayor of Bethany and as an amateur radio enthusiast.

In the past four years there have been thirty-five students graduated with majors in Biology. Among the most notable of these is William Montagna who provided most of the drawings in the textbook now used for General Biology.



Prof. W. J. Sumpstine

Dorothy Reynolds used the micrograph, an instrument for taking pictures of microscopic biological specimens, to take a picture of an amphioxus. The amphioxus is the lowest form of cordate and, if Darwin be correct, may be considered the ancestor of the fish and as such would be the ancestor of birds, reptiles, animals of all types, and, of course, the genus homo.

DR. B. R. WEIMER—Head of Department



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Composite of Bethany's Beauty



Sketch by Frank Zecca

And perhaps this, my boys, is why you haven't been dating, for this is Bethany's most beautiful girl—compositely speaking.

Frank Zecca, our annual class photographer, is the artist, and his sketch was not a determined attempt to catalogue collegiate beauty, but merely the result of an idle, subconscious file of Bethany's beautiful features—Being interviewed during his latest visit to the campus, Zecca stated definitely and without reservation that our co-eds are, generally speaking, the most beautiful of any he has seen. "I'm only sorry I can't be as complimentary to the boys."

"But this beauty,—it's deeper than that—it's a sociability, a genuine character about the girls—that I appreciate. Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Cedarcrest, Elmira,—I photograph them all, and they can't compare." (And perhaps you didn't believe the remark in this month's editorial.) And the boys? They're nice too, "but can't you girls make them *shave!*" (Ah! Out of the mouth of an Outsider, male at that!)

Zecca thought it wiser to with-

hold the possessor of the individual features, and besides, guessing won't be that hard—or unpleasant. The hair, he admitted, is a little unusual, it is rather idealized or styled in the manner proper for Interfraternity. And make-up? The great majority of the girls use the correct amount. Our beauty? It merely needed the words of an expert to verify our opinion and is worthy, editorially speaking, of a weekly shaved male.

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REVERSE

This noon at lunch "Hutch" announced an "Open Season on All Eligible Males" for the week-end of the twenty-fourth. Oh, joy! Now I can grab me a real live male. But whom shall I grab? I think I'll be particular and ask only one man.

This afternoon I seized my opportunity and asked the man of my choice for a date. Of course I was very subtle. His arm will never be the same where I grabbed him. Play hard to get is my motto. (Just think—A REAL LIVE MAN WITH MUSCLES!)

When I came in tonight, I tried to get upstairs past the phone booth. The first time I tried, I couldn't get past the first step. "Well," thought I, "I'll wait a few minutes and then try again." Soon there was no person in sight. Seizing my chance I sneaked quietly around the corner and started up the stairs. "Brrrr-ing!" went the phone. I lay quietly on the stairs as the thundering herd pounded over me. Then I weakly dragged my mangled body up to the third floor, and decided to join the throng. But who were the lucky men to be? Ah! Inspiration! That handsome Ray Rappaport, the Biology Lab. assistant whom everyone was simply gaga about. I called



the Beta House and was told by the gentleman (?) who answered the phone, that if all the ladies, who were calling Rap, would form a line his secretary would take care of them. Finally I located this popular young man and got a date with him. Then I contemplated on other fortunate males. Oh, happy thought! The one and only Monty Stratton. You know, the fellow who comes over to the swimming pool and sits around in his trunks and displays his magnificent physi-





WEEKEND



que? Anyway, I called and got a date with him. Not bad, eh? Well, I decided to stick around and watch the girls nonchalantly come to the phone. The phone rang again, and the girls slowly strolled to the booths with a slowness of pace that would put a tornado to shame. And so I crawled on my mangled hands and knees to my boudoir. Ah! Sweet dreams and slumber!

Here I am waiting patiently and calmly for the coming week-end. Nothing ever disturbs me. My doctor says that I will have to have both arms



amputated. You see, I have a slight case of blood poisoning just because I chewed my fingernails a bit.

Gee! My first date was with an Alpha Kappa Pi. Isn't that wonderful! In fact, it is very unusual. Meeting in front of the Main Building, we went to the Bethany House for a coke. As I had another date at three with one Kappa Alpha, I deposited Man No. 1 on the doorstep of his destination and left in search of my three o'clock date. At first it was hard to recognize him as he was camouflaged by the books he carried. Nobly relieving him of his burden, we staggered down the hill to the College

Inn, and sluffed cokes. That evening I took my time in walking down to the Beta House. Well, maybe I did pass one or two airplanes, but, they were flying awfully low. When I arrived at the House, a huge sign met my eyes. It read, "Welcome Home!" Well, after reading this sign, I gracefully crawled under it and asked Happy, the house-father, to call Rap for me. While waiting I filled out the sign-out slips signifying that we were going to indulge in "God Knows What" for "Miscellaneous" purposes. Suddenly one youth came rushing out with lather on his face and razor in hand and shout to his date, "I'll be a little late, Honey. The





The dance: Prof. Harrison centers for the kickoff of faculty dignity... "Then I weakly dragged my mangled body to the third floor and decided to join the throng surrounding the phone booth."



an onion from his corsage and ate it. For the remainder of the evening I bargained him off to unsuspecting female stags. After the dance was over, I escorted him back to his dorm. As he coyly started off, a sudden impulse gripped me. So I grabbed him and planted a tender kiss upon his lips. Then I fled into the night leaving him just where he had fallen.

What a day! Woo! Woo!

Sunday morning I called for Monty Straton at the Guess Where (that's right, the Beta House), and took him to church. That afternoon Angie and I had a date to go for a hike. He borrowed a portable radio, and so we started off—my Sigma Nu and I—down the Guess Again Walk. At the end of it we gaily leaped a barbed wire fence and waded through a cosy little stream. Then we found a small hill to climb. It couldn't have been more than ten or twelve miles high. As he eagerly scampered up the face of the cliff, he turned around and said,

"You should help me climb this hill." (By the way, I was climbing the hill on all fours, going

power is off." Then he wheeled about and dashed back in. I was fast becoming impatient when Rap came out—reeking in Shanghai cologne. To my horror he handed me his razor, shaving soap, after-shave lotion and a few old bones and asked me to put them in my pocket. And so, taking his arm, we marched off to the movie. After enjoying Seventh Inning Stretches in the cinema, I succeeded in getting him home on time. Thought I to myself, "Shall I? No, I'd better not. It might not be nice." So I bade him goodnight and left.

Saturday afternoon I ordered a lovely corsage to be sent to my date for the ball which took place that evening. Then I waited for the evening to come. Tick — tock — drag — swish—. Evening had arrived. "Virginia" Ott looked super in his gorgeous plaid skirt and contrasting plaid jacket. There were many arresting costumes among which Porky Davis and Timmie Simpson had the most unique. As we plowed through the sparsely populated dance floor, he suddenly reached down and plucked



The Dance: "There were many arresting costumes, among which Porky Davis and Timmie Simpson had the most unique"... Friday night movie: Bob Wright smugly watches Ruth bargain her date allowance.



forward two feet and back four.) We reached the top, leaped two or three lovely fences, and sat down to listen to the radio. After I had just started to recover, I found myself being led along the path to Dear Olde Phillips.

That very evening Cherub Glassman and I decided to do something new and different. We took a walk. And while we were walking an idea struck me. Hitting it back, I said, "I know what let's do. Let's you get some roots for me for Biology." He looked overjoyed at this. Nevertheless, he decided that there was no other way out of his dilemma, so

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off we went to gather roots. We sneaked in a corn field and set to work pulling up corn roots. After pulling row upon row from the sod, we thought maybe that was enough. But what really provided the entertainment of the evening was the hunting of the dandelion. With our

two bare hands we dug around the delicate flower, and then ever so gently grabbed the roots and with a bulge of biceps pulled it up. Then, with our prizes, we dragged ourselves to the dorm.

And what did Reverse Week-End do for me? Well, in the first place it thoroughly diverted my attention from the minor things of life—study, for instance. Next, it put me a little behind in my allowance. (That is, you needn't expect a Xmas present from me this year.) It got me dates with the *frat* men. (Aren't I like the all-around girl though?) And just picture my surprise today when the nurse said that I could get out of the infirmary in a few weeks! (I forgot to tell you I had a slight nervous and physical collapse.) I made a great profit in black marks, too.

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An album old and torn,
Containing photographs
Forgotten and forlorn;
These things I found one day.

One Night in Phillips Hall

By Ruth Long

Dinner is over. You have the best intentions in the world as you walk up the stairs in Phillips Hall. If you begin at six-thirty you really ought to have your work done by bedtime. As a matter of fact, by noisy hour you ought to be able to come out and join in the general excitement. However, it is called to your attention that there is a meeting, a short one, *of course*, and you just have to attend it. Well, if it just takes half an hour, it won't be so bad, and you can stay up half an hour later. It won't hurt you any.

Sneaking out of the meeting at seven-thirty, you dash to your room and after a short discussion with your roommate you both come to the agreement that the first one to say a word will automatically be excluded from the room for the rest of the evening.

Silence reigns for perhaps three quarters of an hour, during which some real work is accomplished. You sneak a look at the clock and then go back to your work, wondering how you got that far without being interrupted. Two more minutes pass, which you spend getting your attention refocused upon the subject at hand, when the door gently opens—gently, because it is quiet hour—and the girl from down the hall walks in “to borrow a book”, she says, and calmly sits down on the bed with an “I’m hungry.” This statement was made to get results and since you can’t possibly study while she’s in the room, the only thing to do is feed her. (Your roommate, after six weeks of this, has found out that her work can’t continue either so she joins in.) She was feeling a little hungry anyway. Words begin to fly back and forth and a few choice bits of information are exchanged. You know what I mean. “Who will be the first freshman girl to take a pin?” and, “Did you hear the crack Dick came up with in Bible?”

Suddenly a gentle knock is heard. Someone comes up out of the conversation long enough to inform the knocker that it is safe to come in. The door opens, the proctor sticks her head in and you are told that it is quiet hour. People are studying. (Oh, yeah?) She no sooner returns to her post when an idea is thrown into the center of your little party which means lots more work for this unfortunate proctor. Someone (not your roommate, who still has Latin to do) suggests that you should have a feed. Of course the instigator of this plan never has any food herself; that is the main reason for her suggesting it to you. Your room is known all over the

dorm by this time because you are never without food. Even the mice are aware of it.

Not having quite enough food (larders can only stand so much and then they are empty) you decide that since the girls across the hall are good friends of yours—and just got a box from home, incidentally—you ought to ask them to the feed.

After spreading a towel on the desk (tablecloth, you know) and gathering the food from various parts of the building, you, with about six other people, dive in. Literally.

Proctor enters at this point.

“First warning,” says she as she quietly, ever so quietly, opens and closes the door. Someone politely says thank you and the feed goes merrily on.

At this point a veritable bedlam breaks loose. Even over the noise in your own room you can hear it, and you know, from experience, that it is now nine-thirty and noisy hour is for the next half hour. (Noisy hours are never more than half an hour long). And the feed continues.

More people wander in, then wander out, having devoured all the food a human being can possibly hold without bursting. By this time you have given up all hope of doing any studying until the rest of the dorm is in bed. You invite the proctor in and stuff her full of food. (This thing is beginning to look like an all night session and you can’t accumulate *all* your black marks in one night, you hope.)

Someone comes in and borrows your skirt, while someone else decides that since your suit just fits her she would like to wear it tomorrow night. So your clothes disappear, and, with luck, you have something to wear the next day.

About eleven-thirty you begin to remember the test scheduled for the next day and your roommate, by this time, has settled in a corner and is counting her fingers and toes in Roman numerals. You give her the high sign, and both of you calmly amble out with your books under your arms and go into the first empty room you come to, knowing full well that the original occupants are in your room.

At about two o’clock you return to your room and shoo the last two out. The food is gone and the crumbs are all over. Your room is a mess and your work is only begun. There is only one solution. You simply turn out the light and go to bed, praying that tomorrow will be different. (It never is.)

SPORTS REVIEW

By Martin Reiter

As the curtain went up on the Bethany sports scene the general demeanor of both audience and participants bespoke their fear of dire circumstances. The ranks of the "Big Green" had been decimated by graduation, the draft, and unpredictable quirks of fate. As grid mentors Knight and Stump surveyed the scene they recognized few old faces. Stan Stitt, Archie Conn, and Ed Harris were there in the backfield. Dode Myers, Bill Dowler, Frank Donics, and Pete Pletz were all that remained of the line. Still in the ranks of the faithful were Hal Siegelbaum, Bob Connell, Fred Albrecht, Barney Henderson and Martin Reiter. Back from a period of extended illness was Jack Simeral and returning from his pursuit of filthy lucre was Roger Waterman. Brightening somewhat the portentous outlook were "Buck" Dunn, son of Bethany's All-American "Buck" Dunn of the early 20's, Ralph Tate, John Jones, Bob Sutton, Carl Geenan, Bill Keith, Bill Carlisle, Everett Stewart, "Brooklyn" Cusmano, Lonny Freebairn, Bill Fowler, Jim Weirich, Jim Williams, James Trench, Bob Hudson, and "Zeppo" Young. Another lift to the team was given when Jim Duff decided to reattend Bethany and "Preacher Bob" Smudski was coaxed away from his many activities. But Fate had not finished its mischievous rampage: Stan Stitt, believing that flying held greater promise for him, left to attend a flying school.

Lacking confidence, it was a shaky team that took the field against Glenville. It was this lack plus the drive of an inspired Glenville team that decided the score in Glenville's favor, 13-0. This game showed Jim Duff in a new light, for the Bethany brain trust played this versatile gentleman at end, a position he upheld with honor. The fray, however, took its toll. Ralph Tate is still bothered somewhat with a trick knee.

The second game, almost a repetition of the first. A fighting Salem team fought the Bisons away from their goal again and again. The contest ended 0-0 and once more it was that elusive something that was in control.

Bethany students of 1940 will never forget the West Virginia Wesleyn game. It was the seventh game of our season and the recently unheralded Bison had truly "regained its horns"

for they were undefeated. They were a fighting mechanism and yet a team of fighting individuals. Every position was two deep and even the lowly scrubs were threatening to join the ranks. Bud Kuhns, Chet Gordon, "Shady" Brady, Jack Cicco, Dode Myers, "Tiny" Morrill, "Pinky" Roberts, Pete Pletz, the Dowler brothers, Bill Wells, Frank Donics, Jim Duff, Jack Hesser, Archie Conn, Dick Jackson, Stan Stitt, Ed Harris, Tommy Cullison and Chuck Hart. What memories these names recall! Joyous Heidelberg, proud of a perfect record as Ohio's only undefeated team, was felled in the midst of its glory. Powerful Geneva and Westminster ranked favorites, fell before their onslaught. Mighty Wash-Jeff who had withheld the Bisons for thirty long years, finally succumbed to superior ability.

It was in a fortified frame of mind that the "Big Green" took the field against W. Va. Wesleyan. It was a disheartened and crippled team that heard the final whistle and realized their defeat. The thought in all minds was "we'll get 'em next year." You who know the score realize that this wasn't Bethany's year for revenge for the Bison were trampled 47-0.

As this issue of the Bethanian goes to press, it is a few days before the W & J game, a game time-honored in rivalry. Strange to say, after three defeats, and although their points column is still virgin in its whiteness, it is a different "Green and White" team that veritably champs at the bit. From whence has come this new-found spirit? Your guess is as good as anyone's, for even the players themselves don't know. An important contributing factor may be the drastic shakeup in the lineup. "Buck" Dunn who wasn't legally eligible until this game is sharing the pivot position with Frank Donics. Archie Conn who earned his letter at quarterback is now a tackle and from all indications he likes it. Jim Duff is further amazing football fans with his versatility at his third position this year—that of halfback. Bob Connell is now a quarterback and shows definite promise for that position. All in all it will be a different team that trots onto the field at Washington.



Who's Who in Bethany College



Gordon Seidel

Bethany seniors will remember a series of five minute lectures on misogyny delivered from the bench in front of Phillips Hall, some three years ago. The deliverer, Gordon Seidel, was then a freshman and an Alpha Kappa Pi pledge. He came to Bethany from Baltimore (which by the way, he thinks is the center of the universe), and having slept through the intervening three years quite successfully, is now a senior, with his fingers in so many campus pies that he is referred to as the "Pink F.D.R."

"Pappa," as he is so affectionately known to an inestimable number of young and errant underclassmen, leads the basso profundo section of the Bethany choir in his less strenuous moments. At other times the weight of his Personality is felt as he exercises supreme authority as president of the International Relations Club, and Grand Exalted Bull of the Moo Moo Moo. His brother Alpha Kappa Pis, recognizing his leadership ability, elected him president of their fraternity and now enjoy his paternal confidence to its fullest extent. However vaguely apparent to the less observant, his work as president of the Interfraternity Council is of no small import, and to complete the activity pie, he is constantly eager and ready to act as Senior manager and chauffeur to the cross country team.

Seriously, however, behind the mask of pompous and austere dignity, Gordon has made a remarkable record as assistant in the history department. Perhaps his political theory is a little obscure, but his opinions are respected, perused, and confused by his listening audiences. His initiative and influence will undoubtedly continue to be felt in the future.



Betty Murphy

"I'm tired of being an Old Dowd, I want to be a G.G.!" Betty Murphy's usually honest grey eyes were wistful. "Biology! The Dean's List! B.W.O.C.!"

In other words, Murf bewails her lot as senior fellow in Biology, freshman counsellor, President of Zeta Tau Alpha, Vice President of the A.W.S. Board, scout leader to our local tenderfeet, bearer of the name inscribed on the plaque, "Outstanding Junior Girl—1941". Murf—beloved of children and faculty and students and dogs, intimate benefactor of the platyhelminthes (Biology Project No. 1), who eagerly strides the campus in her wide loping gait,—and she courts Glamor!

Her sister Zetas smile tolerantly when Murf's Troop No. II pour candles in the House basement, or begin practicing the latest tricks she learned as Summer Camp counsellor. Even in those moments one doesn't forget that in the beginning she hailed from Pittsburgh, began her steady rise in campus life, scholarship and sorority as a Freshman, fatally slipped to a one tainted "C" on her Sophomore report card, supported the tenor choir section until this year, and is slowly wasting away trying to determine which Biological field is most interesting. In any case, she looks capable and quietly assured and dependable and even glamorous in her lab smock . . .

She promises much—and Dean Weimer can't be wrong.

Particles--

From the Dormitories

The newest feud is that between Yvonne Balster, and her roommate, Helen Colton. Helen had bought some goldfish for their room, and left it up to Yvonne to clean and feed them. Yvonne revolted, and said that she would get a pet of her own to clean and feed. Now, there lodges on Helen's and Yvonne's desks a bowl of gold fish and a jar with two baby snakes!

●

During a recent class in Sociology, a group of girls were giving their panel reports about a trip made to the jail at Wheeling. Ann Elizabeth Keyser remarked that there was one room in the jail, in which the prisoners had to be in at night. A Freshman nearby remarked, "That's not in Wheeling, that's right here in Bethany!"

●

"Reverse week-end is something for us girls to write home about," one girl remarked to another. "It certainly is!", an enthusiastic supporter of Reverse Week remarked, "I'm broke!"

●

The literature passed out to incoming Freshmen mentions the fact that pets are not allowed in the girls' dorms. What freshmen read into this statement the connotation that pets would be furnished? Obviously none; for the girls were as surprised as the faculty to find one little lost dog dashing around the corridors of Phillips Hall one evening about midnight. Although it wasn't Saturday night two Girl Scout-minded freshmen decided to give their new friend his biannual bath. When the pool of water on their floor and the collapse of the water-girl finally persuaded the budding Girl Scouts that the waste basket wasn't a large enough tub, they carried the squirming and dripping figure into the bathroom to a real tub. Doubtless no other dog in Bethany has ever received a bath with perfumed shampoo or been dried with a hair drier. Yet the little canine seemed to enjoy it, for he spread the word among his friends. Since then three other dogs have entered the sanctum of Phillips hall but failed to warrant the much longed for shampoo.

Freshman Test

By Ginny Forry

Jeannie Freshman can't understand why she makes such poor grades on her tests. She has set the alarm clock for 6:00, since she decided to go to bed without studying for the test after the feed of the night before. The alarm rings at 6:00 the next morning, and Jeannie drowsily reaches over, turns it off, and goes on sleeping. At 7:00, she is awakened by her roommate, who continues to scold, till Jeannie gets up. Struggling out of bed, she is pushed into a cold shower by her roommate, and then, feeling a bit hungry, Jeannie decides to go to breakfast. After breakfast, she meets Joe College, and they go for a walk, which ends in a coke, and a dance at the College Inn, or Bethany House. Hurrying back to the Dorm, Jeannie remembers that she has until after lunch to study for that test, and it is now 9:30! Sitting at her desk, she glances at the letter from her best girlfriend, or boyfriend, from home. "I really ought to answer that letter!" she remarks, and, settling down, she answers two letters while she is about it. When the letters are finished she decides to take them down to the post office, and get them off as soon as possible. It is now 10:30! Ready to settle down and study now, Jeannie looks for her book, but she just remembers it is in Judy's room. Traipsing down the hall, she finds that Judy is studying for the test, and the two begin to talk. First they discuss the test, but their conversation concludes with Judy complimenting Jeannie on how nice her hair looks that way, and Jeannie telling Judy just how she fixed it. At 11:00, Jeannie trudges reluctantly back to her room, and begins to pour over the book. Fifteen minutes she spends leafing idly through the part of the book which the test covers. Half an hour is gone by now, and she has started to study in earnest. Two pages have been thoroughly digested, while Jeannie continues shifting her positions in half a dozen different ways. Another fifteen minutes have passed, and Jeannie is beginning to understand something about the subject. At 11:45, her roommate returns early from a class, and the two discuss what they have accomplished in the morning. They go off to lunch, and Jeannie takes her book along with her. After eating, she starts to leave immediately to study, but she remembers she promised to meet Joe who is waiting outside. The two argue and talk until Jeannie finds she has just three minutes till class begins. Opening the book, she frantically reads aloud some sentences, while rushing to her class. Arriving just in time, she sinks into a chair, and asks last-minute questions about the book from those around her. Then, as the teacher begins to pass out the examination, Jeannie remarks to the girl next to her, "I spent all morning studying for this test, and I don't remember a thing!"



THE ACTIVES

PHI KAPPA TAU *By Glenn B. Ritchey*

THE OFFICERS



Phi Chapter of Phi Kappa Tau was founded in the year 1923. Up to that time there had been a group on Bethany's campus known as the Rechabite Club, a local society, made up of ministers. This society had been functioning for quite a few years and had become a rather powerful organization on the campus.

At the beginning of the year 1923, the National Fraternity, Phi Kappa Tau, asked the college's sanction of installing a chapter here. Meeting with the agreement of the college, the fraternity began looking about for a suitable group to use as the charter members. The members of the Rechabite Club were chosen as this group, and Phi Chapter was installed. Since that time Phi has had her ups and downs. But always, whether on the up swing, or on the down grade, the star of Phi Kappa Tau has been shining brightly, to guide us along the way.

For the past three years Phi has certainly been on the up swing. At the beginning of the year 1939, she numbered exactly two actives. But that year witnessed a complete re-organization, and things began to happen. From then on the



THE PLEDGES

fraternity started to show definite signs of growing, until she now numbers thirty affiliated men. At the beginning of the current year a new house was purchased and furnished. Changes are still being made, and definite steps are being taken to maintain that perfect harmony so necessary to a successful fraternal life.

We of Phi Chapter will owe much to Phi Kappa Tau. By our oath we swore to shoulder an obligation which will remain with us throughout our life. We will owe the practical ideals of an honorable career; we will owe fraternal assistance to our brothers; we will owe to all men the example of tolerance and broad-minded culture, for we owe to ourselves the cultivation of an appreciation of just what things in life are worth our effort. Again, we will owe to ourselves the realization that college means more than learning to dress like our brothers, and talk like them. And, if we have any hope of rising out of the level of mediocrity, we must learn to stand on our own legs and think for ourselves.

—Officers—

Eugene Keckley President
 Glenn B. Ritchey Vice President
 William Bannen Secretary
 Robert Husband Treasurer



SENIORS (our one hope)—Albert Cerveris.

JUNIORS—Eugene Keckley, Glenn B. Ritchey, Robert Connell, William Bannen.

SOPHOMORES—George Bartram, Jack Wright,, Charles Ford, Donald Kramer, Robert Husband, Richard Hockensmith, Frank Donics, Samuel A. McCutcheon, Richard Colan.

PLEDGES—Foster Burton, William Carlisle, Merle Cunningham, Victor Cardenas, William Dumbaugh, Hewitt Dunn, Carl Geenan, Carlos Jaramillo, George Jaramillo, William Keith, Richard Miller, Anthony Puglisi, Earl Shank, Melvyn Sweetney, Ralph Tate, William Young.



Bethany Bison Hit the Road

By Speed Koval

During the course of the football season, the gridiron gladiators representing Bethany College leave home on several overnight trips to play "away" games, and we felt that a picture series and story typical of a trip would be appropriate and of interest to the entire student body.

The pictures in this story were taken on both the Glenville and West Virginia Wesleyan trips, and are fairly representative of all trips. We have room for only a few pictures . . . space shortage required omission of many others just as interesting.

Games are usually scheduled so that the team does not travel further than 175 miles, with an overnight stop made three-quarters of the way. Clarksburg, West Virginia, was the stopping point on both trips. Here, at the Waldo Hotel the team bunked down for a good night's rest before the next day's tilt.

Leaving Bethany by chartered bus, the team embarked at one o'clock Friday afternoon, with a mob of students and cheerleaders present to wish them success. The first sixty minutes of traveling brought forth much merriment, singing, discussion of defensive and offensive plays, and kibitzing in general. The steady whirr of the wheels and country landscapes flashing past are conducive to sleep, however, and we found some few falling asleep as time progressed. Others whiled away the miles discussing studies (really!) or tried reading text books till the motion of the bus tired the eyes.

In Waynesburg, the bus stopped long enough for the fellows to stretch their legs and buy some magazines and newspapers. To their sorrow, a few discovered that Coach Knight was very particular about eating candy, with a resultant pile of sweets tossed outside the bus door.

The scenery beyond Morgantown became more and more scenic, and after a couple hours of steady traveling, the Bison were glad to get out, stretch again, and view some of the natural wonders of the state of West Virginia. Next stop—Clarksburg, just about dinner time. After checking into the Waldo Hotel and depositing luggage, the squad descended, en masse, on Anderson's Restaurant, where a steak dinner had been ordered in advance. It was amazing to watch food disappear, with thirty hungry men putting away the balanced and wholesome dinner.

Feeling greatly refreshed, the squad assembled once again in a hotel room, for a skull session. The remainder of the evening was

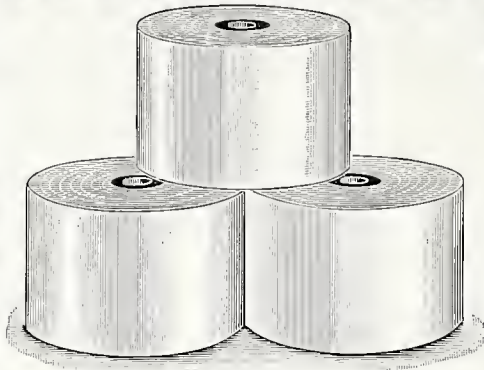
free until ten o'clock. The slot machines in the lobby painlessly extracted nickels from those with money to spare, while some fellows remembered those they had left behind, and wrote postcards—humorous and otherwise. On the Wesleyan trip, a special treat for the entire squad was provided in the form of a local movie. Besides a double feature, comics, and coming attractions, "Ten-O-Win" brought a few extra bucks into "Brooklyn's" pocket. After the movie, the team prepared for slumber, and by ten-thirty Morpheus had claimed his victims. (Ed. Note—Or had he??)

Saturday morning on both jaunts dawned dark and dismally, and a late breakfast gave everyone a chance to dodge the raindrops and walk around the town. Before noon, we were again on our way, with one quick stop to limber up before arriving at the opponents' dressing rooms. Each fellow's equipment, packed in a separate bag, was unloaded from the bus, and the hour before game time was spent in getting dressed and padded. Coaches Knight and Eddie Stump had their hands full, taping ankles, legs, ribs, and the million and one sore spots that might be aggravated again.

Let us pass quickly and quietly over the actual playing of the games, as it was fundamentally the same as our home exhibitions. The only thing lacking was the support of the student cheering section, but the substitute bench made a noble attempt to duplicate it. Immediately following the games the cleansing showers, bruises were doctored up, the wet and heavy uniforms gathered and loaded, and we headed home. Clarksburg was reached about seven-thirty or eight o'clock, and again a steak dinner was waiting for the near-famished players and subs. The 12-inch steak and trimmin's restored a great deal of the liveliness of the bunch, and for a while after leaving Clarksburg the sides of the bus bulged with songs and patter. Buck Dunn will probably be long remembered for his hour-long rendition of "Ninety-nine Bottles Hanging on the Wall." The strain of the long bus ride the previous day, plus the excitement of the game gradually crept up on everyone, however, and the tired warriors curled up on the seats and dozed off. Most did not wake up until Waugh's apple barn was passed, and the bus rolled to a stop in front of Bethany House. The squad piled out here, to wend their weary ways to the frat houses and the dorm, while the bus pulled up to the gym and the managers unloaded the uniforms and equipment.

Thoroughly fatigued in mind and body, we then managed to stagger down the hill and tumble into what felt like the most comfortable beds ever built.





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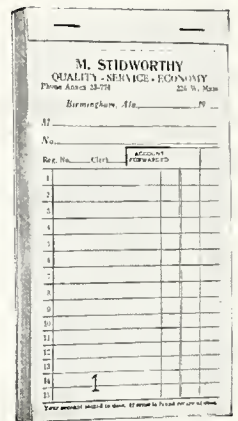
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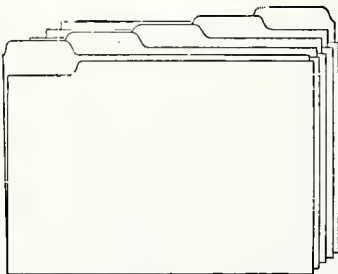


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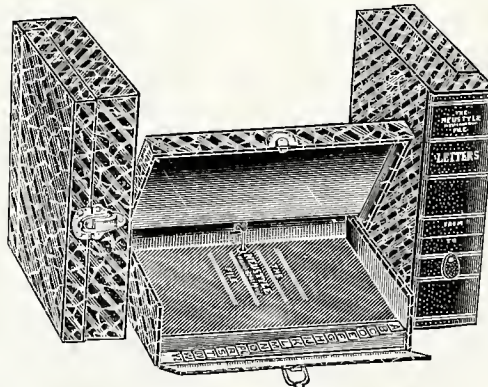
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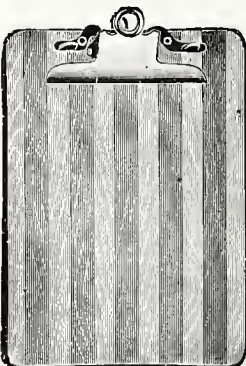


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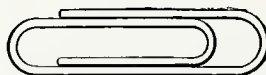


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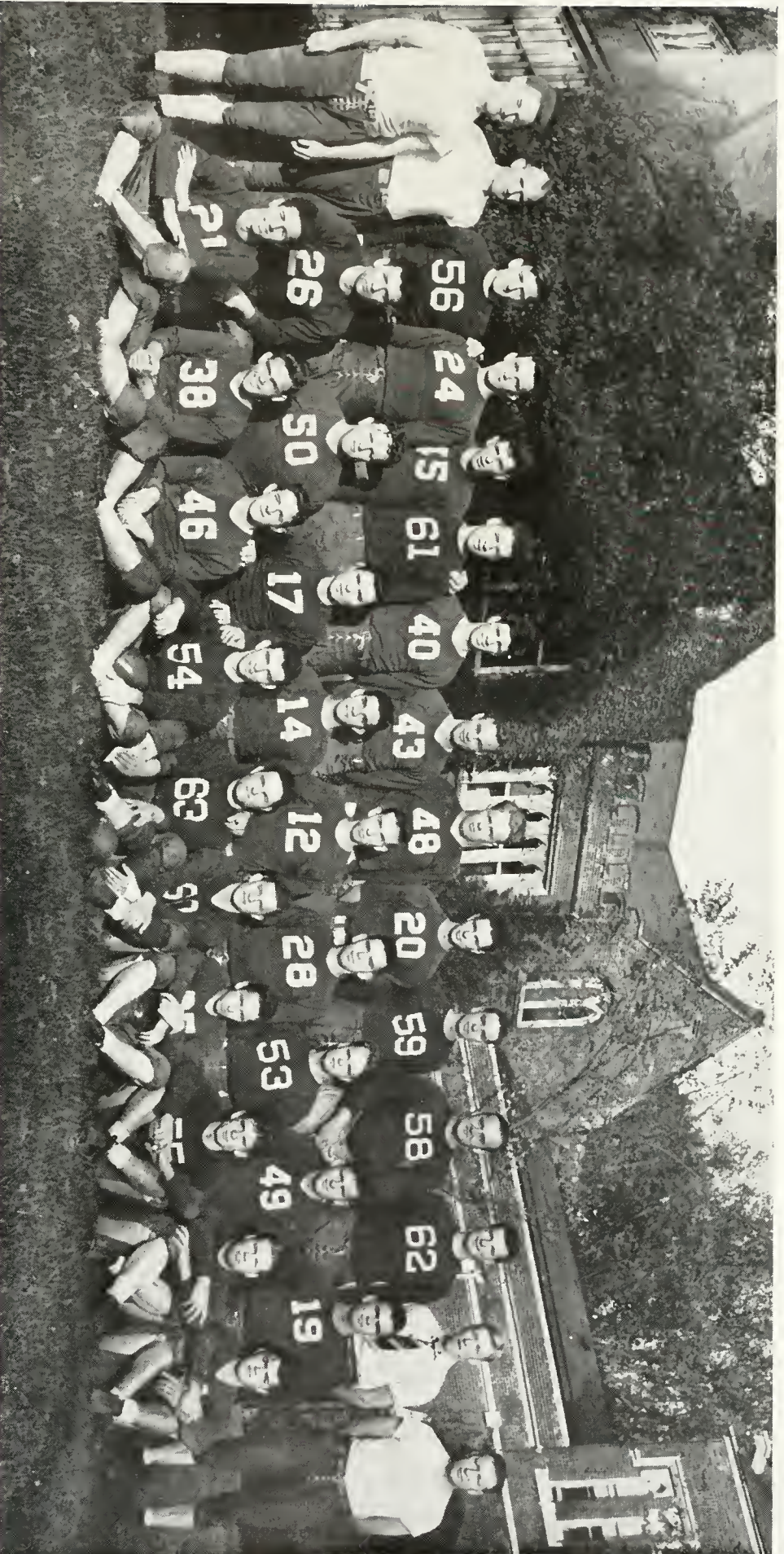
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Bethany

Bison

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SECOND ROW—Lonnie Freebairn, Bill Young, Jim Weirich, Tony Cusmano, Dick Hirsch, Jim Trench, Bob Sutton, Carl Geenan, Buck Dunn.

THIRD ROW—Line Coach, Joe Churchman, Coach Knight, Bob Smudski, Bob Hudson, Ed Harris, Archie Conn, John Jones, Bob Connell, Bill Keith, Ray Kurtz, Stew Stewart, Dode Myers, Pete Pletz, Manager, Harvey Wilson, Backfield Coach, Eddie Stump.



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BETHANIAN

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS



At this time of the year everyone is usually filled with thoughts of the Christmas Holidays to come. In keeping with tradition and standard magazine policy we deemed it advisable to have something with a Christmas motif on our cover. After much thought and due deliberation we decided to forego any attempt to make a model set up or to use the prosaic Christmas tree angle. We decided instead upon the reproduction of one of the old masters that now graces our front page. This is a section from the painting by Sir Anthony van Dyck, 1599-1641, entitled, "The Young Child with Mary His Mother." The Flemish master's painting of the Madonna and Child here reproduced is in the Corsini Palace, Rome. By the manger in the cave a donkey is tethered—representing the one that brought Mary to Bethlehem and later carried her and the infant Jesus into the land of Egypt.



At twelve-thirty P.M. today, December 8, 1941, President Roosevelt asked a joint session of Congress to make a formal declaration to the effect that there existed between the United States of America and the Japanese Empire a state of war. It appears that, at last, the whole world is aflame and that World War II is fully deserving of that name.

Here in Bethany, as everywhere else, rumor is rampant, nerves are tense, and classes were, for a while, in danger of disruption. Now, however, that the first shock of surprise has passed everyone is settling back to await developments. Many are uneasy, but all are calm. All are apparently determined to do everything they can to aid in this crisis and to do it willingly and cheerfully. There is much talk of enlistment but so far no one has, to our knowledge, taken the initiative that is bound to motivate a fair percentage of our male student body. Things may well be different by the time this magazine comes off the presses. To those who leave we can say only "Good Luck", and "Give 'em Hell with both barrels!"

Those of us who remain behind must vow to do everything in our power to aid in the final, successful termination of this era of madness brought on by the "Mad Dog" policy of the aggressor nations. It may mean answering the call when it comes our turn to join the armed forces. It may mean only sacrifices of certain luxuries that will of necessity be curtailed when wartime production demands every possible man hour for the manufacture of defense products, but whatever our duty, whatever way we can help, let us do it cheerfully in the manner of other Americans, past and present, who made our country what it is today. The greatest Power on Earth.

BETHANIAN

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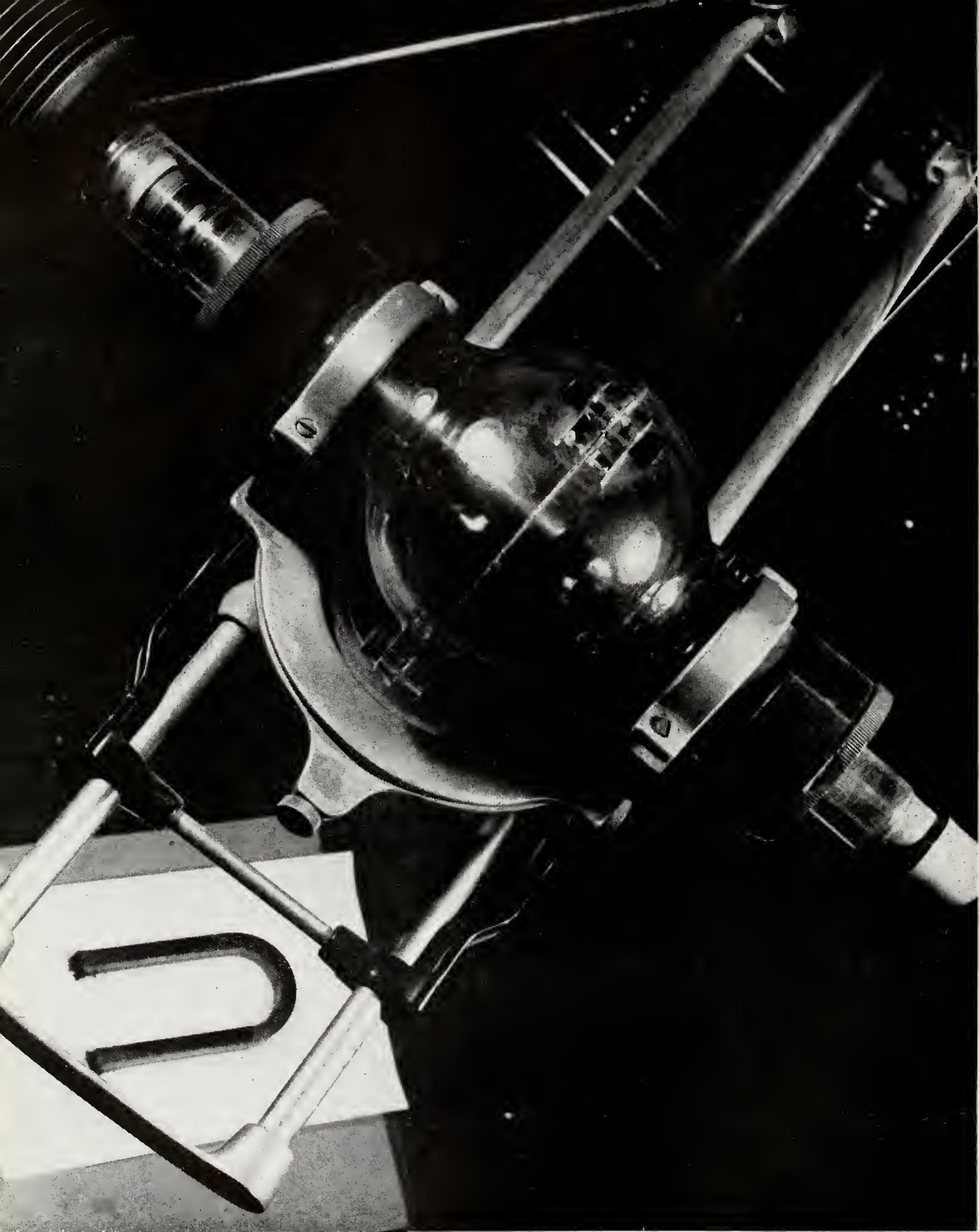
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DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS AND MATHEMATICS

The picture above is of the X-Ray apparatus in the Physics Department. This machine is used by students to study lines of electro-magnetic attraction but has proved itself to be of much more value in the examination of students who suffer injuries while on the campus. It has shown more than one turned ankle to be a fracture and, conversely, several suspected fractures to be sprains or strains.



SPECTROSCOPIC ANALYSIS



ELEMENTARY LAB.

"DOWN IN FRESHMAN ALLEY"

That is where one will find the department of Physics and Mathematics; the office, the classrooms, and the laboratories. Despite this unpretentious location the department is one of the most interesting in Bethany for the subjects it includes have much to do with the daily lives of all of us.

The aims of this department are clearly and concisely stated in the college catalogue.

The courses in mathematics are designed to give the prospective teacher a thorough understanding and a wide appreciation of the fundamental ideas of elementary mathematics; to contribute to the student majoring in science certain techniques and powers in the application of mathematics; to provide the general student with a knowledge of the mathematical foundations of our civilization; to give the prospective graduate student a firm foundation for later study and research.

The courses in physics are planned to present a survey of the field of physics to the general students; to teach the fundamentals of the science of physics to students who are training themselves for such professions as medicine, op-

tometry, engineering, and the teaching of physics; and to familiarize students expecting to enter graduate school with some of the more advanced material in physics. The scientific method is stressed both in its past applications in solving important problems in physics and for its future use by the student in solving new problems.

The work in physics might be divided into three categories; the courses, the research program, and the extra-curricular activities.

The courses are intermixed with the laboratories, one being dependent upon the other and each of equal importance. Laboratory work is designed to teach the principles of physics by doing.

Through extra-curricular activities, the physics department has tried to serve a larger group of students than those enrolled in the courses. Through astronomy a large part of the student body has been reached each year and given a larger view and a deeper conception of our universe. Interest in astronomy has been increased through the use of the fine four inch refracting telescope loaned by the Addy family. The beau-



Dr. Allen uses the Physics Department's newest piece of equipment, a sensitive electroscop, to study the

radiations of radio active elements. At the right—some of the models used in the math department.



DR. W. H. CRAMBLET
Head of Dep't

tend classes in radio theory, design, and operation taught by Dr. Allen for the sole purpose of furthering this fascinating hobby.

The research program allows the student, the advanced student, to be-

ties of a nebula, Jupiter's moons, a double star, and Saturn's ring, as seen through this telescope, have been enjoyed by many students. The amateur radio station W8PME is jointly operated by the Radio Club and the physics department. The members of the Radio Club, many of them not enrolled in a physics or math course, at-

MR. SPRAGENS, Instructor



gin an investigation of some field of particular interest to himself with the assistance and advice of an instructor.

* * * *

Student interest in mathematics may extend in two principle directions — into pure or into applied mathematics. Applied mathematics is used to refer to the application of mathematics to physical phenomena. In more recent years chemistry, biology, economics, and psychology have each in turn found application for more and more

mathematics as their methods have swung slowly from qualitative to quantitative, as they have emerged from a descriptive to an exact science. During the last hundred years, research in the foundations of mathematics has led to the creation of mathematics without regard to its applicability. This mathematics is called pure mathematics. The fact that a great many of these creations have been taken as a whole and used by

(Continued on Page 23)



DR. J. S. V. ALLEN
Assistant Professor

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There is no personality on or around the campus as unknown, unrecognized, and even unappreciated as Stanley Hildreth. "I guess the only nickname I ever had was "Stan" draws this West Virginia born and bred gentleman who paces corridors and walks with the ghost of the Bison through the wee and growing hours of the morning.

He's only been on his present job of keeping tab of nocturnal activities or inactivities around Bethany for ten months, but the sights he's seen and overlooked would go far toward filling out the assignment a normal person would have throughout a lifetime. As you might suppose, most of the sights have to do with the after-dark spirit and cooperation which has almost become a tradition with Bethanians old and new.

As far as staying up nights, Stan says it doesn't bother him at all. "It doesn't make any difference to me when I work. I still average seven hours sleep a day."

He covers all the buildings on the campus and all the dorms below. He has never found a fire in his hourly stops at the dorms or in his six or seven stops per night at the other buildings. No radio helps break his monotony either, "Doggone it."

He hasn't run into too much trouble lately. Not many boys have tried to break into Phillips lately, nobody has tried to plant jokes for the next day's Chapel exercises, and "people aren't half as mean as they were before, but I wish they'd be more careful of their conduct cause someone's got their eyes on them and I wish they'd keep out from under those floodlights if they insist on pitching woo."

So saying, Stanley Hildreth politely started on his rounds.

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Little Fraternity Pin

Anonymous

I shall never forget "him", as he came into the room that night. His eyes had a sort of glassy stare, and he didn't seem to quite understand anything that I said. I could have asked a thousand questions because they were fairly bumping over each other to be asked first, but instead I continued my studying, and pretended not to see him or what he was doing.

Instead of the usual undressing, pj's, and the dressing gown, pipe, and book, he undressed, put on his pj's, and with a half mumbled "Good night", turned out his studylamp and climbed into bed.

I had intended to study late that night, but finding myself unable to keep my mind on my work, I, too, turned out my light.

I heard the news after chapel the next day. He had received as a gift his pin back. I could hardly believe my ears, even with all the strange actions, and two or three people asking me if it were true. But sure enough when I passed "her" on the main walk, coming down from a one o'clock, the pin wasn't there.

"A big incident", you might say, "to him, but it's just another affair in every student life, and what does that have to do with solving the world's problems anyway?"

That is just the trouble. There are too many just such affairs in our student life. They have become too common.

I don't believe there is a student at Bethany, who, on the night of his initiation, does not feel that the pin he receives is the most sacred thing in the world, and he vows he will cherish it above everything else. Then later on he believes he has met "the only one." And he gives her that sacred pin and they talk of the future. But either she or he tires of the other, or decides, it's not near as much fun to have your pin out, when everybody else is free to date the new freshmen. Perhaps they find that the other has several little faults which aren't exactly pleasing. Funny, how they never noticed them before, isn't it?

I honestly believe a fellow doesn't appreciate his pin until he has given it out, only to have it return later in the year. Have I had experience? Well, now that is getting too person-

al, but I will tell you this; I have kept careful check on every pin which has been given out in Bethany in the past couple of years, and also how many of them have been returned. The results are really surprising.

It's not any great crime I'll admit, but don't you think it sort of cheapens that small piece of jewelry which does mean so much to us?

Now as I read over this attempt at saying nothing about something it looks as if I'm pinning the blame on the co-eds. No! Not at all! I happened to know of several pins given out in this school because the sweethearts of these men just couldn't refuse. "Why," you ask, "couldn't they refuse?"

Because they knew that if they did refuse, it would hurt his feelings, and also make conditions worse than if they accepted, hoping that, after several weeks, they would realize the true light in which their pins were received.

Both are at fault. One for insisting that she take his pin, because she is the only girl he ever loved, and ever could love; the other for not having the nerve to sit down and have a real heart-to-heart talk with him, and if she really doesn't feel like she could wear his pin for what it should stand for, tell him so. Or, if she really cares for him in the light of a future husband, ask him to judge her from the angle of a future wife, and then if he still thinks she is the only one, she will accept his pin.

I'm not saying all pins given out are not given out for what they really represent, but I do say there are countless pins given out which never should be given out until after both persons are more certain of each other.

To me, the giving of a fraternity pin means the same as a diamond ring. You might then say that many a diamond is given back. True enough but don't you consider your ability to decide whether a certain person is the one you would want to make your future wife or husband a little better than that of a mill hand or clerk, who is probably working for a small salary with little education? Yet comparing percentages in giving pins in college and the giving of rings by young people who are not in college, we can't boast.

Perhaps I have handled a delicate subject in a crude way. My only hope is that I have started more thought on this subject. To me, a pin is the most sacred of all gifts. It should be given with a certain thought in mind and received the same way. And I am positive that no one can criticize me when I say there are too many pins given out without this thought in mind.

BETHANY FRATS EXPOSED

Glancing through the ancient tomes we ran across this interesting title in the "Buffalo's Tale" for April 1930. It represents the campus opinion of each of the Fraternities at that time. We reprint it here for your edification and amazement. This fragment from the dim, musty, almost forgotten past allows us to compare modern thought with the wisdom of that famous Era sometimes referred to as the "Period of Flaming Youth".—Editor's Note.

Beta Theta Pi—The best frat on the campus if you like curls and—oh that line! It is founded, we have been told, around the memory of a dog, which accounts for their howling quartet.

To be a good Beta you must:

1. Like yourself better than others like you.
2. Wear you sox until they will stick on the wall when tested.

SIGMA NU—They are many and have you seen their new house? This frat is built around the five arm star. They often demonstrate the four arms under the stars. Perhaps the fifth arm is upholding the chapter name.

To be a good Sig you must:

1. Know several good jokes—girls and otherwise.
2. Have an I.Q. of at least 70.

KAPPA ALPHA—Well, girls, here are your men, but try and get them, for they have girls at home—Wheeling and elsewhere. We understand this frat is of Southern origin, which accounts for their hot air, heat, etc.

To be a good K.A. you must:

1. Pretend you are tough even if you aren't.
2. Be able to climb trees and hunt tombstones.

PHI KAPPA TAU—Well, you surely have heard of them—I mean heard them. These boys, excuse me, men, know their atheletes and like 'em. Their specialty is dream girls and they have a dream girl in almost every town.

To be a Phi Tau you must:

1. Be wild rough and romantic.
2. Know at least two of the latest holds, athletically and sororityly speaking.

ALPHA KAPPA PI—New on our campus, but newness adds guilt—I mean gilt—and glitter. Many of these men are preachers, but the rest counteract this; thus a good balance.

To be an Alpha Pi you must:

1. Be nonchalant..
2. Swear only when spoken to.

FALL HOMECOMING

The Moo Moo Moo's "Welcome Alummoo" at the Main Gate was the initial greeting for Bethany's One Hundredth Homecoming.

A few familiar faces from the class of '41 appeared in early morning classes, and most were glad to escape from the Prof's embarrassing oral quizzes to the Chapel exercises. Patti Sumpstine, in blue dress, high heels, sedate hair-do, and carrying yellow chrysanthemums, led Weezie Sesler, Irene Hutchison and Cherrie Armour to the Homecoming Queen's throne. Most of the coronation ceremonies were directed by Bud Deer, and throughout the day, Weezie and her attendants continued to reign over all activities.

Following this the band, reinforced by Sumpie and Don Rosenteele, led the student body in a Corridor Sing, which extended into a long Victory-like Parade to Bethany House. After Stratton had duly beaten his drum in local ears, and Mary Jean Weir had eagerly grabbed her twenty-five dollar name-winning prize the new Beth Ann formally christened the Bethany House the "Beehive".

Most of the Alums visited frat houses or spots of scenic memory until the two o'clock game with Westminster. Rine Field looked somewhat plutocratic with cars around the sidelines. Most people enjoyed watching the grandstand more than the game, and Sandy Steinman always announced any break in the usual monotonous play. Anyway, Irv Roche and Paul Bowers chewed cigars impressively: Butch Estey, Stan Stit, Bill Wells, Tiney Morrel, Spike Edmunds, Libby Lewis, Norris Whitlock, and Helen Arensberg, Polly Gilbert, Betty Shadel, (last names included for freshmen only), Dode Winfield, Gige

Wood, B. J. Jollife, Corinne Cashman, Peg Schulenberg and Mim Reno were a few of last year's regulars who played sideline football. Some freshman cynic wisely carried a portable radio to listen to the Notre Dame-Northwestern game; Mary Jean was happily bouncing the stands in her Bison enthusiasm, Humbert was straddling two bleachers in an effort to amuse onlookers; many were admiring a male's green velour hat; the 20 Club's hot dog venture was suffering financial reverses; someone erroneously yelled, "Hey look! It's our ball!"

During the half the Royal Party provided proper decoration for Bill Stophel's convertible, then the Queen began the informal initiation of the Moo Moo Moo pledges. Art Beard, Bud

Deer, Al Cerveris, Harry Lammert, Tommy Boyd,, John Medick, Bill Loper, John McCord, were among those who ran the paddle row, and, as if they needed confirmation, Norm Fair was the Chief Weilder of the Boards.

Having duly won another pigskin moral victory, everyone returned for the Time Capsule Ceremony. These proceedings were the most impressive of the entire day, and everyone felt the solemnity of the moment when the Capsule was seen for the last time until another century.

At eight o'clock scheduled activities resumed and the Bethesian Club's "Night Must Fall" was presented. The queen's party enjoyed itself from reserved seats;

the front row Betas of Marsh Annex were busy claiming Heckel's props as their own; Jan Purdam's wheelchair provided unexpected humor when it rocked the scenery.

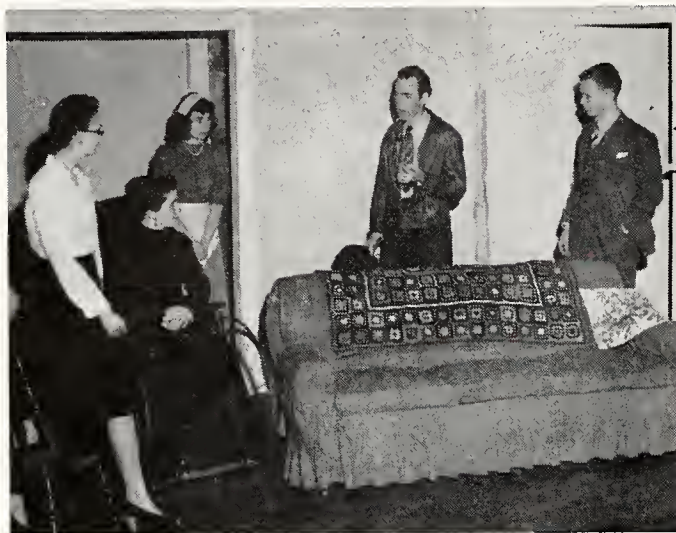
Phillips Hall Lounge was crowded at the late informal dance, but everyone managed to shift one foot and renew some old acquaintances. About eleven-thirty most of the alumni—having known no other home—packed into the College Inn for late bracers, left, promising to return next spring.



"Night Must Fall"

By

Betsy Ann Plank



"Night Must Fall" was illustrative of two things concerning Bethany dramatics. The first, that there is remarkable ability in this year's freshman class, and second, that under competent direction, Bethespian's plays may be enjoyed for their entertainment value, not merely as vehicles in which to observe one's friends.

This play by Emylyn Williams has been produced on the stage numerous times and made into a popular movie, thus most of the audience was able to make comparative and just criticism. And yet, the reaction was very favorable.

The first thing mentioned was particularly obvious in the secondary roles. Jeanne Shervington was excellent as the awkward, reticent English house-girl. Her voice and manner were perhaps the most fitted to the part than any other actress. Dorothy Greene's Mrs. Terrence was full of the bluster and realism necessary for such a character. Both girls carried their parts much further than the script designated.

Melvin Sweeny could have been much more confident of his lines, however, he too provided much of the comic relief. As the genuine English country nurse, Magdaline Eggiman executed her small part very well.

Roy Heckel, however slow with the hand-cuffs, played a very convincing role. His part of Inspector Belsize was particularly well-fitted for him.

Concerning the primary characters one cannot be so altogether complimentary. Janice Purdam has played roles of elderly women before,

and she seems to improve with each effort. Certainly her portrayal of the selfish, childish Mrs. Bramson was realistic yet, at some times, overdone. For the most part she held interest even during the difficult pantomime of Act III.

Betty Ann Reske was somewhat nervous during the performance, one always felt that she was building toward a magnificent climax through her restrained acting, and yet never seemed to reach the peak of her performance. However, she was entirely satisfactory as Olivia Grayne, but the role was difficult, too mature for her to handle.

Undoubtedly there is no one in Bethany who looked the part of Danny more than Dave Huntsberger. His manner and looks seemed to fit the vari-charactered mentally derainged English boy. However, he too seemed to be groping for the proper character theme; to be playing down the part, without being entirely sympathetic with Danny's mind. The audience felt, I think, that Danny was more to be analyzed psychologically than considered as a complete scheming criminal.

The play itself is very popular with most audiences, successfully combining older melodrama and newer psychological development. Almost every principal character was a psychopathic case, roles which are very difficult to execute successfully, yet Mr. Huntsberger, Misses Purdam and Reske did remarkably well in such a short period.

In some cases this review has been too critical, and yet I feel that this play was such a step in the direction of real theatrical entertainment that all Bethanians can attend future productions without pre-allowance for "college theatre". This new attitude is mostly due to the capable direction of Mrs. Adiline Huntsberger. Mrs. Huntsberger has had practical theatre experience to provide the play with professional finesse. Certainly the actors cooperated fully with her throughout rehearsals and each of them hopes she may be able to continue the work.

It is very probable that the future Bethespian will be active in school activities. Certainly dramatic competition will be much keener with such ambitious and talented freshmen to provide incentive for lethargic upperclassmen. No doubt Mr. Huntsberger's or Miss Purdam's performance would hardly have been as good without Misses Reske, Green and Shervington's constant opposition. Indeed, the work of the entire cast, together with the committees, was evident in this year's first dramatic production . . .

SPORTS REVIEW

By

Martin Reiter

Well, Bethany cleats have trod the gridiron for the last time this season and per usual the Hot Stove League will play and replay each game until next fall. Our last report was just before the W & J game, so let's pick it up there. As we predicted, it was a different team that faced the Presidents. The Bisons, tho' underdogs, each proved himself worthy of the uniform he wore. A glorious game was lost in Little Washington. An indication of the aroused fury of the Big Green were the seven fumbles that hard-hitting Bethany players smashed from the hands of their ancient rivals in the first period. For a while it was the Washingtonians who were ill at ease, but as the game wore on and Bethany disclosed their lack of a scoring punch, the Blue team gained confidence to take the battle, 7-0. This score, however, detracts nothing from the glory of a fighting team that went down to defeat in honor.

When the Bethany team returned from the Denison game their favorite topic of conversation was the beautiful campus of the Ohio college. We are not prepared to criticize this attitude for we also would like to forget the 32-0 defeat at the hands of the Denison team.

The following week Bethany played Westminster College, like W & J an ancient rival and a team that the Bisons have been defeating in recent years with enviable regularity. The New Wilmington team came down with the reputation of having the toughest team in years. Popular opinion also had it that this was a team that the home team could beat and for a time it looked like a good thing. Altho' the Knight men put up one of the best battles of the year, they still pay off on winners and it was the visitors who carried home the honors 7-0.

To the last game those in the know had been looking with some degree of apprehension, for it was an open secret that Geneva mentors had been laying out for players some of that vegetable product that has the color of lettuce but a slightly different economic value. When a situation like this exists and such a team is pitted against a Simon Pure team the outcome is not uncertain. Paid players have the astonishing faculty of ignoring the classical precedents of the Frank Merriwell literature and they take

unholy glee in vicing with each other to see who can be classified as the "Undertaker's Friend." The outcome of the game was not surprising. The money men conquered the White Hopes; score 21-0.

So ends another Pigskin Parade on the Buffalo's Banks, and it seems not inopportune that we indulge in a bit of retrospection. Looking at the year's scores the column which is usually titled "Bethany Scores" looks astonishingly white. Your editor will not take it upon himself to judge the men who wear the Green and White. He looks instead to the undeniable fact that football is played primarily with bodies and skills, not with hearts. At the risk of having his words quoted as platitudes he wishes to go on record of advocating, if Bethany's leaders wish the students to be proud of the school's athletic prowess, some change in the present sport's principles of our college.

The Bethany Cross-Country team, altho their task seems to be thankless judging from the student's attitude, has just finished a moderately successful season. Coach Boethcher's harriers ran seven meets this autumn; five of these meets were dual meets and the other contests involved more than two teams.

The team won three of the five dual meets, dropping two to superior Case and Ohio University teams. In the Tri-state meet they placed third and in a quadrangular meet they again placed third.

The letter-men this year will probably be Cramblet, McCord, Finley, Murphy, Sawyer, and Committee. Senior Manager Gordon Seidel will also be awarded a letter.



This picture shows Bethany's closest approach to a touchdown. You will notice the ball resting on about the two foot line in the Geneva game.

The Man From St. Louis

A SHORT STORY

By Gearold Ferguson

The "Emperor Waltz" rang with its magic through the studio and Vera danced. Ronde de jambe, kick, pirouette.

"Again Vera, a little more spirit this time. You aren't concentrating as usual today."

Vera knew that she wasn't; she hadn't been concentrating for weeks. The joyous music didn't have the power to get inside her. She was full to overflowing already. Vera was in love. Vera Gerwig premiere danseuse, the azure fairy, the angel of the terpsichore, in love.

He was young and straight and looked elegant in evening clothes. Vera had only seen him once. That was from the wings in the concert hall at St. Louis. He had sent gardenias that evening—she wasn't at all impressed. Every stage door Johnny sends gardenias and both they and their blooms are alike, white and colorless. She refused his invitation to dinner as she had the others—it was against Vera's tenets to be seen in society anyway. She had even gained a reputation for aloofness.

Vera forgot him, that is until Chicago. That night she returned to the dressing room and another box of Gardenias. This time there was a note with the single word, "Please" and signed "That man from St. Louis." She was piqued enough to answer the cryptic message. Her reply, which Anna, the maid, delivered was, "Thank you, not tonight."

Vera forgot again, that is until Detroit. It was too much to expect that he would be in the audience again. He was. As Vera glided through the dying measures of Tschaikowsky, a single white bloom floated to the stage. Vera didn't see it drop but the audience had. She stooped and picked it up after the applause died away. That night there was no note. That night Vera's heart began to beat in waltz time.

The Detroit Times carried the story of Vera Gerwig and the white blossom the next morning. It practically ruined her breakfast. The orange juice got spilled, the toast got burned, the poached eggs were too hard, and it all happened in three quarter time.

Now it was New York. Vera was dancing that evening at Carnegie Hall. He would be there again. This time she was certain. "The World" asked the question, "Will there be another white gardenia for Vera tonight?" The reporters were outside now. She wouldn't see

them; she never did; Anna would talk to them. Anna did all her talking.

One, two, three, "I won't love. I won't love. I won't love." She knew she could never marry. It wasn't her career that said it, it wasn't her public, it was just herself that rebelled. Vera Gerwig in love, Vera Gerwig Marries, Vera Gerwig a mother, ridiculous. One, two, three, one, two, three; rehearsal was over. Vera walked silently from the studio.

That afternoon she determined she would go away. She would elude this man from St. Louis. Anna could get the tickets and they could be two hundred miles away in two hours. She would communicate her wishes to Anna. The bell rang and Anna came in with a message: "My Dear Miss Gerwig; I am sorry for the publicity I am causing. I realize the discomfort you must feel. I hope that you will let me see you this evening after the performance; I would like to talk with you for just a little while." It wasn't signed, it didn't have to be. Vera's head lowered slightly. So he wanted to talk with her. That was ironic, ironic indeed. A man from St. Louis wanted to talk with Vera Gerwig. He didn't know what he was asking.

That evening when the orchestra struck up the overture, Vera and Anna were winging over Buffalo headed away from the man from St. Louis. The faint whine of the engines was the only sound in their compartment, as Anna was reading and Vera was staring blankly out of the window at the metropolis below. What would the papers say now? "Vera Gerwig runs from love. The angel of the terpsichore is afraid of gardenias. When love comes the azure fairy flies out the window." She could see the headlines now, smirking at her over her orange juice. She cried herself to sleep. She wanted to see him again. She wanted to talk with him. (Oh, how she wanted to talk with him.) Why did he have to come along and skip over the wall into her heart? Her wall, her aloofness, how she had labored to make it impregnable, and now it lay in a heap at her feet all because of a man from St. Louis. If she could only tell somebody, but she couldn't. No one had ever known what she really thought; she had grown up in a world of her own. It had helped her to achieve fame. The public loved an enigma.

Vera wakened with a start. It was morning and Denver. She was right about the papers; Anna met her with them. They revealed one thing to her, however, that she hadn't expected—he was following her. She became frantic with the thought of it. He mustn't catch her. She

would take a train, a boat, anything to escape.

The day that followed was a furious one. Poor Anna was a wreck; getting in and out at stations and consulting timetables was too much for her. Vera, on the other hand, never seemed to tire. No sooner did they arrive at one place than they were off for another; the hour didn't make any difference. Night found them across the border in British Columbia. It was only then that Vera was content to stop.

The next morning they took a guide and went up into the hills. Vera was safe at last. She wouldn't see anything or anyone; she wouldn't have to suffer the newspapers and their chatter about the man from St. Louis.

The Columbian hills were beautiful this time of year. The autumn had made sure of that. Vera loved their quietness at first, then grew to hate it; for in it she could hear, once again, the one-two-three beat of her heart. She could see the straight young man in evening clothes, the love had always wanted and could never have. Well, it was over; she had done a good job of eluding him.

In the deepness of her thought she failed to notice the two men coming up the road to the cottage. She would have run had she seen them for one was a straight young man. She turned transfixed; she couldn't move. He was going to know the secret of her refusal to see him and she was powerless to stop it. He came eagerly toward her, and then stopped a few paces from her rigid form. He made a few gestures with his hands to his companion, and the other, nodding, walked away. When Vera saw the gestures she came gladly to his outstretched arms. She was going to have love after all. He was a mute, too.



QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS

By a Chemist's Wife

My husband's a chemist, alack and alas.
He's getting great jowls from blowing up glass.
He goes to the lab in a studious trance,
And comes home at midnight, with holes in his pants.
The first loving darns of my marriage alliance,
We tenderly called my stitches for science.
But as years have gone on, and the holes grow in size,
My respect for the atom has had its demise.

But a chemist's wife's woes are not all quite so placid
As darning the holes made by splashes of acid.
For how can I bake up fine cakes of molasses
While husband experiments with poisonous gases?
A cook, to be good, must be calm and serene,
And not have her loved one inhaling phosgene!
But though I grow haggard, I must not besmirch
His consuming absorption in smelly research.

The hardest adjustment I've found myself making,
Is using my logic in sewing and baking.
I cooked with my instinct before I was wed
And blamed it on Fate when I turned out sour bread.
But my husband insists that for all things there's cause,
And to make a French seam, I must know all Boyle's laws.
Oh, the scientific approach seemed gruesome and awful
When he brought home a stop watch to bake our first
waffle.

I must not abandon a treatise like this
Without making note if our conjugal bliss.
Though my method of thinking he tries to reform,
And scares me to death with his dread chloroform,
Though he blows off our roof with remarkable rockets—
He certainly knows how to fix double sockets.

—Exchange



ECSTASY

Never was there singing,
Never such a ringing,
In human heart before;
Never bliss,
Such as this,
Was felt in days of yore.

Never was there a lover
Maiden's lips could cover
With kisses like to thine;
Never Joy,
Sans ailoy,
Could equal this of mine.

By Florence Nicholas

WHO'S WHO IN BETHANY COLLEGE



GEORGE DAVIS

It is amazing the alacrity and energy with which "Porky" bustles about his various duties on the hill and off. Although he has taken much ribbing concerning his physique he has taken it nobly and in the process has gained for himself the friendship of both the student body and the faculty. He is chairman of the social committee. In the past this has been one of the most thankless jobs on the campus but the innovations and variety of this year's social schedule would seem to indicate that George has really made something of the job. Life has its serious side also. To show that life for him isn't just one mad social whirl you have only to drop in on him and find him surrounded by papers of Freshmen history students which he must wade through in his capacity of assistant in the history department. Porky has been active in numerous organizations, among them Sigma Nu Fraternity of which he was recorder, Education Club, Vice-President of Student Board of Governors. There will be a lot of disappointed prophets around if he fails to toss his hat into the mayoralty race of Sharon, Pa., in the not too distant future.—E.E.

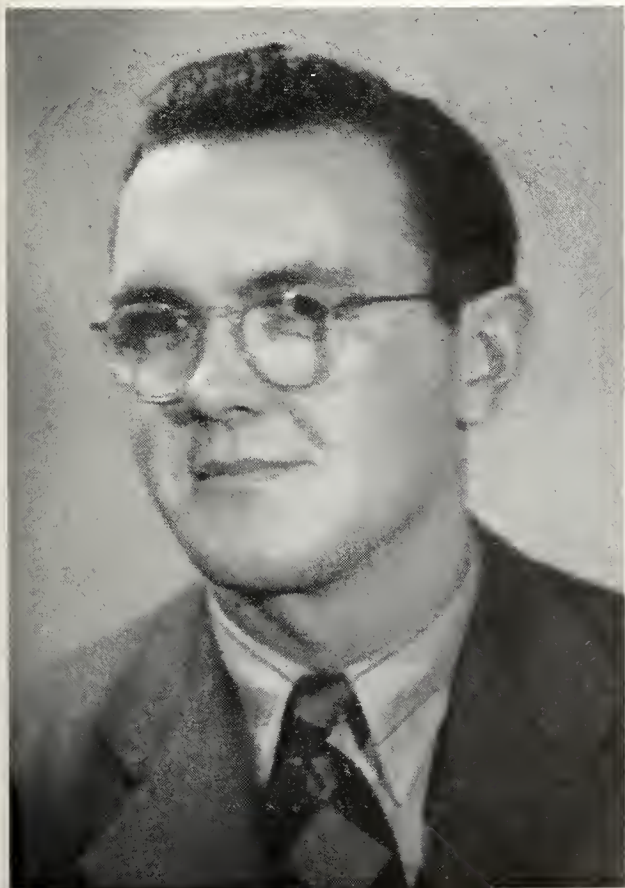


HILDA X. SARVER

Why does Hilda Sarver, Senior Fellow in the chemistry department, all "A" student, President of Sigma Xi of Kappa Delta, sign her correspondence Hilda X. Sarver? For what horrible appellation does this mysterious X stand? Is it Xamantha? Is it Xantippe? Or is it "the unknown quantity"? We firmly believe in the latter explanation. To see her deep in atoms and valences one would never imagine her to be the same blithe spirit who toots the baritone horn so engagingly in the college band. We don't find anything about what a bridge fiend she is under her name in "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities". No, this dull tome mentions only such things as her three years' secretaryship of the W.A.A., three years' membership in the Student Guides, two years' membership in the Student Board of Governors, and her being an assistant in the chemistry department for the three years previous to her fellowship award. But what about such quaint character traits as not wanting to sing on serenades just because she's a monotone? And what about that delightful grin and the way she can almost wiggle her hers when she tries real hard, and the way she takes baths with her shoes on? It is such things as these which have endeared her to our hearts.—B.R.

LEWIS DEER

L. H. D. has as many sides as an unlimited polygon, as many facets as a maharajah's diamond. Consider if you will Deer, the minister to mankind's woes. From the modest pulpit of the West Liberty Christian Church he heels humanity's hurts with a sort of soothing salve, placing straying feet again upon that straight and narrow path. Then there is Deer the executive. With uncanny insight, with keen perception, with unfailing direction of purpose he controls the destinies of Bethany's Student Board of Governors. Equally resolute, equally efficient, he administers the office of vice-president of AKII. There is Deer the artist, the temperamental, the tender. His oboe contributions to the assortment of noises which identifies the Bethany College Band must not be overlooked or unheard. By his wail shall ye know him. And at long last, consider Deer the man. Only gullible fools will ever use personality sketches as standards of value, as representing with fidelity the imprint of an individual upon his environment and society. To understand the individual one must know the individual. From one who knows to the majority who do not, Bud Deer is a grand person to know. Try it!—G.S.



MILDRED ERSKINE

"Ask Midge to start the song!" "Ask Midge, she'll tell you what to do." That's what's always heard at the Alpha Xi Delta House and in many places on campus. Mildred Erskine, better known as Midge or Midget, is on enough committees and executive boards and what not to keep her running to meetings all the time. First of all Midget is president of the Alpha Xi Delta Sorority—a big job for a little girl. Then as a Student Guide she helps tell the Freshmen that, quote "Bethany is primarily an educational institution." Unquote. And that, quote "The Inn and Bethany House are dens of iniquity and should be avoided." Unquote. Then she serves on the executive board of the A.W.S., is Vice President of Panhellenic Council, is on the Student Counsel Committee of the Church, sings in the Choir and is active in Y.W.C.A. This "five foot two, eyes of blue" Senior is a major in music and for four years has been pounding out lovely music from the pianos and organ—to say nothing of her singing. For a year now she has been leading the Alpha Xi's on their serenades and some of the upperclassmen will remember when she made up one third of a trio with "Spike and "Gretchen". A little bit of a girl but she has made a big place for herself on Bethany's campus since she came here from Uhrichsville, four years ago.—J.W.



Re:-Dating

By Martha Dardarian

GEEEEEE! Aren't Bethany men wonderful? They're smooth dancers, snappy dressers, good lookers, they all have bright lines and neat senses of humor (or rumor, as the case may be), but they DON'T DATE. Bill Bethany goes to the movie with his roommate, to the Inn with his fraternity brothers, and spares but a quick glance at the pretty girls on the Corridor between classes.

Since activities on campus don't stagger the average college man's budget, why the determination to maintain bachelor standards? From my vantage point as chief heart-patcher-upper of W. Va. (that stands for "Wolf Valley" in case you're interested), I view the situation as follows:—

Bethany's small and could and should be the ideal place for four hundred people to have a wonderful time and secure a social as well as an intellectual education. Be honest now—is sitting at home weekends or traipsing to "all college affairs" unescorted, securing a well-rounded or even a slightly cock-eyed social education? The ohs and ahs and general hubbub in a dormitory over a casual date, just isn't right and wouldn't occur if the darned things happened more frequently.

Back in the Dark Ages, when I went to high school, people dated just for fun (would you believe it!) and, (this will kill you!) there were several people who dated without going steady. I know you won't be able to understand it, but in the good old days fellows and girls went out and had fun without even thought in the minds of naive observers that they were potential steadies and never even a consideration of pins.

But not so in Bethany! Here, where "everybody says hello" and just drips friendliness in icicles, you don't date unless you go steady and if you have three consecutive dates with the same person (surprise!) you're going steady.

I'm for the ideal Bethany where everybody would date (goodness knows there's not much else to do) and date lots of different people.

Some people would go steady because they have led up to it—not from force of habit or just because everybody else does. When a fraternity man expressed mild appreciation of a certain girl's dancing, looks, or intelligence, the whole fraternity wouldn't avoid dates with her as if she were private property.

In my ideal Bethany there'd be no speculation about steadies who have broken up. Both parties would date other people and the fact would be accepted without eyebrows being raised. After all, it's better that they admit they're unsuited than keep a pin or campus reputation that no longer means anything.

Disregarding the boys and girls who are continually rushed, there are many other more interesting people around, not only to date, but just talk to and be with. Your following of the most recent popular boy or girl merely shows your lack of initiative and I'll bet you don't give two cents for someone you didn't discover yourself.

Another thing, you can date without injuring the relationship with the One at home. It's just possible that your high school estimate of him or her was a little immature, but even if it wasn't, you're really losing a lot in the way of social opportunities, and the One shouldn't be so selfish.

I'm not a disappointed freshman or an upper-class cynic and I have no grudges to air, but sometimes this social caste system seems unfair: we're still very young to become involved with only one person, and if you'd date more often and more variously, you'd be much happier. Don't be so smug or conceited to think that the girl will accuse you of leading her on after one date. You must be terribly dull if only one person can stand to be with you—you have untold depths my young classmates . . . And boys, you'll be needing letters and socks from home—you'll never get them when the girls are saying, "Phooey to the guy who sings sweetheart songs under my window at serenades, then fails to call me up Saturday night!"

FAILURE

*Reaching up,
Straining every muscle,
Eager, stretching, wishing, reaching,
Yet unable to attain.*

*Wondering, daunted, doubting,
Slipping just a little
Sinking down and backwards,
Into quiescence.*

Dear Santa,

Well, here I am again chum, hoping for the best. Don't like to kick or anything like that but you sure put the skids to me last year. For two months after Christmas I was still looking for Hedy Lamarr to turn up in my socks. I though maybe that number was so much in demand it was back ordered. But here it is almost Christmas again and still no Hedy so I guess it's no go. Well, anyway, I've changed my mind. If you still have that back order, tear it up. You can send me Madeline Carroll!

I was going to ask for a soldier uniform with lots of brass buttons to help me get along with the girls but you needn't bother about that, I am pretty sure my great uncle is going to provide me with several.

Look, pal, is it okay if I ask for some things for other people? I don't need so much myself. I'm happy, but there are some people I know that need a few small items so you can give these things to them and charge it to my account.

First of all, poor Prof. Green seems to have a Cold. I think you ought to give him a bottle of Four Roses cough medicine.

Then, there's Leo Schlickerman. Why don't you see if you can fix him up with a love life. He sure wants it bad enough.

Don't worry about Doc Reynard. He can always Gettys own.

You would make everybody in Bethany happy if you would provide the Beta's and the Sigma Nu's with tanks, seige guns, and rifles so they can fight like men and quit this scratching at each other in the middle of the night.

In that event, the AKII's would need bomb shelters since they live between the two.

Well, keed, that seems to be about all. I'm letting you off easy this year, oh yes, one more thing. See if you can't fix the Japanese up with several ton of T.N.T. with my compliments.

Joe Dope.



Dear Santa,

Christmas is just around the corner so I thought I'd better give you my order now. The first item is—one tall, dark, intelligent Sigma Nu. Can you guess who I mean? No, I won't tell.

This next item is not directly for me but it would make me extremely happy. Please sent the Bethany boys four-bits for a haircut. This is very important! If you can't afford this, perhaps you could bring some ribbons for the boys to tie up their growing locks.

And could you provide a new order for this school? I would appreciate it very much if you could arrange for me a one hour a week work schedule. Thus the other one hundred and sixty hours, I could, spend in sleeping, eating and other pleasures. And when I mention eating, I think of the dining hall, and when I think of the dining hall I think of Tony de Fede. Santa, I would like you to send some more waiters like him. We really would appreciate it. Another gift, one that might please everyone, is a muzzle for a certain person commonly called Herman.

In the way of entertainment, I would be interested in more movies like "Whistling in the Dark."

Oh yes, the most important. It's really the easiest of all my requests, too. I'm sure it won't be any trouble at all for you to bring me a flock of A's for my semester grades, and also, a place on the top of the Dean's list. With my brains and your cooperation, Santa, Old Boy, it ought to be a cinch.

Now, Santa, that is a complete list of the Christmas orders for me this year. Please do not let me be disappointed. There isn't one impossible or unreasonable request here, is there? Thanking you again I am,

Expectantly yours,

Ima Sille.

P.S.: I forgot again. I would like a real live tiger for a lapel gadget on my new fur coat. By the way, I hope you don't mind my asking for the fur coat or did I? Anyway I would like one. Make it Chinchilla, please.

Ima Sille.





Radio Club Hamboree

Saturday, November 22, was Hamboree Day on the campus as Bethany's Radio Club entertained amateur short wave operators from all over the Ohio Valley. Approximately 60 Hams arrived from various parts of Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

Professor Cassius W. Gould opened this program with an organ number which was followed by a song and dance by Patty Sumpstine, accompanied by Prof. McKenzie at the piano. Prof. McKenzie also obliged with a hot rendition of St. Louis Blues. There's more to that man than German!

Then, to an accompaniment of hisses and cheers, that famous mellerdrama, "She Couldn't Pay the Rent" was enacted by Lee Buckholtz, Dottie Bright, and Betty Anne Reske, as villain, hero, and heroine respectively. The stirring scene was presented in the trite manner, then in pantomime, then in slow motion, and finally in swing time.

Stuart Moore's father was called upon for speech and showed himself to be quite an expert in the impromptu line. He was followed by a 'ham' from East Liverpool, Dick Ludzynski, WWRW whose harmonica solo, "Stardust", and pretty blue eyes were greatly enjoyed by members of the local group.

The highlight of the program, however, was a tango by Carlos Jaramillo and Francis Dvorak. That couple, we predict, will go far in exhibition dancing. To say the least, Francis swings a mean hip!

Then, to quote Prof. Sumpstine, "One of the sweetest things around Bethany", the girls' trio of Phillis Balch, Ethel Hanes and Lenore Neil, did a smooth job on "Elmer's Tune" and "I Hate Myself". The trio was followed by Mendelsohn's Scherzo in B minor played by Jeanne Shervington.

The program was brought to a close by a quiz period led by Professor "Sumpy" Quiz, himself. Several 'hams' displayed their intelligence or lack thereof in technical radio matters and bore off prizes of various natures. Refreshments, cider and cookies, were served in the shack of W8PME, room 49 to you. During this social period the 'hams' enjoyed meeting face to face the voices which they knew from air contact.

June Crawford, club president, was in charge of the affair, and was assisted by Doc Allen and Professor Sumpstine, faculty sponsors of the Bethany Radio Club.

Spring to Bring Musical Comedy

The Satyrs, a new student organization on our campus, promise to present Bethany with a new form of entertainment, that is, new to Bethany College.

Gerald Ferguson, the man behind this movement states, "Other colleges have their musical comedy groups and their annual production. Why shouldn't Bethany? We all are familiar with 'The Triangle Show', 'Topper and Tails', 'Hasty Pudding', and various other such productions and the Satyrs feel it is high time that we should have something similar to entertain our students and their friends."

The faculty sponsor of the group will be Professor Roberts. The show itself, however will be entirely in the hands of the students. It will be written, directed, managed, and produced by them. The music, lyrics, dance routines, staging, and all allied matters will be handled by students.

"As any fool kin plainly see," an undertaking of this magnitude will require the expenditure of a certain amount of hard cash, but what is more important to the group at present, it will require much time from many persons to make it a complete success. We wish to ask all those persons who have any special talent that might be useful, whether it be writing, dancing, or even plain scenery shifting to get in touch with Jerry and let him know what they can do and that they are ready, willing and able to assist in every way possible to make this venture one of the most successful ever undertaken by the Student Body.

We can assure you that those persons responsible for the production will do everything in their power to provide you with two hours of entertainment fit for a king. Scintillating, toe-tickling tunes; hilarious comedy, a beautiful bevy of college cuties dancing divinely with machinelike precision; and romance that will be as poignant, as haunting as your most cherished love dreams.

So, once again, let us urge you all to assist in any way you can to make Bethany's attempt, your attempt, to have an active successful musical comedy organization result in a glowing achievement. If nature never meant you to act, sing, write or dance she did, at least, give you the happy faculty to laugh and to take delight in good music and good entertainment so we urge you to take advantage of this opportunity to put these faculties to work.

Editor's Letters

It is our intention that from time to time we shall print some of the more interesting letters received by us in our capacity as staff members. The one we print here was received from Dr. Jacobs who was attendant physician at Bethany College until his recall to the army last year. Due to extraordinary length of this letter we are not able to print but the one this month.

Dear Editor:

You will probably be surprised to receive a letter from Panama but agreeably so I hope when you find it contains a request to enter my name on your subscription list for the Bethanian. Although separated from Bethany by many miles I find myself thinking about it time and time again, wondering what the Freshman Class is like, how many of the upperclassmen failed to return for one reason or another, who got married, what ones have been especially sick or badly injured, how you all like the new Bethany House and many more similar question marks.

It recently occurred to me that the Bethanian would go a long way towards answering these questions hence the enclosed check. I look forward to the arrival of the first issue eagerly. If there have already been some issues published I would appreciate it if you would send them as well as the latest one as old news is better than no news at all.

Much has happened since my rather hasty departure from Bethany last April twentieth. I first went to Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio, for my physical examination. They pronounced me physically fit for active service and sent me to Fort McClellan, Alabama.

While at Fort McClellan I was first kept busy examining the selectees for evidence of any diseases or abnormalities of the heart and lungs and later assigned to conduction the neuropsychiatric examination as my duty as a member of the induction Board. I also held "Sick Call", the military equivalent of your own College Dispensary, from eleven to twelve-thirty daily. Then in addition to the above I was the attending surgeon for one of the wards in the thousand bed cantonment hospital located at the fort. As a consequence I got to treat many interesting medical cases and helped with the operations of the ones needing surgery. Needless to say I hated to give that up to come to Panama as I could scarcely hope to get such an ideal combination again.

We had a very attractive Officer's Club where dances were held twice weekly and very good food was available. There were bowling alleys at the Fort and a golf course very conveniently located in nearby Anniston, so I was not at a loss as to how to spend my spare time. I did not stay at the Fort but lived in the home of a dentist in an attractive residential section of

Anniston which was very nice and made me feel a little more independent than I otherwise would.

I left Fort McClellan the latter part of August and drove to West Virginia via the Great Smokey Mountains where I took time out to climb to the top of the Chimney Rocks some four thousand feet above sea level. This climb turned out to be much more strenuous than I had anticipated but was worth it as it enabled me to get some splendid pictures of those perfectly gorgeous mountains.

After only a few days home I started to drive to New Orleans, my port of debarkation. I spent less than 48 hours in New Orleans and then set sail for Panama on a very neat, small luxury liner which had been requisitioned by the United States Government for use as an Army transport only a short time before. Being my first ocean trip, the novelty of the whole thing made the voyage most interesting. I was amazed at the deep blue of the sea. I had always supposed that the pictures on the penny postcards exaggerated the blueness of the water but I was mistaken. The water really does look blue! Excitement was unexpectedly added to our trip when one of the civilians aboard ship, finding himself out of spirited beverages said he would get some more so he put on a life belt and jumped overboard. Fortunately someone saw him do it and immediately notified the Captain. The ship was stopped, turned around and a lifeboat put out to pick the man up.

We arrived in Christobal on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus on September 4th and spent nearly a day looking around the famous shipping sections of Christobal and Colon. There are many well stocked Chinese, Hindu, and Japanese shops located there but contrary to popular opinion the prices are not low.

We then passed through the Panama Canal which indeed is a wonderful tribute to man's ability to triumph over nature and create both a useful and a beautifully scenic waterway.

We disembarked at Balboa and were immediately taken to Corozal where I am located at present. I live in one of the original buildings built by the French when they were attempting to build the Panama Canal. The Post of Corozal is relatively small and the hospital is small but we have a large Sick Call which I must supervise in addition to my other duties as acting surgeon,

(Continued on Page 22)

Sigma Nu

By Edward Elsasser

"Congratulations, '45, and here's wishing you the most in your four years as a student of Bethany and a member of Epsilon of Sigma Nu." This, and similar phrases, was heard around the Sig house at the end of the busiest week a freshman experiences, quaintly known as Rush Week. Were there ever more apt words? There was a sincerity to this greeting that continues to manifest itself throughout the freshman's pledgeship and with the attainment of brotherhood becomes a living creed. Evidence of this sincerity is manifest at Homecoming time with the return of familiar faces and the ease with which brothers, strangers once, part with a mutual pledge of fraternal fidelity.

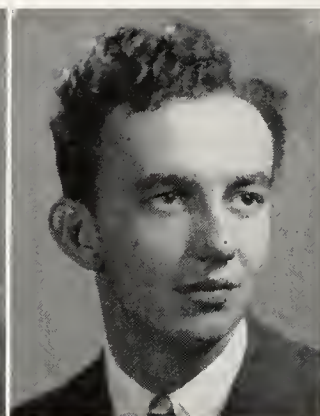
Let's, for a moment, see just what Epsilon '45 has let himself in for. First and foremost there is the enrichment of a college career which is to be derived only from fraternal association. Especially is this true here at Bethany where the greater part of the activity outside the classroom is centered in the Greek orders. The true test of the fraternity is this ability to meet this situation without over-emphasizing its phase to the harm of the scholastic side which is necessarily the more important. We believe we meet this, the acid test. Secondly, socially, the Sigs have a finger and often a whole hand in just about every pie that's cooking around this quiet little town. Social relations with the ladies are maintained by dances, formal and informal, open houses and the various media of social preferment. Relations with school life are maintained by active participation in organizations, serious and senseless, which go to make up the broadening influence necessary to derive the fullest from college life.

For more than half a century Sigma Nu has been represented on Bethany's campus in the course of which time some of the most illustrious of her graduates have on their vests the five arm star and those who at present are in the position to maintain the place which those before attained realize the obligation existing to them, to their school and to themselves.

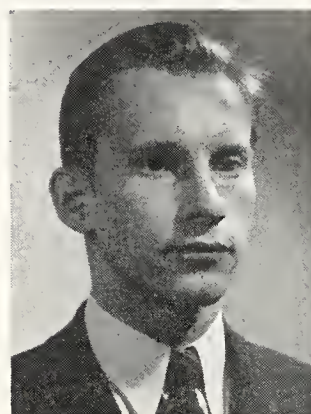
Seniors looking back over four years and freshmen looking forward to four years are not separated by a gulf that might at first seem evident. The former can impart the fruits of their experience to the benefit of the latter and are ever willing to do so while a freshness of outlook is obtained in the other direction. The fraternity house provides the meeting ground for these and the groups between and results in



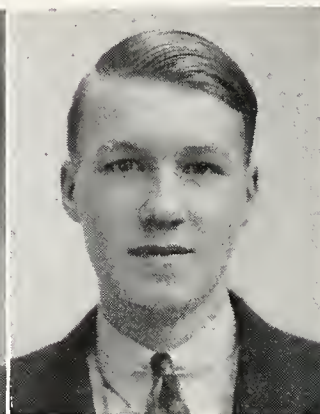
ROBB HENRY



JACK PRYOR



WALLY MAYOR



DON WOLF

the mutual advantage of all concerned. To believe in the Life of Love, to walk in the Way of Honor and to serve in the Light of Truth is the creed and standard of Sigma Nu.

—Officers—

Robb D. Henry	Commander
Ralph E. Pryor	Lieutenant Commander
Don E. Wolf	Treasurer
Wallace Mayor	Recorder

Wilbur Cramblet, Jr.	—Seniors—	George Davis
Edward Elsasser		Robb Henry
Wallace Mayor	William Stophel	Ralph Pryor

Robert Fritz	—Juniors—	James Hawkins
Harry Lammert		William Loper
Walter Myers	Don Wolf	Richard Umbel

Robert Alexander	—Sophomores—	Robert Bullard
Charles Foy		Robert Golbey
Raymond LeStrange		Creighton Murphy
Harry Murphy	James Sembower	Steve Nunn

Jesse Barton	Freshmen	Lee Cameron
James Day		Francis Fisher
Effin Graham		Richard Hirsch
Robert Kaiser		Thomas Keenan
Jack McDougall		Thomas Middleton
Wade Mooney		Emmett Moyer
Reuben Ott		George Pohle
James Ridenour		David Savage
James Trench		Jack Watson
James Weirich		Lew Wells



Editor's Letters

(Continued from Page 19)

serving on Line of Duty Boards and taking my turn at Officer of the Day.

We are just three miles from Pan-

ama City so at first we went there every chance we had to see the sights and shop around in the various curio shops that line the main street, Central Avenue. Along the waterfront of Panama Bay many small sailboats of rather ancient vintage can be seen from which men are busily engaged

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discharging their cargo of bananas that seem considerably larger than the ones I was used to seeing in the States. On a clear day when the sky is deep blue except where large banks of snow white clouds overhang the brilliant red roofs of the equally brilliant but variegated colored buildings, Panama City presents quite a picturesque scene not to be duplicated anywhere that I know of in the United States. All the buildings in Panama City have red roofs. The story is that the former president of Panama obtained a corner on the red paint market and then issued an edict to the effect that every roof must be painted red, thus placing quite a tidy sum in his own pockets.

Among the soldiers the light colored Panamanians are spoken of as "single dips", the next darker shade "double dips", etc. They say that after you are down here six months they all get to look whiter and whiter until even the double dips instead of being a shade of brown are simply a darker shade of white. I don't know. I haven't been her six months yet!

Last week I fulfilled one of my ambitions when I attended an honest to goodness bull fight. It was held as part of the celebration of Panama's Independence Day and was attended by an estimated crowd of twenty-five thousand persons. As a whole it was somewhat of a disappointment but it had its exciting moments. The bull caught off guard one of the excited spectators who had jumped into the ring and was trying to emulate the matador. He made the fatal mistake of turning his back on the bull whereupon the bull gave him a rush, smacking him squarely in the back and tossing him fully fifteen feet into the air! Then some American with no better sense jumped into the ring, tore off his shirt and waved it in front of the bull parrying several thrusts but eventually being knocked down. Assistants succeeded in dragging him to safety. He was then escorted from the scene by the police.

I didn't expect to ramble on like this when I started this letter but for once words came rather easily and I couldn't seem to find a suitable stopping point until now. I close now wishing you and the rest of the students a very profitable and happy school year.

Sincerely yours,

Samuel S. Jacob, Captain
Medical Corps,
Station Hospital,
Corozal,
Panama Canal Zone.

Physics Department

(Continued from Page 6)

physicists, psychologists and economists is not needed to justify the existence of pure mathematics.

Students planning to teach mathematics take, in addition to calculus, courses especially planned for the prospective teacher. Besides studying higher algebra and geometry in these courses, they learn of the possibility and direction of research in these subjects. For a semester they study topics leading to a more appreciative insight into each of the subjects which they plan to teach.

In keeping with the usual training in science the course continues to be one "in mathematics" rather than one "about mathematics". Besides introducing the vocabulary and foundations for further work in science, it presents a view of some of the mathematical methods which have become so fundamental for the growth of modern civilization.

NEWS NOTES

Have you heard about the "Campused Kid?" Being campused two weekends already for forgetting to sign out, she hit upon a very unique idea to prevent a third campus. She got about twenty-five sign-out slips, filled them out for every day up to the end of 1941, and attached them according to dates on her door. Now, when she leaves her room, she picks the next sign-out slip from the door, and leaves it in the box. For further information of the aforesaid, see Helenmae Weinik.

Fire, originating in the basement of the eight-room frame residence of Professor and Mrs. Frank R. Gay of Crambler Ave., Wednesday, November 26, rendered the building a total loss except for the new section in the rear of the house.

Bethany volunteers, which included for the most part Bethany College students, were the first to answer the call. They were later aided by the Wellsburg Volunteer Fire Department, who made the five mile trip from Wellsburg to Bethany in eleven minutes.

The fire was discovered shortly before 11:00 A.M., when a slight breeze caused it to spread from the basement and continue for almost an hour. In the early stages of the fire it threatened Mayor Sumpstine's house and also the uncompleted framework of Professor Gay's new home, but Bethany volunteers prevented this.

Most of the household furniture and possessions were lost, including those of six college boys living there

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

... this being a column of almost anything printable and personal that happens in Bethany . . . At the moment it's four in the morning and radios are blaring war news from every dorm room. Am I being selfish or isolationist or blind—but I feel that our small life in Bethany is very important: the Inn, the Nature Trail, the frats, profs and studies and Old Main, can't we keep on living for future memories? . . . even the Beta-Sig feud will be fun remembering. And by the way, if you want to hear the real feuding, walk into the Beehive around mealtime and listen to freshmen song fests . . . Fred Albrecht walked in from another of his sylvan jam sessions with a portable vic this afternoon . . . Why isn't there more student representation in campus organizations? Is it a lack of publicity about club work, or do they need membership drives or what? After all they're more than a means to a sorority or fraternity pledge merit. . . Attendance at International Relations Club's Open Forums ought to increase after we read some newspapers during Xmas vacation. And what about some of you history majors posting news bulletins? . . . Mr. Behymer has been beaming paternally over his new card cases for two weeks now . . . Speaking of our cut from the Buffalo's Tale (ouch!) isn't it surprising how estimates of fraternities are generally the same after ten years? . . . Wonder how many times Mary or Alma have been approached by coeds, furtively showing them a nickle and rasping, "Sigma Nu sign!"—or a Phi Tau or Beta, AKPi or KA. Gee! you'd think it mattered if you wrote your Greek letters all over the blackboard . . . Hey, why doesn't someone utilize the blackboards for legitimate publicity sometime—the 20 Club or Dramatics or open meetings . . . Just for official byline records, the Reverse Week-End article in the Stephen Leacock manner was Carol Alliger's . . . Why doesn't someone fix the Tower Clock? four-way Bethany time was such a tradition . . . Speaking of traditions too, much has been written about the unpleasant campus atmosphere this year, blaming it on the freshmen . . . Any of you upperclassmen ever thought that perhaps the size of the '45 class awed you so much that you turned to studies and old friends and forgot to say "hello"? After all, traditions must be well-observed before they're followed . . . Did anybody

at the time. Those six include: Armand Zeigler, Gerald Ferguson, Joe Hunger, Charles Huhn, James Drum and Leon Schliff,

notice Ike Burbage's bevy of "sisters" hanging on the walls of Beta room No. 2? It took a Chapter vote to raid the new Esquire for Founder's Day Tea . . . Maybe next time the Bethanian will run a well-deserved article on the 20 Club . . . Not very many people know its real purpose. It's the first concentrated attempt toward better school spirit . . . We're suggesting a similar movement among upperclass girls, unless they feel they might be quietly dispersed . . . Not that I'm complaining, but it always seemed rather inconsistent to me that such strict attention is paid to sign-out slips and smoking off-campus in "public" rooms, and yet the girls' dorms are open during the evening of open house . . . Matters for general perusal: ever guess how many 'last dates' there were at the Zeta Winter Carnival? Wonder if Monty Stratton or Bob Husband ever demonstrated the tradition of Ogelbay Gates? . . . Perhaps I'm starting undue agitation, but I heard two very intelligent freshmen discuss the pros and cons of Sunday night dating yesterday—"No dancing, no cards, no nothing—just disapating in the Inn, or else—After all, vespers are over early!" . . . Congratulations on the AKPi serenade . . . We liked Jerry Ferguson singing with them too.

Once again "MOLLOY-MADE quality of workmanship" scores as the 1942 BETHANIAN is cased in a MOLLOY-MADE cover from

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BETHANIAN

VOL. 33

NO. 4

JAN. '42





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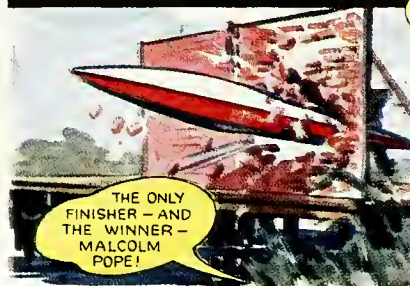
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BETHANIAN

Volume 33—Number 4

January, 1942

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INTRODUCING

HAMLET

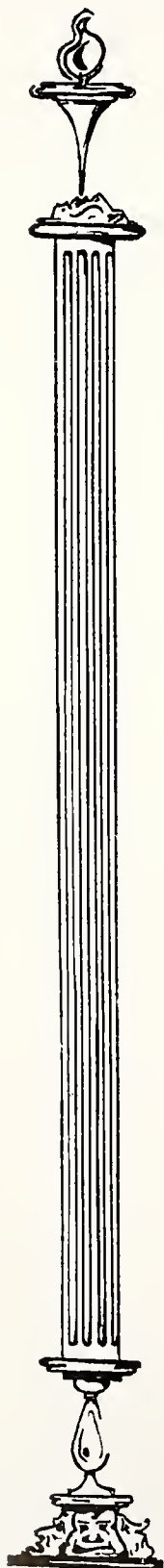
By Melvin Sweeney

Adolf Hitler may be a snake in the grass, but when it comes to being really low down Billy Shakespeare's King Claudius takes the cake.

As the play opens we find Hamlet sitting alone in the royal castle with the same expression on his face that you would have if you were to loose your favorite female and flunk your final exams on the same day. Then to top it all off he is wearing a black suit with shoes, socks, shirt, and tie to match. Though he does have reasons to be down in the dumps. Not only is he in love, but his old man had kicked the bucket two weeks before and he didn't get to be king. On top of all that, his mother married his Uncle Claude and he didn't know whether his Uncle Claude is his father, or his mother was his Aunt Gertrude.

Just when he is feeling his lowest in come three Marines who tell him that his dad wants to see him out on the back porch. After smelling their breath and finding them all sober as judges, he goes out through the kitchen to the porch to see his pop, who has been dead for two weeks. Sure enough there's Pappy, fit as a fiddle and radio-active as a Titanium isotope. The interview leaves Hamlet with the idea that Uncle Claude has slipped his pappy a Mickey. He decides to make sure and act accordingly.

He now acts even more dejected. His mother thinks he is in love, and Ophilia, his favorite girl, doesn't know what to think. Before the old king faded Hamlet used to call her up every day, invite her to the royal coke bar for a soda, and date her every nite. Now Hamlet doesn't send her pretty flowers, but she decides to go on carrying the torch for him anyway. One night a few weeks later he gets his chance. The family invites a bunch of actors in for lunch and when some one suggests that they help with the entertainment, Hamlet gives them a 17th Century copy of "Arsenic and Old

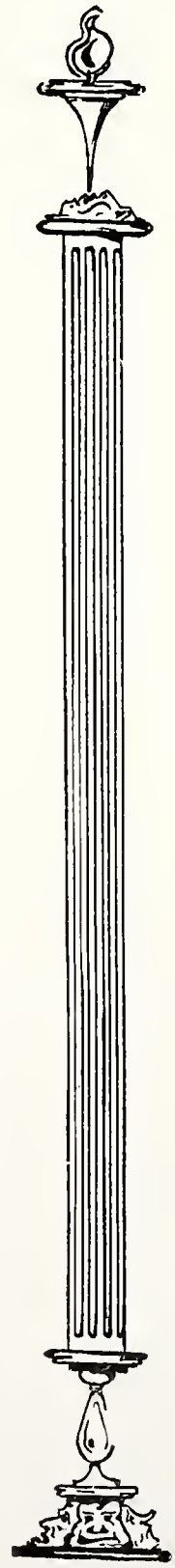


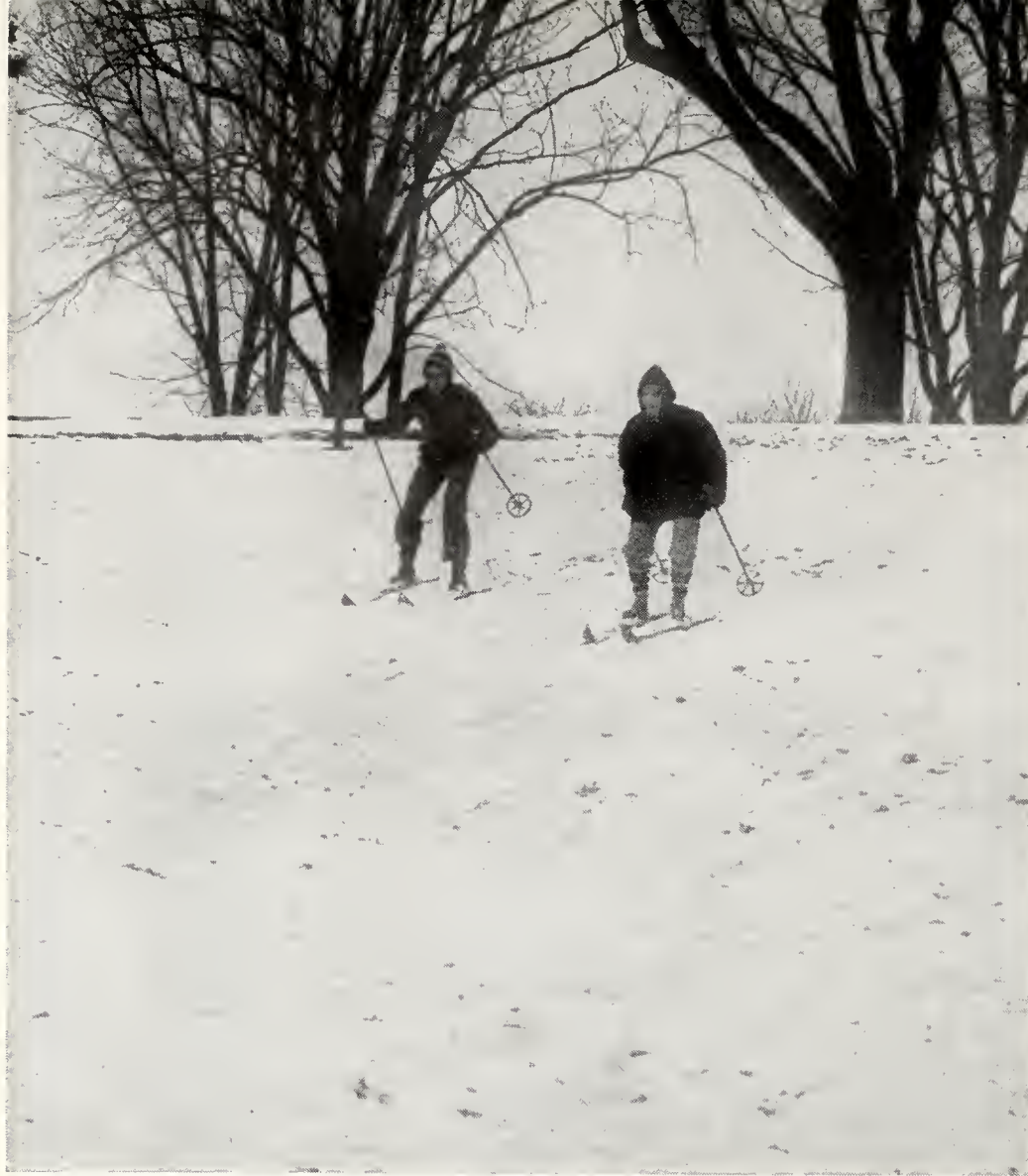
BETHANIAN REVIEWS OF THE CLASSICS



Lace" which has quite a few poison murders. Uncle Claude is scared silly and decides that Hamlet knows too much. His mother is generally upset, so she takes an aspirin and goes to tell Hamlet that he is being very mean to his Uncle Claude. He is about to tell his mother point blank that Uncle Claude is a skunk, when he hears something behind the curtain. He decides to stab first and ask questions later. He soon regrets it for instead of it being Uncle Claude it is his future father-in-law, Polonius. At this point Uncle Claude is scared stiff and he decides to send Hamlet to England with a letter of introduction to the local executioner. Hamlet leaves, but about halfway to England he smells a rat and changes the name in the letter to those of his two traveling companions, who he believes to be members of the Danish Gestapo. He catches the next boat to Denmark to have a showdown.

When he gets back he finds that Ophelia has had a nervous breakdown due to Hamlet's rubbing out her pappy, and his future brother-in-law and best pal, Horatio, is now mad at him. Uncle Claude is surprised to see him but not pleasantly. When Unky finds out how mad Horatio is he decides that Horatio and Hamlet should fight a duel. He is going to make sure that he gets his man this time. First he poisons Horatio's sword; second he gives Horatio a longer sword; and third he provides arsenic cocktails for Hamlet to drink between rounds. The fight is started and is a slashing rip snorter from the beginning. Horatio is wounded and Hamlet is sliced by the poisoned sword. To complicate matters Queen Gertrude inhales one of the poison Pepsi's and kicks off. Then the light dawns. Horatio confesses that his sword is poisoned. Hamlet stabs Uncle Claude. Then Hamlet tells Horatio that all is forgiven and that he wants him to be king. Then Hamlet goes west and the show is over.





Winter Sports in Bethany Just Before Rout by Early Spring

By

Martha Dardarian

Winter came to Bethany with a vengeance! We returned from Christmas vacation to find the campus buried in snow and icicles, the surrounding hills breathtaking in their beauty. The sub-zero weather convinced the Old Buffalo that winter had really come, and it obligingly froze over. This sent the student body immediately diving into the bottoms of their drawers—literally speaking, of course—to dig up their ice skates and skis, and one little freshman had even brought his sled along.

"Who am I to be different?" I thought, and proceeded to don my woolen underwear. (Besides, it was a swell chance to show off the new snow-suit that I had gotten for Christmas.) Bundled to the teeth in warm clothes, I looked like a page out of *Vogue*—well, at least the bargain section. I started off down the hill with a bunch of kids from the dorm, in anticipation of really getting some fast and fancy skating done. We found the creek crowded with other sports-minded students who had also put their health first and Chapel second.

As I ventured out onto the ice after putting my skates on, and incidentally freezing my

fingers in the process, I felt a premonition of danger. "Maybe I should have gone to Chapel . . . don't be silly, this'll do me good (?)" Gathering my shaky courage, I started with graceless strokes. One . . . two . . . three . . . gosh, it was fun. I glided around for a while, trying to dodge the other skaters, when . . . boom! Overconfidence had curbed my ability. "Oh well," I muttered, "*Anyone* can skate on their feet." But my dignity had been deeply hurt, just the same.

Trying to stand up from a sitting position on the ice, isn't the easiest thing to do, and I am no expert at it, although I ought to be, by this time. After several futile attempts, I was finally rescued by that "gorgeous" male who sits next to me in French class. I grimly realized that ice-skating had at least one pleasant advantage.

Then some one suggested playing "Crack the Whip". In my younger days, I used to be quite an expert at the game. I soon found though, that those days had gone forever. I definitely did not look very artistic at the end of the line with my feet flying through the air.

I can't express how thankful I was, when it was finally time for lunch!! For three days, I dogmatically held out against any further urging to go skating. Then on the fourth, I broke down and tried once more. But we don't talk about that...another painful experience.

Not to change the subject (of course not) my next association with winter sports, took place on the hill by "Prexy's" home. I had stopped for a while between classes to watch the kids ski down the snow-covered slope. I admired their forms and figures, so much that I wondered if perhaps I couldn't do better at skiing than I had at skating. "No, I'd better not. One form of punishment is enough. I've learned my lesson." (Or so I thought). They sounded so convincing when they insisted that skiing was really very easy—once you got started—that I borrowed my roommate's skis, and the next step found me at the top of the hill, shivering and scared.

"Holy cats!" I gasped, "What do I do now?" "Give yourself a shove and try to keep your feet parallel." "Bend your knees a little." "Hang onto your poles." But their well-meaning instructions came too late! Someone had given me a push, and I began to zigzag down the hill in all my amateur "glory". Jumbled, furious, and regretful thoughts raced through my mind. Then suddenly, as if out of nowhere, a tree appeared before me. My awkward attempts to avoid it sent me sprawling, and I landed in a mangled heap in a deep pile of snow, the poles wrapped around my neck, and my feet straight up in the air. I will never know how I managed to drag my shattered body up to my room. For days I lay exhausted in bed.

I resolved that my next undertaking in winter sports would be less strenuous, and I decided to resort to merely playing with snowballs. I confidently joined in one of the fights that was holding sway near the dormitory, thinking that this was going to be easy. But the other team pelted us with disgusting accuracy. Somehow we managed to hold our own, and contrived to charge their stronghold of snowy bushes. That was our big mistake. At close range the enemy snowballs were bruising and cold. They chapped my face and slid down my neck and snowboots. Admitting defeat, I retreated with chattering teeth and frozen bones.

Once, long ago, someone told me that I was the "athletic-outdoor" type, but as I look back on my discouragingly sad experiences, I wonder what made me so gullible. For it was that encouragement that has brought about my present misfortune. I am composing this in bed; the typewriter balanced dangerously on my

bruised knees. Every few seconds I sneeze, my nose snuffles, my throat hurts, and my ego feels pathetically depleted.

The weather is somewhat warmer this week. As I look out of the window, I note with malicious glee that the snow is slowly melting and the ice on the creek is no more. I am fervently praying that it will remain in that condition. I have resolved that my future winter activities shall be confined to the sheltering walls of the dorm. As for sports being healthful—what good is an injured body, a bad case of influenza, and a wounded, embittered soul, doing for the benefit of my health?!?!

If, between now and the first day of Spring, it should happen to snow again (God forbid) and, if anyone dares mention outdoors sports to me, I will not guarantee my actions, and will probably mutter violent and unprintable things.....





Dr. Clyde Crobaugh
Head of Economics Dept.

Department of Economics

By

Yvonne Balster

The Economic Department has become one of the critical courses of this college because of the national crisis. Our country is now faced with the problem of an excess of economic and secretarial positions and a lack of well trained men and women to handle these positions. The college is now expanding the offerings of the Economics and Secretarial Science departments for the coming year.

The Economics department, as a department, was started in 1935 with Mr. Clark as its head. Previous to that time only scattered courses in this field were offered. Mr. Evans our bursar, presented courses in accounting to the students desiring this type of training. At the present time, the Economics department consists of two professors, Dr. Clyde J. Crobaugh, and Professor E. R. Bowden. Miss Elizabeth White, a senior at Bethany, is the assistant of the department.

The purposes of the Economics department are to give the student an understanding of the principles involved in economics behavior, of the relationships and processes of the modern economics system, and of the relationships between this system and government; to develop ability in the analysis of economic problems; to furnish a basis for intelligent citizenship in dealing with the complex economic problems; to equip the student with fundamental and some technical preparation for business; and to provide preparation for teaching economics and post-graduate or professional study.

In the past three years there have been 26

students graduated with majors in Economics and Business Administration. The total enrollment of this department is 217, which is over half the student body of Bethany College. The courses offered definitely aid the student in understanding and participating in the work of the average life after college.

Dr. Crobaugh received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Pittsburgh in 1940. In 1939 he became a professor at Bethany College. Dr. Crobaugh obtained his A.B. and A.M. degrees from Stanford University.

Professor E. R. Bowden holds a Masters degree from the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania.

In accordance with the defense need several new Economic defense courses have been added to the curriculum. With

these courses in accounting, statistics, and industrial management, and in cooperation with the accelerated program it will be possible to graduate more and better trained students who will qualify for the many positions which are awaiting them.

The Secretarial department, under Mrs. Inez C. Lyle, is closely allied to the Economics department. It, too, has been greatly influenced by the crisis. Four new courses in typing and shorthand have been added and should prove of value in the national emergency. Also it will be possible, beginning in the fall of 1942, for a student to major in the field of Secretarial Science, with special programs designed for teachers, buyers, and secretaries.



Mr. Bowden
Instructor

AIN'T YOU HEARD

A Short Story

I thought I told you about it once before, Nate. I know you remember Big Boy Johnson 'cause you was the gink who showed him to me. I guess you never heard though why the "So and So" quit the ring. Well it was like this.

It was about seven years back, I guess, when we was in Maxie's gym looking over them pugs practice. Yea, I remember now. You wanted me to see that colored boy workout. Well, remember that guy that came in and sat down on the bench near the door. Yea, the one wearing those rags who you and Mike laughed at when he tried to cover the patch on his pants. Well, that was Big Boy Johnson, the same guy who you and those lousy reporters called Blockhead Johnson after he lost the title.

Well, I never told you till now, but that's who it was. After these pugs quit working out, you guys all pulled out. I had some talk to take care of with Maxie and when I came out from his office, this guy was standing in front of the bag sort of playing with it like you try to do with those drinks at the hangout.

So I walks over to him and asks him does he want something. He didn't see me at first and was pretty much surprised. "Yea", he says "Are you Josey Blake that fight teacher?"

Well, I ain't never been called that before but I says yes, can I do him something.

"Yea," he says "I want to fight."

I give him the once over and neither of us says a word for a few minutes. He was big but with them clothes he had on, not even you could tell if he was built for it. So I asked him did he have any training or practise and he says no, just in some amateur bouts for some charity back home. So I asks him where was his home and what made him think he could box and what about the bouts he had, did he win them.

So he tells me he won them all but that they was just from guys who anybody could beat and didn't mean nothing. His home was out somewhere in Indiana I think and he says he had to leave so I asked him why cause I didn't want no criminals on my hands or nothing like that. So he tells me that he was fresh from his old man's farm and there wasn't enough money in it and his old man told him if he didn't like it to get to hell right off the place and see if he could do any better. Well, the gink took up his suit and extra clean shirt and hit the thumb. When he got in town he asks some cop about a gym right away and that's the way he was when we seen him there the first time.

Well, I didn't have nothing to do right then so I told one of the boys to lend him a pair of trunks and so I could see what he looked like without no masquerade on.

I know I don't have to tell you how he looked in trunks cause you seen him after he got started. He was big and solid. Remember those shoulders of his and I guess you remember them arms too. How'd you like to have another fighter with legs like that and that speed too?

So I let him hit the big bag awhile to see his punch and he looked clumsy as hell. It was getting late and I told him I'd see him tomorrow.

I asked him where he was staying and he said he didn't know so I says do you have any money and he says yes so I says how much and he says sixty cents. I told him how does he expect to sleep and eat on sixty cents and he says he don't know so I gave him a couple of buckets and told him I'll see him tomorrow in the gym.

I got down early and figured I'd have to wait for him but he was already in some trunks and old shoes he must have picked up from what the boys throwed away. Then I told him a few things and asked him to get in the ring with Sparky. Sparky was almost finishing training for the Burnett fight and I wanted to see if the kid could take it. Well, Sparky throwed everything but the ring posts at him and the kid didn't fall once. Just came back in and got bounced right back. Sparky was having a hell of a good time with him. Once he had him going, he quit worrying and every couple minutes his manager would yell at him to watch his guard and keep it up. Sparky was doing it for a while but in the next minute he dropped it, this dumb mutt wades in, takes one on the snoot and keeps going in and tosses a hell of a hook that he started way back in his own corner. If Sparky wasn't off guard from his last punch at him and if this kid wasn't so tough, Sparky would have killed him I think. But anyhow, it took us a couple minutes to bring Sparky to and we had one time to keep it out of the papers. It wasn't Burnett that beat him three nights later, it was Johnson's punch.

Well, right then I knew the kid had his possibilities so I went into a huddle with him. I told him everything I knew but nothing would stay in that head of his. God, he was dumb, I bet

(Continuel on Page 20)



Who's Who in Bethany College



Mary Lulu Smith

Mary Lulu Smith, versatile leader in campus and community activities, is the daughter of former Bethanians who are now missionaries in Congo Belge, Africa. She has crossed the ocean five times en route to England and Africa where she lived fourteen years.

Under the supervision of her parents and other missionaries, "Lu" was given elementary training. Coming to the U. S. she attended high school in Bethany and in Lexington, Kentucky. She has made many friends everywhere with her delightful humor and interesting accounts of her experiences in Africa.

She is active on the governing Board for the Association of Women Students, a member of the Y.W.C.A. Cabinet, and a student guide. Her academic interest is centered in Sociology.

Lu teaches Sunday School at the Bethany Memorial Church and for two years has been secretary to the committee on World Work. In her "spare time", she knits for the Red Cross. She is an ardent sports enthusiast and last year was voted the most photogenic girl of the sophomore class.



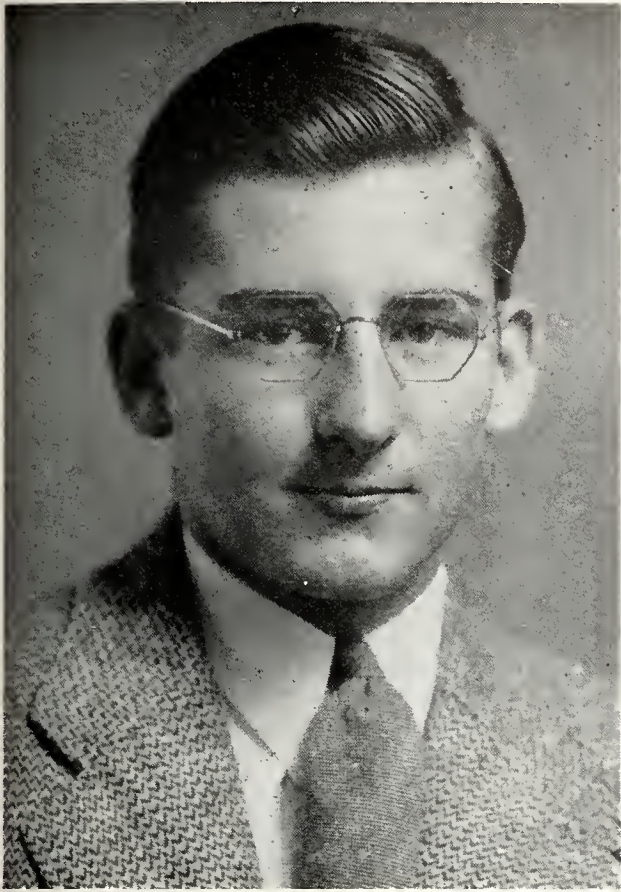
Mariah Smith

Born at Lotumbe, a village of Congo Belge, Mariah Okwegi Smith, the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith, has spent twelve years in Africa. She has crossed the Atlantic four times, receiving elementary education from her parents and secondary training at Bethany and at Lexington, Kentucky.

Now a junior at Bethany College, she is majoring in Biblical Literature. She is secretary-treasurer of the Ministerial Association and in anticipation of a career as a Christian missionary, she teaches Sunday School at the Bethany Memorial Church.

Besides being on the circulation staff of the Bethanian for two years, Mariah has been a member of the band for three years. She is active in women's sports tournaments and was recognized in the Bethanian last year for her unusual necklace of ivory elephants carved by the natives of Africa.

Mariah and Mary Lu are often requested by church organizations to lecture on the customs of Africa and its people. They have brought many souvenirs to this country which they exhibit during their explanations of the natives' clothing, carvings, and tools.



Bob Smudski

A three year student, president of the Ministerial Association, and easily the outstanding student in the department of Biblical Literature, Bob has made quite a record for himself. Recognition of the abilities he has is evidenced by his position as proctor at Cochran Hall and holder of the senior fellowship in the Bible Department.

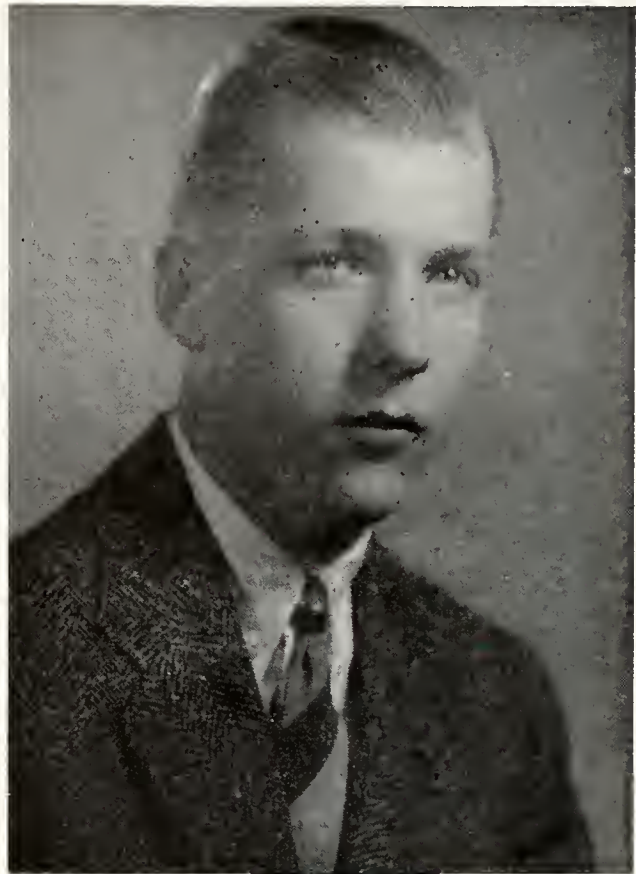
Since his first year he has been the mainstay, head-man, and big gun of the organization of Independent Men.

In sports Bob has tried his hand at both varsity football and basketball. No star in either, he played because, "someone has to give the first team a workout.

Scholarship is where Bob really shines. He came to Bethany on a Regional Scholarship won through competition, and has maintained his scholarship throughout. His fellowship this year was awarded on the basis of his scholarship standing. He plans to attend Chicago University next year.

For two years Bob has been the minister of the Pughtown, W. Va., church. Traveling the 80 mile round trip each Sunday to deliver his sermon and visit with the people has given Bob many valuable lessons in the practical side of his vocation.

At the moment preaching and teaching are both very attractive for his full time commitment, but he will decide which it is to be in the next year or two.



Harry Wilson

Harry Wilson, newly elected President of the Student Board of Governors, has at one time been known as "power dive" Wilson. This refers to the most exacting experience he has had in his career as an aviator to date. Harry earned his private pilots wings under the CPTP program given in Bethany last year.

Harry is the President of our chapter of the Kappa Alpha Order and represents this group on the Interfraternity Council.

Apparently a major in chemistry doesn't keep him busy enough so he spends his spare time during the football season as the student manager of the squad. All of us have seen him dashing out onto the field in the thick of the fray with his inevitable bucket in one hand a towel in the other.

In case you are still wondering about "Power Dive" the story is this. Harry was up late one evening solo practicing some maneuvers when it started to rain. He stayed up. It rained harder and strong updrafts appeared. He got caught in one and it took him up like a balloon, which made him nervous so he shot the gas to it and pointed the nose down. He reached a speed well over the safety factor of the plane, dove into a valley near the airport, grazed the ground, skipped over trees and telephone wires and set her on the field downwind. By full pressure on the brakes he was able to get her stopped by the hanger. For more data ask Harry.

PARTICLES

NEWS BITS FROM HERE AND THERE

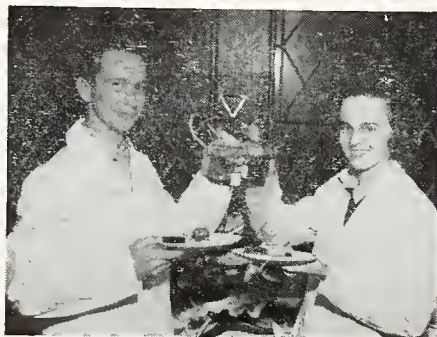


Lovely Jennie Umble, sophomore drum majorette at Bethany College, was selected as one of the top ten drum majorettes in the United States in a national contest conducted by Sports Columnist Mike Bird of the Seattle Star. The Connellsville, Pa., baton twirler was chosen from a group of 310 contestants, who were judged on full-length action pictures. Betty Lou Basye, of Fresno, California, received the title of "All-American Drum Majorette."

Jennie has served as an inspirational force to the Bethany College band for the past two years, and, as a result, the college boasts the best band in the one hundred and one year history of the college.

Just before the Christmas holidays the Quantitative Chemistry class held its annual Christmas tea. The affair was inaugurated by Dr. Reynard last year and has proven so popular because of its unique features that it promises to become a tradition of the department.

The outstanding features of the tea are the methods and materials used. Water is boiled over bunsen burners in flasks. Tea cups are re-



placed by beakers and the plates are porous ones used for the drying of crystalline products.

The holiday spirit was in evidence in the Christmas tree constructed of ringstand, clamps, and decorated with rubber tubing.

The party was open to the college and the many that attended had an enjoyable time.

January tenth the strains of sweet music led the formally attired couples attending the Frosh-Soph Hop onto the floor after they had run the gamut of the receiving line. The dance was to all appearances a success despite the relatively small attendance. The extra floor space was entirely welcome.

Intremural basketball is in full swing. Almost every evening and Saturday afternoon games are played or slugged out between the rival fraternities and the non-fraternity group. Some groups even have A and B teams. Those who were fortunate enough to see the game between the Beta B and Sig B teams saw a real game. Two referees were worn to mere shadows untangling masses of bodies, allotting foul shots, overlooking most minor offenses, and keeping track of a steady stream of substitutes. If anyone wants real action just drop in on one of these games.

Just before exams and the start of the new semester President Cramblet played host to the Junior Class one evening after a basketball game. His purpose was to place before them an explanation of the accelerated program, including tentative schedules, upon which the college is about to embark. He spoke to the Juniors rather than the whole student body for, as he said, they are the class most affected by a change in program at the present time. He suggested that each take stock of his credits up to date, credits required, and ability to handle an accelerated program. He pointed out that if the individual did not care for this accelerated program he could continue with a normal program and graduate when he normally would. It seems that early graduation is an incentive to some but the lack of vacations does not appeal so strongly. After the short meeting Mrs. Cramblet served refreshments. The cider was especially in demand. It was suspected it may have been from the last barrel out at Waugh's.

The BOOK REVIEW SECTION

SUMMER CATALOGUE: SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.

The American scene, portrayed in all its varied elements. Strong sex interest throughout, and a breath of the great outdoors in the spring section. The style warm and colorful with a persistently romantic strain. Reminiscent of Zane Grev at his best.

* * *

BETHANY COLLEGE CATALOG

A book of pure local color. Excellent reading matter for the younger set. Not to be taken too seriously. The plot is far from being original. The author is a true genius.

* * *

CALENDAR FOR 1942

A study of the future, based on sound science. The inclusion of several eclipses and the phases of the moon give it a truly cosmic scale. We anticipate that this will be the most quoted book of the year.

* * *

THE WHEELING REGISTER

An astounding compilation of the events of the world. Full of personalities, anecdotes, and impossible situations. Is sure to create a sensation if read from cover to cover but most readers are content with the illustrated fiction page.

* * *

BELL TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

A monumental book of research, a veritable dictionary of biography. The style strongly suggests Wally Mayor under the influence of H. G. Wells and a bad attack of stuttering. Invaluable for propping up the broken leg of a davenport.

* * *

BOOTH'S PUNISHMENT

A collection of thousand word essays of rather limited scope, being limited to subjects of the Old Testament period, but in all a thorough, comprehensive study of these aforementioned times. The style varies with time and the individual, but they have in common a certain earnestness resulting from the fact they were written under pressure. With the arrival of the millenium and the perfect, non-cutting student the source of these papers will have been eliminated.



Faculty Goes Wild

Every year at the all-college Christmas dinner party it is the custom of the faculty to let down their hair. The excuse for this booting about of the pedagogic dignity is the annual Christmas play; chosen by, directed by, acted by, produced and presented by the faculty.

The play this year was "The Birds Christmas Party" which tells the story of a party given by the wealthy Mrs. Bird for her crippled daughter to which, at her daughter's request she has invited all the children of an almost impoverished family who live near by.

The play presented by the faculty was what we might call a first act or prelude to that part mentioned above in that it dealt with the preparing of the army of young ones of the poor family for the party and closed with them at last on their way.

The play, though not as hilarious as some in the past, was well done and well received. Mrs. Lyle played the harrassed mother and Col. Lindberg, with the addition of moustache, beard and sailor hat, served admirably as the deceased father. The children from the eldest to youngest were; Betty Clark, Molly MacKenzie, Betty Bellinger on the feminine side and Spragens, Beheimer, Harrison, and Elliason as the boys.

Top honors undoubtedly go to Mr. Elliason for his interpretation of baby Leroy; clothes, hairfree head, vacous stare, infantile romplings, everything was nicely done.

Mrs. Bird was capably handled by Miss Beheimer.

All the actors and actresses made it quite an enjoyable affair. We might at this time also give citations for screwiness to Hugh Beheimer and Harrison whose antics throughout were consistently on the other side of the fence from genius.

Perhaps the greatest value of this annual bit of froth is not in its ability to make the students laugh but that it lets each and every student get a better insight to the true character of the faculty members. After seeing them week after week behind a desk and that wall of reserve that must of necessity exist between student and prof, it helps a lot to see that they are just people like us.

SPORTS REVIEW

By Martin Reiter

The basketball season is now in full swing and without hiding the issue we are safe, I believe, in viewing the sports scene with some degree of apprehension. The situation was almost identical with the outlook at the beginning of the football season, for those fellows whom we missed so much this autumn were the same fellows that dominated the hoop circuit each winter.

Taking stock at the last game the familiar faces were Jack Pryor, one of the trickiest ball handlers in the league, Bob Alexander, whose playing last year in the Garden in Pittsburgh gained him quite a following, "Stretch" Wolf, the skyscraper kid, whose chief assets when he first hit Bethany's court were a long body and longer legs and whose main drawback was those same legs. George Callendine, who though not a first string player last year, was even then one of the best men on the squad, Seaty Huhn, a consistent player, and Bill White, who is still in there pitching. As regards new recruits the outlook was really shining. Two of the freshmen of whom we heard glad tidings and who proved all that the pre-season reports rumored were Bill Dumbaugh and Dick Miller. From the opening game these boys showed great promise. Dumbaugh who shoots equally well with either hand and Miller with his educated overhead shots were a definite asset to the team. Baldy Sole demonstrated that he was miniature in everything except ability on the court. The dark horse of the team has proven to be Everett Stewart, who has become a basketball as well as a football asset.

How are we doing? That's a touchy subject on Bethany's campus. To date we have lost to Fairmont, Capitol U., the outstanding Westminster team, Marshall, W. & J., W. Va. Wesleyan, and Geneva. The Wesleyan game was the only heart-breaker of the lot, though the score didn't show it. It was anybody's game up to the last quarter. Of the other games—let their memories remain memories.





Mildred Erskine



Eleanor Waterhouse



Flora Jane Smith



Jane Williamson

Alpha Xi Delta *By Janice Cooper*

The enrollment this year of Delta Chapter, Alpha Xi Delta, is 36 members including actives and pledges. Various offices are given to actives upon being initiated, and different campus activities are shared by all.

The chapter is losing six seniors this May. "Prexy" Midge Erskine, majoring in music, leaves the chair, song leadership, vice-presidency of Pan-Hell Council, and Who's Who. Midge jaunted to Colorado last summer to attend the National Convention. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Eleanor Acterman takes her psychology with her and leaves to others; Presidency of Association of Women Students, Chairman of Sorority Scholarship, Business Manager of Alpha Psi Omega, and Who's Who. Jane Campbell, Bethany's first Sociology major gives her Sorority house-management position to the house. Then there is a place not to be filled for some time—Barbare Schutt, assistant nurse, and chaplain. But it is the odds and ends that Barbara has done in her sorority life that will linger. Flora Jane Smith, another psychology major, is the secretary of the Alpha Xi's. Eleanor Waterhouse, the Economics major, is vice-president of Delta Chapter and the pledge captain. She also leaves a vacancy in Pan-Hell Council.

The Junior Class must work hard to fill the vacancy left by the Seniors. Susan Carnahan, Sorority librarian is busy with historic affairs. Janice Cooper, rushing chairman and Pan-Hell representative, is majoring in journalism. Joan Cramblet, an Economics major, is interested in music and is corresponding secretary for Delta Chapter. Janice Purdum, besides late studying, takes care of activities. Jane Williamson, majoring in Journalism, hands out bills every month and keeps the Alpha Xi treasury well balanced. The Sophomore group enters into all activities and sports. Ellajane Bishop is to be commended

for the Black and White Formal. Betty Elder, Jean Goe, Mary Jane Helfer, Marge Hunter, Dotty Ralston, Nancy Sebring, Betty Shaffer, Shirley Tidwell, and Timmy Van Streen can be found working for a sorority tea or open house; attending college functions, or jitterbugging in the Bee Hive. The pledges are either studying in Phillips Hall or steadying on the campus.

Throughout the year, the Alpha Xi's give their annual Black and White formal, the pledge dance, and the Rose Formal. Teas and serenades are held during different months. There will be a big surprise for the entire college given on February fourteenth, something new and different for Alpha Xi Delta.

—Officers—

President	Mildred Erskine
Vice-President	Eleanor Waterhouse
Secretary	Flora Jane Smith
Treasurer	Jane Williamson

—Seniors—

Mildred Erskine	Eleanor Achterman
Barbara Schutt	Flora Jane Smith
Eleanor Waterhouse	Jane Campbell

—Juniors—

Joan Cramblet	Janice Cooper
Janice Purdum	Susan Carnahan
	Jane Williamson

—Sophomores—

Marjorie Hunter	Ellajane Bishop
Betty Elder	Dorothy Ralston
Shirley Tidwell	Betty Shaffer
Jean Goe	Nancy Sebring
Evelyn Van Strien	Mary Jane Helfer

—Freshmen—

Janet Flint	Catherine Cavanaugh
Carlotta Gay	Esther McCandless
Elaine Landgrebe	Patricia Cedarquist
Janet Humphrey	Wilma Henne
Jane Sturman	Nancy Rowe
Betty Jones	La Reva Lancaster
Charlotte Henderson	Nancy Calahan
	Ann Seligman





TESTING COLOR AREAS OF THE EYE

When Professor Andrew Leitch came to Bethany in 1920, he replaced a phrenologist, then head of the psychology department. Since that time the department has taken great strides in progressive development. It has one of the best equipped laboratories for a college its size in the state and offers a wide variety of courses tending to prepare the student for graduate work in this field or for positions relating to individual or group behavior.



Dr. Leitch
Dept. Head

Professor Leitch received his A. B. and A.M. degrees at Butler College, his B.D. and Ph.D. at Yale University and has studied at Columbia University, the University of Chicago, the University of Pennsylvania, and Harvard University. He is prominent in the field of higher education in the state, at present serving as vice president of the West Virginia Academy of Science. During his sabbatical leave for the second semester of this year, Professor Leitch will devote his time to special studies in clinical psychology at Columbia University and the University of Chicago. He may also take the opportunity to broaden his knowledge of ab-



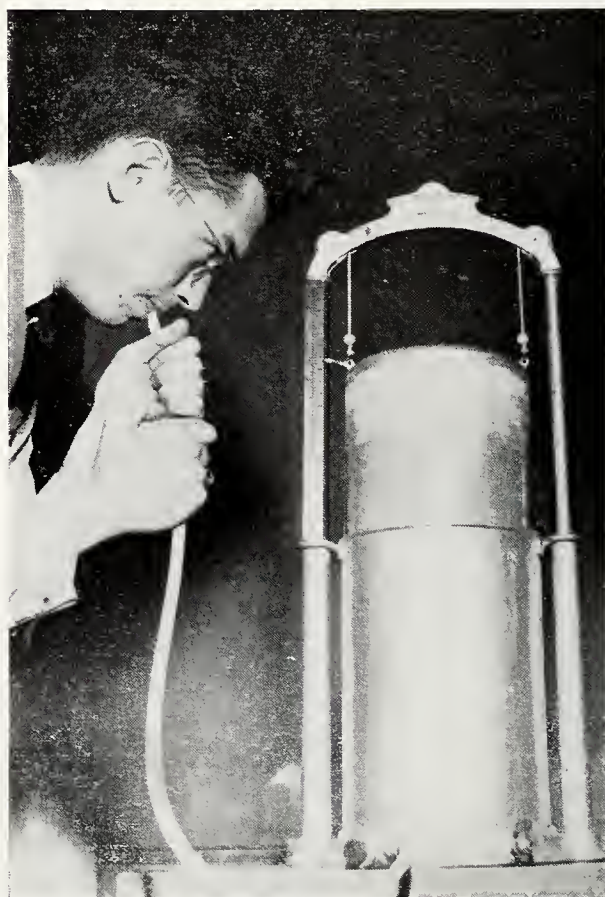
Dr. Stevenson
Instructor

Departments of Psychology and Philosophy

normal psychology by spending some time in residence at an institution for the feble-minded.

The psychological laboratory was established in 1925 and has grown in equipment and usage since then. At present a course in Experimental Psychology is offered in which the student carries on various experiments in sensory, motor, and higher mental processes. Such pieces of

SITOCK TESTS HIS WIND





TESTING REACTION TIME

equipment as the Spirometer, which measures the capacity of the lungs, and the Dynamometer, the strength of grip, are used in the laboratory to test the student's physical powers. A tapping board, which measures conscious continual action, a nine-hole board for measurement of muscle steadiness, and an apparatus for measuring reaction time are other instruments of experimentation.

These experiments may often indicate vocational aptitude. A surgeon-to-be, taking a steadiness test, may determine just how dependent upon his fingers he may be. Determination of reaction time is useful to motorists, and all who are engaged in occupations requiring high coordination.

A new instrument for the measurement of perception of distance is expected to arrive in the laboratory in the very near future. Tridimensional vision (perception of distance) is essential especially to aviators.

The psychology department is also offering one course which will undoubtedly prove most useful to those chosen for selective service. In the army, the soldiers are given many tests in order to determine in which branch of work they can be the most useful. The army needs men to administer these tests. Psychology 62, the Mental Measurements course, and Psychology 64, Mental Testing and Diagnosis, train students in the techniques of administering tests, grading them, and evaluating group tests. Men are needed in the army at present for this purpose, and persons drafted who have this ability have every likelihood of being placed in this division of specialized work, and, of course, receiving higher remuneration. Our Library has a splendid library of such tests.

"How to Win Friends and Influence People" might well be the title of the Psychology of Personality course. This treats with the basic nature of personality, with especial attention to the development of a wholesome personality. Those who take this course, starting from the ground up as they do, should really be shining examples to the rest of us.

Field trips involving the study of actual children are a feature of the Child Psychology course. A series of tests are made to determine the brightness of children of various ages, and their emotional, social, physical, and aesthetic development in infancy and childhood is also studied. This course would be a fine prerequisite for parenthood.

Abnormal psychology, a study of mental deficiency, the neuroses, insanity, and abnormal traits in everyday life, is a fascinating course for comparison's sake.

The curriculum of this department is large and offers a variety of most interesting studies. As psychology is a comparatively new science, research constantly adds new facts to be studied and necessitates changes in study plans.

Opportunities in the field of psychology are numerous. Beside psychoanalysis, which is solving many of the world's personality problems today, there are many other fields in which a knowledge of psychology is beneficial. Personnel work, clinical psychology, psychology in teaching, legal psychology are just a few of the many branches of work in this field.

In the absence of Professor Leitch during the second

(Continued on Page 21)

Kappa Alpha Order

BETA BETA CHAPTER

Founded—Washington and Lee—1865

Colors—Crimson and Gold

Flowers—Magnolia and Crimson Rose

Publication—Kappa Alpha Journal

—CHAPTER OFFICERS—

President	Harry Wilson
Vice-President	John Medick
Recording Secretary	Morrison Ratcliffe
Corresponding Secretary	Lavelle Keylor
Treasurer	William Griffith

—SENIORS—

Harold Blank	Ted Golden
William Griffith	Bertram Major
Morrison Ratcliffe	Jack Simeral

—FRESHMEN—

Charles Rodefer	David Thomas	Ray Harris
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—JUNIORS—

Harry Wilson	John Medick
--------------	-------------

—SOPHOMORES—

Lavelle Keylor	William Dowler	
James Duff	Charles Trefes	Donald Young

By Lavelle Keylor

In this age of tumult and uncertainty, men seek desperately to find an ideal upon which to pattern their lives. Current writers and thinkers advance the opinion that young men need inspirations of a higher calibre to help them adjust themselves to modern living. Since our founding at Washington and Lee in 1865, Kappa Alpha has held one mortal's life aloft as an example of courage, patriotism, gentleness and purity. That man is Robert E. Lee. Where in our little sphere of life could a more perfect ideal be found?

The Kappa Alpha Order exists to further objects which all thoughtful persons concede to be of serious import and permanent value. It aims to influence the lives of its members. Through the principles inculcated in its customs and enforced in the associations of chapter life, it seeks to make its initiates better men, to stimulate intellect, to improve morals, to refine manner, to widen sympathies and to touch the heart.

Kappa Alpha, being an order of Knights, is pledged to chivalrous ideals and is military in organization.

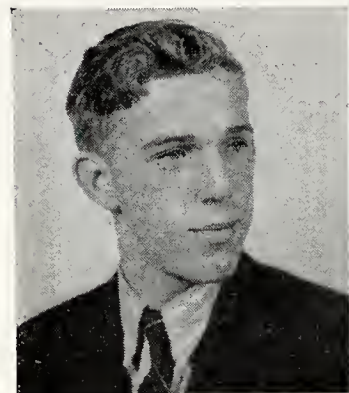
The history of Kappa Alpha at Bethany is a comparatively short one, this chapter having



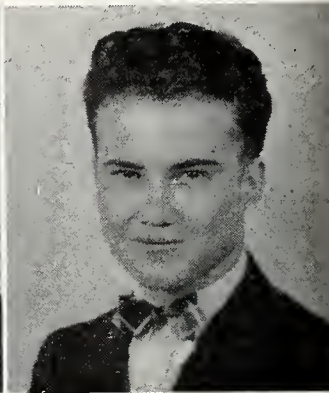
Harry Wilson



John Medick



Morrison Ratcliffe



Bill Griffith

been chartered in 1903. Short years, but eventful ones. It has had its good years, and its poorer years; yet its men are ever striving, seeking to absorb and pass on the true K.A. spirit.

Beta Beta Chapter, even in time of crises, has never failed to show itself a leader in campus affairs. At this writing, Harry Wilson, our No. 1, was justly honored with the presidency of the student board; the Crimson Five, captained by Jack Simeral, are affording stiff competition in the current inter-fraternity basketball contest. Captain Jack, who graduates this year, was also the only K.A. senior on this year's Bison football team. He was ably aided by pledges Dowler, Duff, and Young. And, lest we forget, water-boy de luxe Wilson.

As we strive for aptness in sports, so, do we strive for excellence in scholarship. The struggle this year must be great if we are to retain the cherished Scholarship Cup won last year by virtue of an outstanding point average of which we are justly proud.

We at Beta Beta are anxiously looking forward to our Founder's Day banquet on February 19 which is to be attended by outstanding alumni including Dr. W. S. "Daddy" Hamilton, National Archivist and William S. Wilkin, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Bethany College.

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Ain't You Heard

(Continued from Page 9)

the dumbest boxer that ever came out of Maxies, and that's something.

He was in pretty good shape in about a month. Hell, he was in shape better than any guy I ever saw. Those farm hicks can develop faster than anybody. The only thing I could teach him was something of a guard but feints, protecting his gut, or not wading in like he did was too much for him. I wrote it down for him and showed him pictures and talked to him for days and days without stopping but he said "yea, I know" and then did what the hell he wanted to.

Well, Joe Tinker was the champ then and he was training up at the lakes for a bout with Barnett the next month. One day his manager comes into Maxies and says he wants some sparring partners for the camp so I start talking to him and tell him I have a dumb cluck who don't know the art of boxing fighters from boxing oranges and he ain't never had no pro fights. He never give me a chance to tell him I never seen a guy with a punch like his but just tells me he'll give me a hundred bucks if the kid will spar with him two or three days.

So me and the kid went up to the lake and went into the camp. One of the assistants tells me where to go and we was handled just like cows or something the way they pushed us around. Tuesday was the day for the reporters to come up and look over the champ so on Monday they use new partners and on Tuesday, they used the guys that wasn't no possibility of doing no damage. So Monday they puts Big Boy in the ring and tells him to try to break through the champ's guard. They sure picked the right kid for that. For three rounds he couldn't land a blow and the champ was hitting him something fierce. The whole camp was laughing at me and the kid too and I don't care about me but I didn't like to think of the kid.

That night he was pretty busted up about the beating and he got pretty talky cause there wasn't much more we could do. That's when he told me something about his Jane whoever she was and about how his folks was kicked out of their house a few years back because they couldn't keep up with the rent or something. Anyhow, he says how some guy he never liked anyhow had kidded the hell out of him about going to the poorhouse and all that stuff. The kid might have been dumb but I guess even him has feelings and things. He hated this other guy something fierce and his eyes just got

red when he started to tell about him. I didn't know much about the gal and he didn't mention her too much neither so I didn't mention it 'cause it ain't good when a fighter has too much on his mind.

So the next day he's going through with his regular training when one of the camp managers asks me if I'd let the kid go a few rounds with Tinker cause one of the other guys got cold feet. I hated to let the kid take another beating then but I figures the experience will do him some good and besides I wanted to see if maybe I couldn't cure him in practice. Well, the first round or so the champ starts through with the same old thing like yesterday and I can hear the reporters asking how one guy can take so much punching. I tried not to let him hear it when I wiped him off after the round but he heard and looked at the writers pretty angry like. Almost the same as when he was talking to me last night.

The next round he goes out and the same thing all over. Only this time instead of getting hit back and wading in again, he braces himself and doesn't go back when he's hit. Where he got that idea I don't know. Well, Tinker comes in hard again and I see Big Boy pulling his right back like I seen him cock it once before. Tinker hit him with a left jab and right then, before the blow landed, Big Boy takes off with this hook again and it landed right on the bottom of Tinker's jaw.

Well, Tinker flew right out of the ring and landed almost in the laps of them reporters. The only thing that saved him was his face guard but even then, they had to cancel the fight. Naturally, they kept it out of the papers but I knew the reporters had seen it so right away I went down and tried to get a bout with Burnett to take Tinker's place, no title or nothing at stake. The promoter thought I was nuts trying to sign a guy who ain't never fought pro before to take the champs place. So I told him to call some of the reporters cause they seen the kid fight and ask them if he was worth the try and I'd stop back. Then I went down to see all the writers and passed out a few cigars and told them the setup about Big Boy. Most of them was willing to give it a boost so when I offered to fight Big Boy for only three thousand bucks, they grabbed the shot.

The papers gave it a swell build up cause they sort of expected what was coming. The crowd was almost as big as for the real fight and I felt pretty good but was nervous like hell.

We only had two weeks to get the kid in shape for the fight and then we was trying to fight the number one

challenger. Burnett swore he'd quit the ring if he didn't knock out the kid in the first round. Then the story about Big Boy and Tinker got out somehow and Burnett shut up like a clam.

They fought that one at the gardens and Burnett insisted on a rematch in Chicago because he didn't believe that some unknown hick had belted him right out of the ring with a right hook in the third round.

Well, the rematch was a sellout and we sort of named our own terms on that one so we made up the loss of the first fight. This time Burnett had to quit the ring 'cause nobody could get his jaw in shape again after the way the kid ripped it apart when he hit him from one corner of the ring almost across to the other side.

Then after this fight, I noticed the kid was starting to get some letters almost every week. I never read them but I did see one laying around and it was a girl's writing and had some town in Indiana on it. The kid was still coming along and I never noticed anything detracting him so I didn't say nothing.

He still was a dumb cluck and took all kinds of hell just to get a chance to land that one punch. You remember how they used to call it the punch with the speed of a rabbit and the kick of a mule. Well it was the truth cause that kid ruined more punching bags than anybody I ever heard of.

Well, after we won a few more fights they had to match Tinker with the kid. He was still champ but he was scared. He had felt the punch and didn't want to get in the way of it again. We was ready for the fight any time cause the kid was always in shape so when Tinker tried to pull one over on us and sign for the fight in two weeks cause he was in shape, we didn't care.

That one was for the title and the kid didn't care any more about it than he did for a punching bag. He didn't even want no sparring partners; its a good thing cause I couldn't get him none anyhow.

The match was in Pittsburgh cause it was Tinkers' home town and it drew about fifty-thousand people. The champ was a good boxer, maybe one of the best cause he got back the title after the kid quit anyhow. Tinker wouldn't mix it up this time. He'd go in and the kid wouldn't move. He just planted his feet and waited for the champ to start something. Tinker wasn't that dumb and he just boxed smart. He carried the fight for seven rounds and probaby got all of them from the refs. I was getting worried and the end of the round I told the kid that he'd never

(Continued on Page 21)

Ain't You Heard

(Continued from Page 20)

win unless he went after the bait. The crowd was booing him something awful and I felt like the last peanut in a bowl of them.

Well, the next round the kid moved a little but not much. He got the round and the next one too and they sort of split up the rest. Going into the fifteenth, I told the kid that unless he connected, we lost the fight. Well, he goes out and they shake for the last round and Tinker knows what the score is so he just takes it easy and stays away from him.

I don't know what made me do it but I yelled "Come on you hick, we're going to the poorhouse if you don't do something." He looked at me with the lousiest look I ever saw; his jaw was low enough to plough up potatoes. While he was looking, Tinker caught him with the toughest punch he ever threw. The kid went down and the crowd went wild. I don't know what happened to me but everything went black. I know the kid got up at two, shook his head a few times and waded into Tinker like a madman. Tinker threw a left, the kid threw the first real left he ever tossed, and then cocked his right. Tinker tried to backaway from it but was too close to the ropes. The shot landed and that ended the whole fight.

Well, we was champions. But it wasn't the same. I told the kid I was sorry for what I said and I didn't mean it but it wasn't no use. He didn't care no more.

He beat Tinker again in a return match and there wasn't no question how good he was if he wanted to be. Just like a heavy tank, he could take anything. All he needed was the chance to break through and then—hold your hat—cause nobody could take that punch.

We beat a couple of punks and one day, Big Boy walks in the gym and tells me, "I'm quitting."

I didn't know what to say right then but finally I got him to stay for a while. He says OK only from now on, he gets to pick his opponents. Well, other champs have done it so I says OK and he tells me to get him a challenger. That wasn't tough and Tinker says he's willing for one more chance at him.

That's the fight they quit calling him "Big Boy" and started calling him "Block Head." He had more opportunities to throw his punch than I ever seen one fighter get before. But he never threw it once. Of course, Tinker outpointed him. I asked him should I get a rematch and he says no.

So I told him "What the hell, if

you don't want to fight say so and you can try to get your own manager."

"OK" he says, and walks out. Well, we squared off and he takes his stuff and leaves.

I was going through the apartment one day and I came across some of those letters of his. He left a diary too so I figured they wasn't no use to him and read them.

Well, this gal he wrote to seemed to like him pretty much, especially in them letters that came after he beat Tinker. They was the usual stuff and I didn't give them a hoot. Then I opened the diary and hell, what some guys won't write, especially them which is so big and tough and you don't expect nothing like that from them.

There was some clippings about some guy named Knockout Rush out of some Indiana paper which I seen him buy once or twice. They was about this guy who was doing pretty good in the bush rings and every writeup had a line about, "I know I'm good enough to be champ. Who wants on the bandwagon?" Then there was one or two pictures of him at a night club with a girl and her name was the same as the one on the letters the kid left.

Well, I was still interested in the kid, and I followed him in the papers. He was always losing too. The clippings was from Philly, York, Pittsburgh, Akron, Cleveland, Columbus, all the way west to Indiana. Then they stopped for a while.

One day, I get a telegram from the kid which say he's in his last big fight tonight and to look for the reports of it in the papers.

The next day, the papers carried a story about how some big guy knocked out the champ of Indiana in the first eleven seconds of the first round which was just about the record, I think. The guy was still in the hospital unconscious and his jaw was broken something fierce.

I sort of thought the kid would start climbing but that was the last I heard from him for a couple years.

The other night, I was down at Maxies when who walks in but the kid. He stood over near the door and nobody else saw him 'cause they was watching Tinker polishing off some cluck.

He was near the big bag and I said hello to him.

That's when he told me the rest of the story. I asked him if he wanted back in the game, I could sign him up with Tinker in a month or so. "No," he said, "I'm finished."

"How's the guy you fought in Indianapolis?" I asked him.

"I don't know. I left after the fight," he told me.

"How's the girl," I said.

"She married that guy right after I lost the title."

"Look kid, why you quitting the ring because of them. What's the percentage?"

"Just about 100. Look, the only reason I ever got in this game was for two things. One was because I hated some lousy mutt who kidded me about my family. I knew he was a boxer and I knew he was pretty good and I wanted to stop him but first I wanted to go higher then he'd ever get. The other reason was because I had some ideas about some girl who I thought was OK, I found out about her in time. She was after the title not me anyhow. So she married the guy, I took care of him, and we're all OK."

So I said, "Well if that's how you want it, its OK by me. Can I do something for you?"

"No, just burn my stuff I left. That's about all," he said.

So he said so long and left and I ain't seen him since. That's why they called "Big Boy" "Blockhead" though, but I think they was wrong.

And did I ever tell you about—

Psychology Dept.

(Continued from Page 17)

semester, Dr. Kenneth L. Bean, formerly of Marshall College, will be in charge of the psychology department. Dr. Bean is a graduate of Louisiana State University where he also received his Master's degree. He received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Psychology from the University of Michigan. Dr. Bean is an accomplished violinist and his book, *Practical Psychology for the Musician* has recently been accepted for publication by one of the country's leading presses. He has also had published several articles on this subject. In addition, Dr. Bean has had a large amount of experience in clinical psychology. He is a member of Phi Kappa Phi, national honorary fraternity, and Sigma Psi, national honorary scientific fraternity.

(Continued on Page 22)

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Kappa Alpha Order

(Continued from Page 18)

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Psychology Dept.

(Continued from Page 21)

The aims of the Philosophy department, as stated in the catalogue, are to provide the student with a careful study of the problems of life, especially the more persistent problems of reality, knowledge, morality, religion and social life, that the student may develop habits of thinking clearly and thinking complete thoughts which integrate his knowledge from different fields into a unified whole, thus affording him "vision in the light of the whole."

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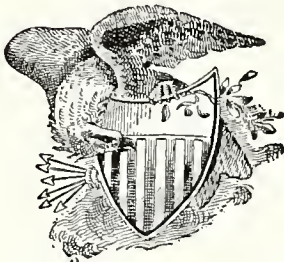
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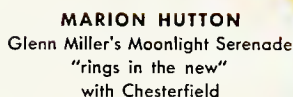
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BETHANIAN

VOL. 33

NO. 5

FEB. '42



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To the Students:

Why I resigned from the Student Board of Governors

The one basic reason for my resignation was my inability to reconcile my convictions against war and the military system with my convictions that the officer of a democratic organization is obligated to carry out the will of the majority of that organization. Since the latter half of that statement will meet with more general agreement than the first, I'll dispose of it first. As all students who have given the student government proposition more than a cursory glance will readily admit, we have here at Bethany all the machinery for actual student participation in government. In reality, we, as a governing body, are ineffective because we are not willing to accept the responsibilities that would go with increased authority. The Board is set up as a democratic body to govern student activities; the officers are elected by the Board members to represent and carry out the decisions of the student body. That the presiding officer is a leader among such a body is one of the concepts of a democracy. But that he is also morally obligated to carry out the wishes of the group over which he presides is also a basic democratic tenet.

Realizing that an all-out war program will require student participation and cooperation with the military system, I found myself in a position where I was likely to become morally obligated to carry out tasks which I could not conscientiously do.

I am a conscientious objector to the military system and its way of dealing with conflict. I cannot give my support, even tacitly, to any part of a system which I believe to be the enemy of my country and mankind. It is my feeling that not the Nazis nor the Japanese, but the military system, no matter under what guise or flag we find it, is the chief threat to the democratic way of life. My conception of Christianity cannot be reconciled with this method of dealing with the problem at hand, although I realize that is not the majority opinion. I believe in a fundamental moral force which is greater than any physical force; physical force subdues for a part of a generation; moral force changes people for all time. So far, man in his growth has not been able to see that this moral force is the weapon to use in bringing justice, because it is easier to go to war as he has done before than it is to work out another way. I am firmly convinced that for his own salvation man must use this other way, and I cannot add to his problem by supporting the very thing that is destroying him. Man will come to find another way of settling his problems only when enough of us will refuse to fight the issue with force. That is my stand, which, I realize, is open to the attack, "It won't work!" It hasn't been tried! War doesn't work either, but we go on having it. I have yet to read or talk with an intelligent person who wants war, who can see that it accomplishes anything at all. So why, with all the evidence against it, do we go on having war?

The program the college is now entering upon is not one that violated the principles that I hold. But as a student I am not morally bound to engage in any future activity which might require violation of those principles. As president, I would be bound to adhere to the wishes of the student body, which, I realize, does not hold to the same beliefs that I do.

By resigning now I am making way for some other person who is more in sympathy with the program as it must be.

Bud Deer.

BETHANIAN

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Student Feature--

A CRITICISM

Following this page is a student survey on the general campus attitude and conditions. No doubt each of you has heard these criticisms voiced every day, and yet, not one of our "bull sessions" has attempted to summarize the points or take any sort of action. The student argument is that any group or person taking action is threatened with pressure along these usual lines: 1. Eat at the Bethany House; 2. Remember your scholarship; 3. Remember your job; 4. Remember your transfer credits. Therefore, when any objectionable action arises, students talk about it among themselves, build up rumor, but refuse to take action. Their answers are; 1. We can't do anything, and anyway, what good is it? 2. Why should I stick my neck out?

Let's consider the first answer: "We can't do anything." This college could not exist without students. Certainly a reasonable example of college life cannot be maintained unless the students assume their proper position as students and self-governors. Of course, we need the standards of the college and a wise administration to guide us. But supposedly, we have been given student government. The Student Board of Governors that you ridicule is your own creation. No one has rendered it impotent but the students, for the source of its power lies in the student body. Have you ever read the SBOG Constitution? Since this is our charter of rights, wouldn't it be possible to examine every college action from a purely technical standpoint, taking the Constitution as a legal basis?

Suppose actions are taken arbitrarily. Is it right that we let ourselves or a few of us be the objects of unjust treatment?

Let us suppose that a valid reason is behind these actions. Is it fair to subject the administration to gossip and common rumors? It is good to destroy faith in your own college?

If there are merely occasional mistakes made, certainly alert, critical student opinions would be welcome. Why should the administration bother to explain its actions to us now? We are disinterested in our own government. We never demand explanations. Our accusations toward college affairs are not valid until we have proved them.

Then the last part of the first answer: "What good would it do?" Perhaps you feel that a clearer campus attitude and spirit would not be worth an effort. Perhaps you don't feel that fairer methods would be more satisfactory. Perhaps you don't have faith in a modified form of democracy—even intelligent democracy. Let's look at ideals

from a practical standpoint for a moment. The four hundred of us are above average intelligence; we are training this intelligence along constructive lines; this training is important enough to continue even in wartime; quite truthfully we may say that the United States, our parents, our teachers, everyone but us realize that tomorrow's leadership of world society lies on the campuses of educational institutions. Certainly a Bethanian attitude translated into country or world terms would mean destruction to intelligent progress. Our representation from Bethany should not and does not have to be of such caliber. Propaganda, for the most part, revolts every thinking student, but illogical isolation of our own life, responsibilities, and trials on this campus is stupid.

Now for our "cases" argument: "Why should I stick my neck out?" If you are taking a negative attitude, then of course you must consider that all boarding-, living-, and purse-strings are held by the school. But, if you tried to act in a body, or through your representatives, there would be no individual finger-pointing or punishment. Suppose one person does take action while the rest of us keep silent. He is obviously called a trouble-maker, and while we sympathize, we refuse to admit our sympathies.

We are primarily a group of intellectual cowards. We must study certainly, but that is not the only requisite of training for life. This lethargy we personify is the most disgusting, loathsome attitude possible for students. I am not advocating radical, anarchial methods. I believe that there have been many unfair, high-handed actions of the administration,—*but* we have absolutely no right to voice dissent until we are rational and courageous enough to act. Bethany is what we—you—make it, and the incidence for any fault that exists in the management of our affairs lies with us until we have made an effort to correct it.

First of all, find out about the SBOG, the good and bad members; replace them intelligently; read the constitution; find out the limits of student power; attend their open meetings twice a month; instruct your representative to take definite, concerted action on certain matters; above all, discuss constructive criticisms and openings for improvement.

The fault still lies with ourselves. We haven't tried, but we can. Let us disagree with Kirk to this extent: the affairs of our lives and how we handle them are very important; Bethany is an educational institution insofar as the students realize their respective positions in the college, exercise their authority and participation.

An All Campus Survey *By Stan Brown*



Stan Brown interviews Marguerite Benjamin at the Bethany House



Our reporter questions Barney Henderson about Student Government

The Social Situation

*"If gents could read
What coeds thought,
There'd be more dating
Than there ought."*

While not meaning to insist anything, the foregoing quote from a large college humor magazine may be the answer, or at least one of the solutions, to the admittedly despondent social conditions at the home of the Bison.

In attempting to find the explanation, the Bethanian began a series of informal interviews with the object of obtaining constructive criticism and a survey of student attitude.

Slightly more than ten percent of the student body was asked the following questions: What is the matter with the social situation in Bethany? How can relations with the Student Board of Governors, the administration and students be improved? Destructive comments were disregarded as much as possible.

In spite of the latter statement, there were many people who started their answers with a simple, "It stinks." Too many interviewees gave this answer, so it cannot be considered any individual's comment.

The consensus narrowed down to only a few factors. The first is that not enough people date, and the second is that there is not enough to do when you do date. There was some incongruity in the opinions of those who dated steadily, wore, or had given out pins, and those who just dated "now and then." Very few of the pin group complained of the "situation." They

(Continued on Next Page)

Bethany's Student Government

The survey tried to correlate opinions about the Student Board of Governors with the general opinions of the social situation. This was done in the belief that the social situation included more than dancing and dating. Evidences of this were the requests of some of the student body for increased athletic programs, especially of the intercollegiate nature. The Student Board, furthermore, is the backbone of student opinion, and as such is intended to carry out the wishes of the student body.

There was a surprising lack of acquaintance of the students with the Board, and those who had some idea of the Board and its members reflected a shocking dissatisfaction with the manner in which the Board has functioned to date. Often mentioned was the fact that the Student Board has never taken advantage of all the power it could wield. Many people mentioned that the organization was a tool in various hands, and that real student desires could never be realized through action by the Board because it could never realize its potential power.

Many students revealed that they had never heard much about the Board, even from their social representatives to that body. They asked that the meetings be announced in Chapel as well as on the bulletin board, and that the minutes, (or a general outline of business procedure), should be posted after each meeting. According to the constitution of the Board, all meetings are open to whoever wants to attend,

(Continued on Next Page)



Ed Sweeney and John Hudak express their views in the Inn

Social Survey, Cont.

seemed very satisfied with the status quo, although many of them made excellent recommendations. By far, the most frequent requests were for Sunday dancing and inexpensive bus service to the civilized world. Then there were repeated requests for card playing on Sunday, informals every Friday or Saturday night, reopening Point Breeze, open houses at fraternity houses, and more Reverse Week-ends. There were also some scattered suggestions in reference to mixed dinners and such generalities as "an improved social program."

The general opinion was surprisingly simple. There seemed to be a genuine and complete agreement that the social conditions at Bethany are not what they might be; most people have the idea that many forms of social activity are prohibited because of financial reasons. There were however, a desire and opinion that something can be done to improve that which we have.

Some of the interviews are printed below:

Bill Young: If the defense program necessitates Saturday afternoon classes, the Blue Laws affecting Sunday should be relaxed completely. Dancing and card-playing should be decided by student referendum. If the students vote for cards and dancing, the activities should be encouraged in resident centers instead of public places where such activities may be criticized by outsiders.

Jane Campbell: The Reverse Week-End broke down reserve in a fine way. The girls were too afraid

of the fellows before. They were stilted. (Ed. note: refer to opening quattrain).

Joe Hunger: There are few Sunday dates because there is so little to do.

Judy Umbel: Frosh should be allowed permission till 9:30 the second semester.

John Weimer: Reopen Point Breeze although it is impractical. (Ed. note: the administration has been known to sponsor other, more "impractical" projects). There should be a more

(Continued on Page 20)

S.B.O.G. Survey, Cont.

but this fact is known by very few students. There have been other clauses in the constitution which have been found, revealing that the Board is not functioning correctly in several cases.

Some of the opinions received are listed below:

Dode Myers: I don't know what goes on with the SBOG. It doesn't do much, but they might be doing a good job for all I know.

Ed Harris: The SBOG should exercise more of its power.

Gene Keckley: It's a good school.

Jim Drum: The Student Board doesn't get enough publicity; even members aren't very interested in it.

Don Kramer: It isn't the Board itself,—it just might be the lack of student cooperation.

George Davis (social chairman of the SBOG): There will be a revised social program by the Student Board in accordance with the new conditions.

Barney Henderson: The SBOG withdraws itself from student activities too much. For instance, when the Board took it upon itself to abolish class elections and student election of the Homecoming Queen.

Betsy Ann Plank: The Board could change a lot of things around here, but not without publicity and active student support.

Bill Young: The Student Board? I don't know enough about it to say anything. (Editor's Note: Bill has often attended meetings of the Board).

(Continued on Page 21)

Stan interviews "Willie" and "Buck" on the Social Situation



FROM THE FACULTY—

Feeling that the survey should include some word and opinion from the administration, a Bethanian reporter interviewed two faculty members vitally interested in student government, attitude, and actions.

Dr. Woolery, who, as Provost, is more directly concerned with administrative affairs, expressed the wish that the students get more enthusiasm, and actively participate in campus and world affairs. On the question of the potentialities of student government, he said,

"The students could wield quite a bit of power if they took an interest in college government. It would have to be a gradual assumption of this power however. Perhaps the best method of attaining it would be performing several jobs well. Since President Goodnight, the general administrative policy has been to withhold such authority for fear the students would abuse it.

"I have been consistently disappointed in the Bethanian this year. It should be an organ of student opinion through which the students may reach the Student Board of Governors. As it is, the magazine is a combination of good pictures and poor literary effort. Certainly the students should not only express their dissatisfaction but do something in concrete action.

"The attitude of students toward the present crisis seems apathetic. An organized reaction or program from the S.B.O.G. on the campus effects of the war would be interesting and worthwhile. Above all, we should inte-

grate the activities on this campus with world affairs, particularly in preparation for the future."

The second member of the faculty to be interviewed was Prof. McKenzie, head of the German department. Delaying him in the Corridor, the reporter questioned him on the possibilities of student government and student-administration cooperation.

"Well, of course if the students don't take an active interest in student government someone with authority must take action. Now instead of complaining about these actions, the students should attempt to find out their underlying reasons, and this could best be accomplished through the S.B.O.G. For instance, the student should try to see the underlying reasons and purpose for the steps that the college is rushing through under the guise of defense.

"The upperclassmen have such a "what's the use" attitude, and I hated to see this interested, live-wire freshman class come under their influence. You should try to eliminate this negative attitude by realizing your proper position in the college administration set-up. Student government could reach the place where it would be consulted on all college matters, or at least the administration would bother to explain its actions in a satisfying way. Certainly the students should not feel that all decisions are being handed down to them, and I am sure the administration would cooperate fully in destroying that impression."

ACTIVITIES ON THE CAMPUS—

There are many organizations on the campus in which students may participate. Although a few of these require certain qualifications, the majority have open membership. Despite this fact, many of the clubs are badly organized and poorly attended. This is not altogether due to lack of student interest, for it is plentiful. It is the opportunity and stimulus for enthusiasm that is missing.

The students who do strive to make the clubs more interesting are faced by age-old custom and traditions, thus the clubs do not supply the needs of the students. Too, the students take the attitude of letting the other fellow shoulder the burden of club organization, then proceed to offer criticisms that are rarely constructive.

We have attempted here to describe briefly the various campus activities, their aims and their rating, according to general consensus.

The first, and most important, is the Student Board of Governors, composed of two elected members from each social group on the campus. The Board gives attention to student publications, athletics, and social affairs.—Lacks student support; a willing, capable, potentially powerful body.

The Association of Women Students is a self-governing organization of all college women and regulates their conduct.—An efficient, autocratic government.

The Young Women's Christian Association membership is open to all women students. It conducts regular worship services and social settlement work in McKinleyville, and entertains guest speakers.—Lacks initiative; its actual aims are narrow.

The Women's Athletic Association sponsors a regular sports program run on a point system by which a girl

may earn awards.—Student participation excellent; leadership poor.

The Bethanian is the only student publication, with the staff open to all who are interested.—Highly inefficient, unorganized; lacks student cooperation.

Dramatics on the campus are fostered by the Bethesian Club with open membership, and a chapter of the national dramatic fraternity, Alpha Psi Omega.—Inactive and inefficient.

The International Relations Club is concerned with Current Affairs and is open to all students.—Definitely on the upgrade, but should have greater student turnout because of its potentialities.

Musical organizations include the Choir, Band, and Orchestra. They are composed of students with musical ability.—Choir excellent; Band and Orchestra poor.

German, French and Spanish clubs are open to students in these respective fields.—All good.

The Ministerial Association is concerned with the church and religious life of the community. Students majoring in Biblical Literature are members, but anyone who plans to work with people in respect to their religious life may join.—Lack of interest due to members themselves, not to a lack of definite program or aims.

The Writers' Club is open to all who are interested in Creative Writing. Original compositions are written, presented, criticized, and discussed.—Lacks variety of subject matter.

The Rifle Club has open membership.—Little activity.

The Outing Club is open to all students for hikes, picnics, etc.—Little cooperation among the officers.

The Cheerleading team is organized on the basis of try-outs in September, and is chosen by the head cheerleader.—Lacks vim and vigor and student enthusiasm.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENTS

A great responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the teachers of modern languages. It is their duty not only to teach the rudiments of expression of a foreign language, but also to instill in their students a knowledge and respect for the life of that country. This double duty, well executed, will help eventually to bring world peace.

Bethany's modern language department teaches the language, literature, and culture of France, Germany, and Spain. Other objects of the department are to provide training in reading for students who may require the language as a toll in scientific or historical study, and in expression to students who are preparing to be teachers, translators, or representatives in the foreign service.

Miss Pearl Mahaffey is the head of the department and also teaches French. She came to Bethany in 1908, having received her A.B. degree at Miami University, and having studied at the University of California, the University of Grenoble, McGill University, the University of Paris, and Harvard

University. She has traveled extensively, coming into close contact with the language she teaches.

Mr. Earl D. McKenzie came to Bethany in 1937 with his A.B. degree from Brown University, and an A.M. from Columbia University. He has also studied at the University of Frankfurt am Main, Yale University, and the University of Pittsburgh. Mr. McKenzie teaches German and French.

Miss Alyne Key, who teaches French and Spanish, came to Bethany in 1941.

First year beginning courses and intermediate courses are offered by the department in French, German and Spanish. Majors and minors in various languages may be obtained by taking higher courses in the language and literature of these countries.

In French, a conversation course which covers prose composition, syntax, and phonetics, with dictation and conversation, is offered.

Courses in French drama covering the seventeenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries are conducted in French. A course on the French novel is also offered. Other courses are Contemporary Literature, a course in the history of French literature, nineteenth century poetry, including the Romantic, Parnassian, and Symbolistic schools. Seminar and special problems courses are also offered for majors in French.

In the German department, in addition to elementary and intermediate courses, work is offered in the eighteenth and nineteenth century literature of Germany

covering the works of Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, Hebbel, and Keller. In nineteenth century German, special emphasis in study is placed upon the drama and the Romantic school. Scientific German is a one hour course which gives the student readings in his own scientific field. A course in conversation and composition is also offered.

In the Spanish department, besides the elementary and intermediate training

courses, a survey course in Spanish literature is also taught. In this course, literary masterpieces by representative authors of the classical period, the nineteenth century, and contemporary literature are studied, through lectures, and the reading of representative works and reports.

The foreign exchange scholarships are often made possible for students who have a good knowledge of the language of one of the European countries or South America. A junior year abroad during peace time is also possible for students who have mastered a foreign language.

Modern Languages

By Betty Ann Reske



Miss Mahaffey, head of the Language Department with her students



In 1897, when C. D. Anderson was appointed Professor of English, the English department became for the first time a separate department. Before this, the study of English, or as much of it as was offered, was cared for by various departments. (In 1882, James Lane Allen was appointed to the faculty with the title "Professor of Latin Language and Literature and Higher English"), or simply included in the term, "Belles Lettres", as it was during the presidency of W. K. Pendleton.

Mrs. Anna Ruth Bourne, who was appointed Professor of English in 1903, was chiefly responsible for the development of the department. She introduced the study of Old and Middle English in the sophomore year, and instructed for the first time a distinct course in American Literature. She developed the dramatics division of the department to its highest peak, making her open-air performances of Shakespeare one of the chief attractions of Commencement time.

After Mrs. Bourne's partial retirement, she was assisted by various other faculty members, including Dr. Gay, who served as chairman of the department from 1933 to 1936, when he became head of the Classics Department. Dr. Gay, who received his A.B. and A.M. from Drake University, and an A.M. and Ph. D. from the University of Chicago, and was appointed to the faculty in 1910, still assists in the English Department to some extent, teaching the American Literature and Classic mythology courses.

Dr. Florence M. Hoagland, who is, among other things, the present head of the department, was appointed to the faculty in 1936. She has her B.A. from Cornell, her M.A. from Ohio State University, and her Ph.D. and M.A. from Cornell, and, in addition, has studied for a time at Cambridge University.

Professor E. E. Roberts, whose official title is Professor of English, was first appointed to the faculty in 1928, and has both his B.A. and M.A. from Ohio State University. Professor Roberts has charge of the Journalism division

of the department, and also teaches two sections of freshman English.

Miss Margaret Carrigan was appointed to the faculty in 1939 as Head of Residence for Women and Instructor in English. She received her A.B. from Columbia and her M.A. from Syracuse, and is at the present working on her doctorate.

Mr. Harrison, who was appointed this year to replace Dr. Alexander, has both his A.B. and M.A. from Columbia. Mr. Harrison is the mainstay of the freshman English, teaching three sections of them and conducting the laboratory course as well as being the guiding light for the Writers' Club.

English

By Florence Nicholas



Miss Hoagland, English Department head, entertains her Seminar group in her apartment

The third division of the English Department, Speech and Dramatics, is under the care this year of Professor Booth, who is officially the Professor of Old Testament.

The aims of the English Department are quite broad, being, to quote the catalogue, "to prepare all students for a more intelligent and appreciative reading of the materials in all branches of knowledge; to furnish the students with a comprehensive

knowledge of the English language and literature in preparation for creative writing, graduate study, or as cultural discipline; to provide background and some technical training for students preparing for professional writing or Journalism; and to train students to speak effectively in public."

There are six majors in the English Department this year: Margaret Stein, Sue Beth Archer, Ruth Swartz, Ruth Moser, Florence Nicholas, and Phyllis Skilton. Four of these are student assistants: Margaret Stein, Ruth Swartz, Florence Nicholas, and Phyllis Skilton.

In spite of the small number of majors, the English Department is one of the largest in the school, in point of personnel and the number of courses offered. This is made possible by the wide participation in the English department program by non-majors, who feel that the courses offered are well worth their while, as, indeed, the department tries to make them.

UNIVERSIDAD NACIONAL

By John Costanza

Of the eight words in the dignified and descriptive letterhead, *Universidad Nacional Mayor de San Marcos de Lima*, it is the second that tells most of the tale. For Friar Tomas San Martin's old university is really national. Its forty-five thousand students attending the seven branches scattered throughout the City of Kings are men and women from all the little geographic, racial, and social Perus that make up Peru, the nation.

Four of the Colleges, or Faculties, as they are called in Peru, are housed in a two-story building that covers nearly one large city block in Lima. Seen from across the *Parque Universitario*, its squat greyness is like a thousand other Spanish buildings, huge first story windows heavy with horizontal iron grills. But stepping inside and down from the street, one enters a square patio or inner courtyard with a round fountain in the center. If we stand beside one of the fountains for a minute and glance around, we note that the second story projects inward toward us, the overhang supported on pillars and arches. Under the colonade thus formed, the students of San Marcos walk and talk, gesticulating to explain a political theory, mathematical theorem, or even the shape of a passing flower.

Because San Marcos is the most important university in Peru, students go there from all parts of the country. They come from Trujillo in the north, traveling over the new black-top Carretera Panamericana to the capitol. They come from the sun-drenched white city of Arequipa in the south, from Incaic red-roofed Cuzco in the southern interior. From these cities they have come, forsaking their own little universities for the *Univerisdad Mayor*—Greater University—of San Marcos.

The students meet in the patios—there are four of them in the main university center—behind the grey walls that cut off the sound of Lima's fierce auto traffic but can't keep out the piercing air of the interprovincial business.

There is the sporty, sophisticated *Limeno*, who thinks Lima is Peru. He is kin to the New Yorker who thinks New York is the United States. He has seen the latest Ann Sheridan movie in one of Lima's beautiful theatres, and he saw the last Spanish torero fight in Lima's huge Plaza de Acho. Quickest to adopt foreign styles, he now smokes Lucky Strikes, wears rough tweed jackets and crepe-soled shoes—and goes hatless. No Nazi influence there.

There is the brown serrano who has come to Lima from one of the Sierra provinces that are crumpled among the three gigantic north-south

ranges of the Andes. Accustomed to the hot sun and cold clear nights of the ten thousand feet mesas, he hurries along the corridors, shrinking into his thick blue overcoat to escape the penetrating dampness of Lima's coastal winter.

There is the student from beyond the white crests of the Andes, from the lush, green, montana region which slopes eastward to the wet jungles of Brazil. If we know him we know much about one of the Perus. Most probably he has come from the northeastern province of Loreta, flying to Lima in six or eight hours to save weeks of travel by river launch, horseback, and auto. Living in the vast greenness of the Amazon Rivers, partially isolated from the rest of his country, he has developed and independence of spirit that distinguishes people of regions where nature has been a lavish giver.

Like most of the Peruvians who live outside of Lima, the *Lorentano* thinks of his province as the geographic center of his life—his tierra. He is a decentralist, often railing against the concentration of Peruvian wealth and officialdom on the coast, far from his vivid inland. He and the others of the *montana*, who make up one-twentieth of all Peruvians, but have one-fifth of the country to live in, continue to live in the great Peruvian dream of developing the *montana* into a rich, surging area populated by millions. He would like to turn his jungle empire into reality.

San Marcos is a remarkably democratic institution in a country that has spent nearly three hundred of its four hundred years as a mere colonial appendage of Spain. In its cloisters is the young aristocrat whose great-great-grandfather was an aide to the last Spanish viceroy. He wants to go to Law School, in spite of the perennial rumor that the Law School will be closed because there are too many lawyers in Peru now.

There in the library is the mestiza student whose great-great-grandfather may also have been an aide to the last viceroy,—but his great-great-grandmother was an Indian.

Few negros or Asiatics reach the University, as they form probably less than two percent of the population.

San Marcos students, like those on Bethany, cut classes; more constantly, they gripe at the professors and the administration; less openly, they think they could run the country better than the government; and they become enamoured of the coeds,—less frequently, perhaps only because there are only a few hundred girls in the university.

To My Valentine

Although we are a little late (as usual), these are the sentiments expressed by certain representatives of campus social groups on February 14. The job of getting our boys to admit their poetic poweress was extremely difficult (especially the Sigma Nus), so judge leniently the following:

FROM THE PHI TAUS

Her hair resembles a mop retired
from action,
And her eyes are both askew,
But she'll always be my main attraction,
Although she doesn't appeal to you.

She may not be a raving beauty,
And she might remind one of old
Yahoodie,
Her face could stop the March of
Time,
But I love her cause she is my
Valentine.

FROM THE KA'S

Oh lady fair, with peroxide hair,
I love you most of all,
In summer time and winter time,
In spring time and in fall.
You may not have the best in looks,
And about your figure I couldn't
write books,
But when we're alone and the lights
are low
And I've nothing else to do,
There's nothing like sitting alone in
the dark
And pitching a little woo.
So when that day of hearts rolls
around,
And the sun begins to shine,
Just uncross your eyes, and un-
knock your knees,
And be my Valentine.

FROM THE INDEPENDENTS

Dirge of a Draftee To Be

Our day is here today,
A day to be merry, a day to be
gay,
But R day comes on the morrow,
A day of pain—perhaps of sorrow.
To you dear heart
These words I impart:
"Remember dear, whose heart this
—am.
For in two days I'll be Uncle
Sam's"

FROM THE BETAS

I'm not so very swell,
Which I'm sure you won't deny,
But your beauty doesn't strike one
In the twinkling of an eye.

I know you think you're pretty good
And like to gather praises,
But I never saw your passing by
Reap more than curious gazes.

But though I know that I'm not
much
When it comes to books and such,
Would you be so kind
As to be my Valentine?

L'ENVOI

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Glass is smooth,
But not you.

FROM THE SIGMA NUS

A Valentine's Greeting

We are the loyal Sigma Nus,
Subject to chronic midnight blues.
Nobody loves us, we're all forlorn,
Maybe our talk is full of corn.
Our feet ain't washed, our hands
ain't clean,
Gee we wish we was on the beam.
Our grades are low, they cut no ice,
Our profs all played with loaded
dice.
Our teams are lousey, we lose all
games,
Our players are drunk or chasing
dames.
Our house is falling on our heads,
But not one of us will leave our
beds.
Our sad bunch of pledges will bring
no fame,
(We won them all on a punch board
game).
We have horrible things to keep
under cover,
And one of them is a Japanese
brother.
We ain't quite as dumb as is the
fable,
Because we all want one night with
Betty Grable.
The only good thing that we can say,
Is that we all live in the U.S.A.
(Propaganda! that is true,
But in times like these it's the thing
to do).
Now you've heard our sad sad story.
In our hands please place a morning
glory.
But if only a sweetheart we could
find,
Things would pick up, chop chop
double time.
So please, please be our Valentine.
signed rejected and dejected
Sigma Nu (I.Q.70)

FROM THE AKII

Why all the fuss and bother, now?
Why all the preparations?
Why all the letters, telegrams,
These floral presentations?
Why all these lacey, paper things,
These sentimental gushings,
These trite irrationalities,
These too self-conscious blushings?
These skipping hearts, these moon-
calf eyes,
These other-world expressions,
These secret, duleet, slushey notes,
These feminine digressions?
Why is it, that on February
fourteenth,
These foolish things we covet?
The answer is a simple one,
We're suckers—and we love it.

Around the Campus

I'm trying hard to forget that grades came out this month. Most of us weren't too pleased,—but people like Chubby Cluss, John Jones, Ray Sheline, and Rog Waterman prove that all is not in vain with the younger generation. With their getting three point averages, there's still hope. 'Course there was Hilda Sarver,—so happy when "I pulled my A minus up to an A."

It sure is good to see a few of the old faces again: Bill Halley, Jim Barnes, and Jane Land,—looking prettier every time we see her. Already we miss those who left us at semesters, but that's how things go. Jeanne Jordan from Mt. Lebanon, Pa., and Mary Buccieri from Brookline, Pa., have already made themselves at home.

The pin situation at the moment is more confoosin' than amoosin', I'd say. Why don't people make up their minds? Now you see them, now you don't. First they're together—then blotto!! Can't you kids think first before you pull any of these surprises? Wow! Things sure ain't like they were last year. There was none of this "can't make up my mind" or "don't know what I want" business. If some of this love jive doesn't soon get hep and find out the right score, I know a lot of people who'll be ready for strait-jackets—me among 'em. Maybe I should refer them to our December pin article (and she didn't write it, Dode).

This Dunn-Williamson combination still looks stable, doesn't it? The latest, I suppose, is Flint and almost any other eligible male—"Alka-Seltzer" still sticking to blondes—T. P. Herrick making the rounds—Betty Shaffer still not able to make up her mind—Cherry one of the most popular girls on the campus—Porky forever pompous and bustlin' around like a chicken with his head cut off—Bette Fizer "in loves" and playin' "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good"—Tidwell and Loper tryin' it all over again—or maybe the situations have changed by now.

Sideline Scenes: Gloria Bass sporting a Beta pin and bangs—Lee Fiess and Fred Swearingin hand-in-hand—Robb and Neuman back at intervals—the newest tradition of throwing the pin girl in the Buffalo—Education Weeks progressing along on hands and knees and high heels (and did Weirick ever collect those 1024 cigarette butts?)—all the waiters in the dining room sporting crew haircuts—Betty Elder and Don Hillstrom studying Accounting (?)—going to eight o'clocks by moonlight.

FRATERNITY ROW

"Hey, kids, quit making so much commotion and come over here. You've gotta help me out. Jane and Pete, quit being 'foreign spies' and calm down for a change."

"What are you trying to do anyhow?"

"Hi, Gracie! Oh, I'm answering the phone, listening to the uproar, and in between times, attempting to tell all Bethanians that Zeta Tau Alpha first came to Bethany's campus in 1905, and the fraternity became a member of National Panhellenic Congress in 1909. But, as far as the last goes, I'm not getting very far."

"Yea, and did you tell them a Sigma Nu helped to found it?"

"Shut up, Harvey!"

"That came from Halter, I bet. Lemme at her—"

"This isn't doing me any good. I have to finish this. Let's get busy."

"Soupie says to don't forget that Weezie was Homecoming Queen this year, and Hutch and Cherry were her attendants."

"Don't worry! I'm not liable to forget that. And, incidently, I hope people realize that these aren't Greek letter names some of us seem to have gotten attached to around here.—That was the week-end Mary Jean named the Bee-Hive, too. Boy, remember the feed we got out of that!!!!"

"You might mention that if we don't have mumps we have a fire in the—"

"Throw her out somebody, will ya?"

(Honestly, sometimes I get regusted.)

"Schotty's the president of the Y.W.C.A. and she's on the social committee, too."

"So's Betty McIntyre on the social committee, and Murf, Kate Anna, and Faith are on the executive board of the Women's Association."

"McIntyre, Murf, Schotty, Pudsi Stein, Gracie Henkel, and Judy Wakefield are student guides."

"Murf and I are Girl Scout leaders, too. Be sure and have that in!"

"Jane Linn, no doubt. Happy day, things are coming thick and fast now—keep it up."

"You might say we had plenty of excitement and people to sing to right after Christmas vacation—"

"Pete, I though I'd gotten rid of you. Some more sensible things girls. Let me see—in the choir are Jane Douglas, Betty McIntyre, Jean Goodwin, Marge Campbell, Kate Anna Drake, Pat Patterson, Grace Benedict, Irene Hutchinson—gee, whiz!"

"Hutch leads our serenades, too."

"And Judy Umble remains Bethany's first and only drum-major-ette."

"Tell 'em about our swelllegant pledge class!"

"Do you want her to fill a book?"

"No, but I do want to put that Ann Douglas is president of a fine class of twenty-three pledges."

"And speaking of presidents, Dutch Styer is president of Gateway Hall, and Pudsi Stein takes like honors at Phillips Hall."

"And then, of course, there's our own Prexi, Betty Murphy. I'm leaving the officers till last 'cause I might write a volume on them alone. Our glamour-puss, sweet and lovable Murf, who made Who's Who in American Colleges this year; our Vice-President, Pat Harvey, who spends all her time with the pledges—(u-huh); Secretary, Betty McIntyre; and, golly, my own big sister, Esther Mackey is treasurer."

"In fact, I think you kids had just better all clear out and let me finish this. I've got enough material now to keep me going. Goodness, I have to hurry! The dead-line is twelve o'clock and I don't have this written up in sane and sensible order yet."

It's a shame I never got it done, isn't it?

Zeta Tau Alpha

By Jane Walls



Relaxing between duties are officers Betty Murphy, Pat Harvey, Betty McIntyre, Esther Mackey



—Officers—

President	Betty Murphy
Vice President	Pat Harvey
Secretary	Betty McIntyre
Treasurer	Esther Mackey

—Seniors—

Sue Beth Archer	Gladys Armor
Gwendolyn Borden	Ruth Halter
Grace Henkel	Betty Murphy
Joanne Schott	Margaret Stein
Judy Wakefield	Mary Jean Weir

—Juniors—

Grace Benedict	Kate Anna Drake
Jane Douglass	Faith Eidemiller
Irene Hutchison	Lois Linn
Esther Mackey	Marion McHarg
Nellie McIlvain	Betty McIntyre
Mary Louise Sesler	

—Sophomores—

Gay Addelman	Jean Belknap
Marjorie Campbell	Jeanne Goodwin
Pat Harvey	Jane Land
Jane Linn	Betsy Ann Plank
Rosemary Stewart	Jean Styer
Eleanor Throckmorton	Judy Umbel
Jane Walls	Peggy Wallace
Shirley Weatherwax	

—Freshmen—

Lee Addelman	Carol Alliger
Marguerite Benjamin	Gladys Brooks
Jean Cameron	Helen Colton
Ann Douglass	Eleanor Fletcher
Gladys Gillespie	Marilyn Gillespie
Nancy Harrington	Doris Hood
Thelma Long	Jean Matheny
Betty Von Nyswaner	Pat Patterson
Gladys Rinderman	Jean Rylander
Martha Umbel	Mary Wilkin



FRATERNITY ROW

Continued

Ask any Beta pledge to give you a brief resume of the national fraternity and Psi Chapter. You'll probably get your answer in the form of some strange talk about Pater Knox, the elms of old Miami, and 1839. To one not familiar with the lore of Beta Theta Pi, such phrases will seem like a few memorized historical facts. To the affiliates of Psi chapter however, such information is an essential part of the chapter's function. As a pioneering fraternity, and the earliest and first such national organization founded west of the Alleghenies, Betas today are guided by this early inspiration which serves today for further pioneering in the still-growing and essential American system of the jolly college greeks.

Even the local lore of the chapter reminds us of the importance of the fraternity, with the college, working to build democratic men and ideals in a world gasping for such tenets. In December, 1860, led by founder Pope from Kentucky, six eager students rode horseback to Washington and Jefferson to be initiated by the present Gamma chapter of the fraternity located there. The fraternity prospered for a few short years until it was severed by the Civil War. Following the war the chapter reprospered in the customary secretive manner of the time. It now includes five hundred and forty seven on its roll.

Today, the members of the chapters are striving to maintain the traditions of the chapter, and at the same time realize the present benefits its members must receive from the organization. The Beta songs, social events, and interests have long been an essential part of Bethany College. Along this line Psi chapter recently received the distinctive honor of having its own "Psi Song", written by Gerald Ferguson, '43, selected as one of the three original chapter songs to be published in the new edition of the fraternity's song book.

But the songs and customs aren't the only parts of a fraternity. Scholastically the Betas have tried to cooperate fully with the faculty, and our academic record of the last three years have been highly indicative of the college spirit. Athletically the chapter plans a program of participation for each member that promotes individual interest and activity. That the program is successful is witnessed by the active interest taken by the chapter in the Inter-Fraternity sponsored program.

The social aspects of the fraternity cannot be over-looked even though "Bethany is primarily an educational institution." Cooperation with the college program is stressed. To supplement this, social functions within the fraternity help to round out our college experience and draw us closer in the bonds of fellowship. Frequently on a Friday night you may see a "snake dance" in the front yard, and hear us singing "Wooglin had a bob-tailed dog!" Queer? perhaps, but it means

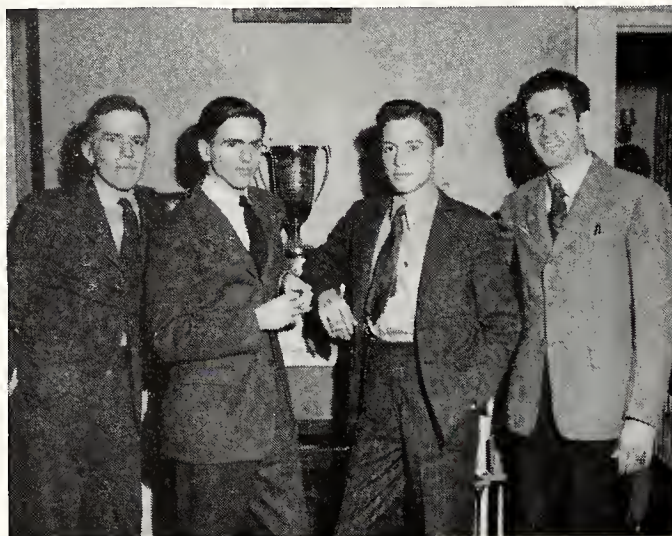
that actives and pledges have gathered to strengthen friendship's tie with a good, old-fashioned "feed."

On the campus the chapter attempts to support a well-rounded program of activities designed to knit the student body together. The Beta teas, dances, and open houses rank with similar events of the year that so diversify the college experience.

And so we look forward to a promising year, full of new experiences and different problems. With this hope for the future, we think that Psi chapter will live on Bethany's campus and play an active part in its program just as long as the "College on the Hill" exists. Old Psi will still try to preserve a few ideals and traditions even in a world where ideals no longer have a meaning.

Beta Theta Pi

By Ralph Burbridge



Officers Cluss, Burbridge, Roche, and Swearingin relaxing on the Beta Mantle

—Officers—

President	Irvan Roche
Vice President	Alfred Swearingin
Secretary	Ralph Burbridge
Treasurer	Charles Cluss

—Seniors—

Paul Bowers	Joseph Hunger	Irvan Roche
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—Juniors—

George Albee	Ralph Burbridge
George Callendine	Charles Cluss
Archie Conn	Gerald Ferguson
Donald Hillstrom	Charles Huhn
Stewart Moore	Richard Roberts
Alfred Swearingin	Donald Wells

—Sophomores—

Jack Baumgartner	Arthur Beard
Donald Boyd	Donald Brinkworth
Roy Heckel	Byron Henderson
Theodore Herrick	William Hottel
Joseph LaBarre	Ray Rappaport
Wilmont Stratton	John Weimer
William Young	

—Freshmen—

John Coble	John Epler
Tom Hart	George Hoak
Robert Hudson	William Humbert
John Jones	James MacPherson
John Sole	Everett Stewart
Thomas Watts	James Williams
John White	Jack Wright
Robert Wright	



WHO'S WHO IN BETHANY



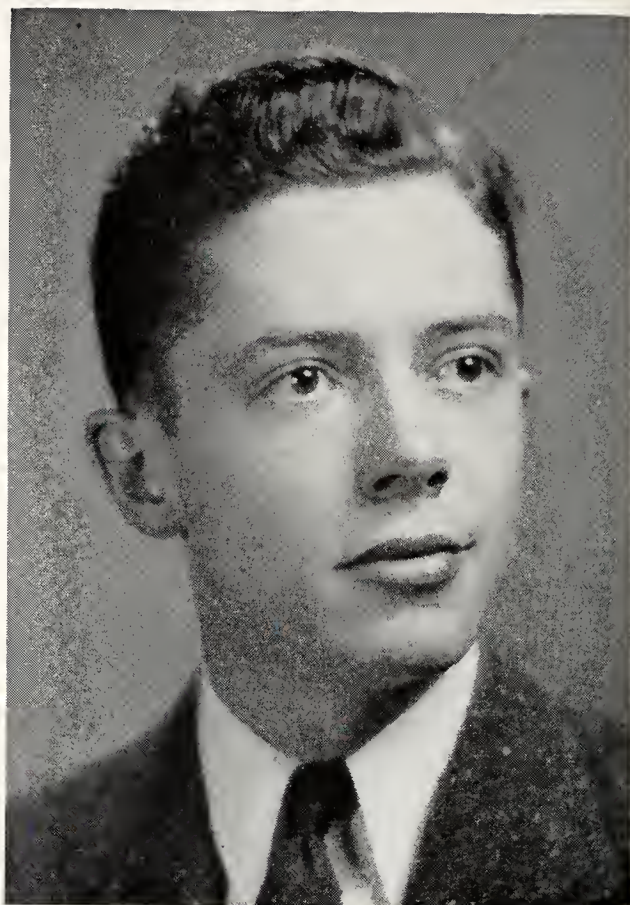
Joanne Schott

"Good morning" comes Schotty's bright greeting, morning, noon and night—any time at all. "Marbles in her attic" you say, but then you can't know the facts. She isn't in "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities" just because of her office in the Screwball Club, and she doesn't use a gavel for cracking nuts. This year she pounds it in Y.W.C.A. meetings, last year in chapter meetings at the Zeta Tau Alpha house, and three years ago as president of her pledge class.

At night she starts out of a sound sleep to worry about duties and meetings, just as you would if you were in Alpha Psi Omega, Student Guides, Bethespian Club, Outing Club, Sociology Club, and served on the SBOG and the Social Committee. The combination of vivid brunette beauty, neat grooming, and popularity won for her the crown of Homecoming Queen in her junior year.

Famed for her policy of keeping the campus wolves at arm's length, she can tell of the day it required a whole pack of Sigma Nu pledges to steal a kiss. She sings sweetly off-key, plays but one piece on the piano, washes her hair every other night, patriotically does her part to keep our army happy, and through it all chatters irrelevantly.

Screw-loose? You judge. Good morning.



Irvan Roche

To write an appreciation of a fellow, one mentions first those achievements by which all can judge. To keep the record straight, I'll do that here. Irvan Roche has been: Vice President of his freshman class, Assistant in Personnel, top honor student his freshman and sophomore years, Vice President of SBOG, Assistant in Chemistry, listed in Who's Who in American Colleges, Senior Fellow in Chemistry, Vice President of the Interfraternity Council, and Vice President and President of Beta Theta Pi.

Now forget all that, pull up a chair and meet "Irv". He came to Bethany in '38 and has been busy ever since in his own efficient way. That's his greatest quality, efficiency. He can do a job more thoroughly than you can ever imagine. He can laugh too. Every once in a while he lets that friendly smile of his get away. The nice thing about these two qualities is that he can run them together so well and still get the work done. Perhaps the most significant thing one can say about Irv is that he is the first to tell you if you have done a good job. He seems to get a bigger kick out of it than if he had done it himself.

Bethany will miss him next year. He's one of the most adaptable persons we know . . . serious, humorous, friendly, studious, social . . . he fits them all.

Eleanor Achterman

"Three black marks make a campus so I'm afraid that you will have to stick close to home this week-end."

This is what Eleanor Achterman, a senior from Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, has to tell the girls of the campus in fulfilling the office of President of A.W.S. Eleanor has been helping to set the rules for the girls and helping to see that they are enforced ever since she was elected President last year. Besides doing this, she has been helping to guide the freshmen for two years in her own efficient way as a Student Guide. The McKinleyville project was also worked into her busy schedule along with the Y.W.C.A. cabinet where she served as Vice-president and Treasurer.

To show that she had talent along other lines than executive work, she has belonged to the Bethespian Club and Alpha Psi Omega. A lot of students will remember her as the Princess in the Alpha Psi Omega production of "Death Takes a Holiday," which chilled the blood of the students a few years ago.

With all this to her credit, besides having a good scholastic record, is it any wonder that Eleanor Achterman, who is also a member of the Alpha Xi Delta sorority, has been selected to appear in this year's edition of "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities?"



Edward Elsasser

Edward Elsasser is what you can call quiet, but you don't have to. Somewhere among his hyper six feet is a subtle humor which is really good.

If you're the kind who likes facts, take these down in your record book: the dark haired senior with the dignified air has been managing editor of the Bethanian; Commander, Lieutenant-Commander, Reporter, and Song Leader of Sigma Nu; President of the Interfraternity Council; an assistant and Senior Fellow in the History Department (his major is history, his minor, economics); he holds a membership in Pi Gamma Mu, national honorary social science fraternity; Vice-president of the International Relations Club; a first honor student for two years and a second honor awardee for one year; a devotee of the Moo Moo Moo; a Student Deacon.

Before the outbreak of hostilities, his goal was a position with the State Department in the Foreign Service, specifically in Latin America. Since December 7, 1941, he believes that his immediate habitation after graduation will be the United States Army until he can bring the war to a successful termination.

All in all, Ed is one of our most amiable, persistent, and studious seniors, and even though he seems quiet, it's worth it to try to know him.



Letters to the Editor---

WHY SUSPENSION?

Just in case some of my fellow Bethanians haven't observed there's been one less face on the campus since February 12: Monty Stratton. Monty has a token of his last fond remembrance of Bethany: a little note from Prexy reading, "You are hereby notified of your suspension from school for breaking college rules."

The facts are these: at the close of the semester Monty was no longer classified as a freshman, but a sophomore; as a freshman he was compelled to live in Cochran Hall, but finding it too noisy for real study he decided to exchange rooms with Barney Henderson, who lived at Prof. Roberts'; Dr. Cramblet forbade it; Monty replied that he was no longer a freshman under the living regulations of the college, and besides, the college was not losing anything by the action; the boys went ahead with their plans; Monty received his pink slip February 11.

This suspension will be on his life record for college entrance and employment applications. That is warrant enough for a suit of defamation of character.

Why was it done? What right did Prexy have to do this, except on his prerogative as Almighty President of Bethany? Let us suppose for a moment that the administration had a legitimate excuse. We students do not know it; nothing has been explained to us, (as it should be, since we are our brother's keeper on this campus), thus the ill-feeling, contempt, and dissatisfaction bred by this action is running over the entire college.

This is the type of willful exercise of authority that has alienated the students and the administration. The administration can, of course, continue to keep silent, but we are demanding an explanation, and, as a necessary majority of the college, we deserve one in every case concerning one of us.

A Bethanian.

CONCERNING BETHANY STUDENTS

Dear Editor:

Someone has asked why Bethany students are not awarded a greater voice in student government. He charges that the student body should have a more definite say in matters pertaining to all phases of student government, and claims that this same body has, by virtue of its character, is capable of assuming more

responsibility in self-government. The question is well-put, although not necessarily new. Others have asked the same. Some have acted. But still, student government lolls along in its usual and well-worn rut. I should like to present at least one man's opinion of why.

Student government, in the greater amount, is thought possible because of the capability of the students, individually and collectively. I charge that the student body is not ready for self-government, that it is incapable of decision and irresponsible for actions. Students here are either too senile or too infantile for government. To make decisions and desired actions require vigor, initiative, industry, cooperation and wisdom, only a few of the virtues needed. If the student body, in the majority or minority, possess any of these requisites, then I have been and am, sadly mistaken. Whenever government has been awarded, the students have demonstrated their inability to accept it. They're too lazy to work with it after receiving it. Laziness is a characteristic of both senility and infancy; however, senility supposedly denotes some wisdom garnered over a long life. In the past, the student body has shown no evidence of wisdom or even of plain common sense. So, it could be inferred then that students are too infantile for self-government, a statement which is more obvious as time progresses. We're all pretty much in a lethargy and we care little about awakening. We're too blind to extraneous events and trends. We hang on to tradition and snobbishness and refuse to let any other thought enter our head. We are, mentally, spiritually, mundanely, immature. We're provincial and backward. And yet, we delude ourselves into believing we're sophisticated, intelligent, capable, and responsible. We exist in our own tight circle, and pay no heed to events outside. Even the exigencies of national defense and the demands of total war have failed to snap us out of the nebulous macrocosm in which we dwell. That we're lacking in awareness can be shown by our lack of vital interest in extra-curricular activities as well as by the overwhelming number of these activities. Too many such activities are indicative of an infantile mind. Witness a child's conglomeration of toys.

We're too content to allow someone else to do our work and accept our responsibilities.

Dear Editor:

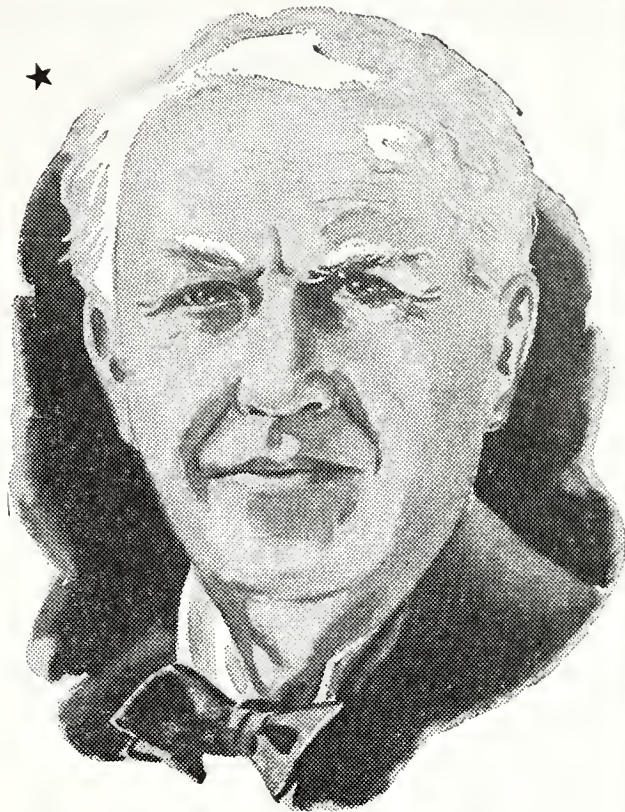
A few short months ago, an editorial appeared in the Bethanian which stated that "Bethany has lost its traditional spizz, vim, vigor and vitality." The theme of the editorial seemed to be based upon an appeal to the men of Bethany to grab themselves a date and do something. Yes, "do something"—but what? That is a sixty-five dollar question. Let us consider the prospects of what a young man can do in the way of entertainment for a prospective date. On Friday nights we have a show to attend; that is, you can go to the show if you haven't seen it three times before. Until a few weeks ago, we had Point Breeze at our disposal—today it is closed. On Saturday nights there may be an occasional dance or a thrilling evening of tidelywinks to look forward to,—unless your date has been campused by the A.W.S. Fifth Column. Of course the nature trails are always open, easily accessible at night by an intricate system of floodlights. Now, however, we have the Bethany House where we can fill ourselves with sugar-swill throughout the entire evening. If things come to the worst you can always entertain your date on a walk,—if you don't freeze to death. It isn't safe to make any statement because you never can be alone and the odds are two to one that you will be overheard.

It runs in my mind that it's about time the students woke up. The administration is willing to do what the students want if they get the necessary backing. The trouble with this student body is that they are always looking for someone to agitate about a few things but when someone takes the initiative they are perfectly willing to let him take the consequences. Why can't we have open fraternity houses every Saturday night if properly chaperoned? Why is it necessary when we have so few all-college dances to terminate our festivities at midnight? Why are people so afraid to break a few traditions such as changing dances from Saturday night to Friday night? It's no wonder the fellows don't date. Fellows who have come from large cities or towns never had the problem of what to do under Bethanian circumstances... here they are afraid to date for fear of boring the girl to death for the lack of something to do.

Wake up, fellow Bethanians. You've asked for this information to be printed for years—now is your chance to do something about it.

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Social Survey

(Continued from Page 6)

appealing atmosphere in the bowling alleys and pool rooms.

Dode Myers: At least one big band at a semi-formal. Such an allowance should be included in the social budget. Also more good free movies instead of the lecture course which the students don't attend anyway.

Ed. Harris: There isn't enough novelty in the social program. It's too trite, too confining. There should be more to do.

Bill Dowler: There should be more dances, and activities during the week.

Gene Keckley: It's a good school.

Don Kramer: The fraternities' social obligations are going to be cut drastically because of the boys' leaving school.

Bob Alexander: Open house at the fraternities on Sunday night. Later permission for the girls. The shows are over at ten twenty and the girls have to be in at ten thirty. I'm a'gin it. There should be more benches around the campus too.

Betty Jones: More intercollegiate sports and interesting lectures, more activity groups sponsoring social affairs. Let's don't have teas!

Rose Mary Fauldes: More outdoor parties and better movies would be an improvement.

Eleanor Hikel: There seems to be the same group at all functions. Let's have more novelty dances like Flirtation Walks and Square dances.

"Unquote": Some proctors would sell their mothers up the river for twenty five cents an hour.

Marilyn Gillespie: An hour later sign-out—especially for the big dances. The girls always stay up afterwards anyhow.

"Unquote": Not so much fraternity feuding would help things out. The fellows are too fussy, too. All of them want queens, but some of them should take a look in the mirror sometimes themselves.

A professor whom we forgot to ask permission to quote: "There should be more of a recreational, rather than social program. Also, we should have more all-college and less individually sponsored affairs.

Jeanne Goodwin: People are too narrow-minded. Everybody knows everyone else's business.

Barney Henderson: There isn't enough of the "rah rah" spirit. Students should take more interest in activities. You can't put your finger on it, but there is a lack of spirit and not enough personal relationship.

Fred Swearingin: The students must get used to the Bethany House until a new program can be devised . . . I would pay ten dollars more

a semester for a better social program. There is a "fifth column" in the dorm which campuses the girls. If a girl can't handle herself by the time she gets in college, she has no business being here. Just what would happen if a group of girls refused a campus? . . . There are too many misconstrued ideas about certain people in the dorms and in certain groups; too much of the "girl and boy back home" hangover. It doesn't work . . . In an accelerated program, why jam your head to get it jammed off? Why not enjoy fellowship now?

A summation of the ideas would be this: there are not enough college affairs; there should be a regular, inexpensive way of commuting between here and Wellsburg; later sign-out hours would help; an increased study program will demand an increased recreational and social program; less wasted money on inconsequential lecture courses and increased expenditures on things of student interest would be desirable; the student body should be allowed to have more voice in the decisions of the S.B.O.G.'s Social Committee.

Revised Bridge Rules for Bethany

1. Pick up your cards as dealt. You will be ready to bid before the rest.
2. If your hand is rotten, mention it. It will guide your partner.
3. If your partner bids first, don't hesitate to raise. He has to play it.
4. Never hurry. Try several cards on a trick until you are sure which one you prefer.
5. Occasionally ask what is "Trump". It will show you are interested in the game.
6. When you are dummy help your partner with suggestions.
7. Talk about other subjects during the game. It makes for good fellowship.
8. Feel free to criticize your partner, he will play better as a result.
9. Always trump your partner's trick, never take a chance.
10. Don't try to remember rules,

they are too confusing.

11. Always explain your plays, it shows your card knowledge

12. Disagree with established rules and conventions. People will know you are a person of independent mind.

13. Eat marshmallows or other adhesive candies, while playing, as it keeps the cards from skidding.

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S.B.O.G. Survey

(Continued from Page 6)

Jane Campbell: The Student Board isn't representative of the students because they don't use their heads in petitioning the faculty to get the most cooperation.

June Crawford (member of the Board): The student body doesn't express its requests to the Board. We know some of the students problems, but we can't be expected to know them all.

Joe Hunger: The SBOG is too controlled.

Judy Umbel: It's the biggest farce ever to hit Bethany. The open meeting clause and the rest of the rules should be publicized.

John Weimer: The Student Board has lots of ideas and no action.

Jane Williamson (member of the Board): The SBOG doesn't do as much as it should. It could do more as a group to control activities in concern with the college.

"Buck" Dunn: All I know is that there is one, and Suzy here has to go to the d—— meetings.

Dick Colan: The Student Board is a bunch of stooges.

Eleanor Waterhouse: Too much force seems to be held over the Board.

Wally Mayor: The Board hasn't filled the need of the students.

Eleanor Hinkle: The kids don't have enough to say in it.

There are two distinct opinions of the Board question. The students hold that the Board is not operating in a manner that satisfies the great-

est number of students. Many say it is of no value at all, except as a source of another decoration, the pin which the Board presents to its senior members.

The Board on the other hand lays most of the blame with the student body and accuses it of being a lazy, non-expressive, idealistic bunch who jumps at the slightest opportunity to tear apart whatever the Board has done.

The truth is probably this: the Board seems to regard itself as a separate organization, apart from the students. To increase the effectiveness of the Board, it will be necessary to have more cooperation and coordination between the two groups. The student body should be informed by their social group members what the Board has done, should and can do. Its members are representative of the student body and therefore it does not function unless the students tell them what they want. The fraternities, sororities, and independent groups that have representatives on the Board must be the first to awaken to the fact that they must do more than clamor for action. They must initiate it.

Then the Board should exercise whatever powers it can to bring about the realization of the desires of the majority of students. The first step is immediate cooperation and interest. If it is backed wholeheartedly, the Board will cease being called a tool and become the mainstay of Bethany's Student Government.

This is an organ of
Student Expression.

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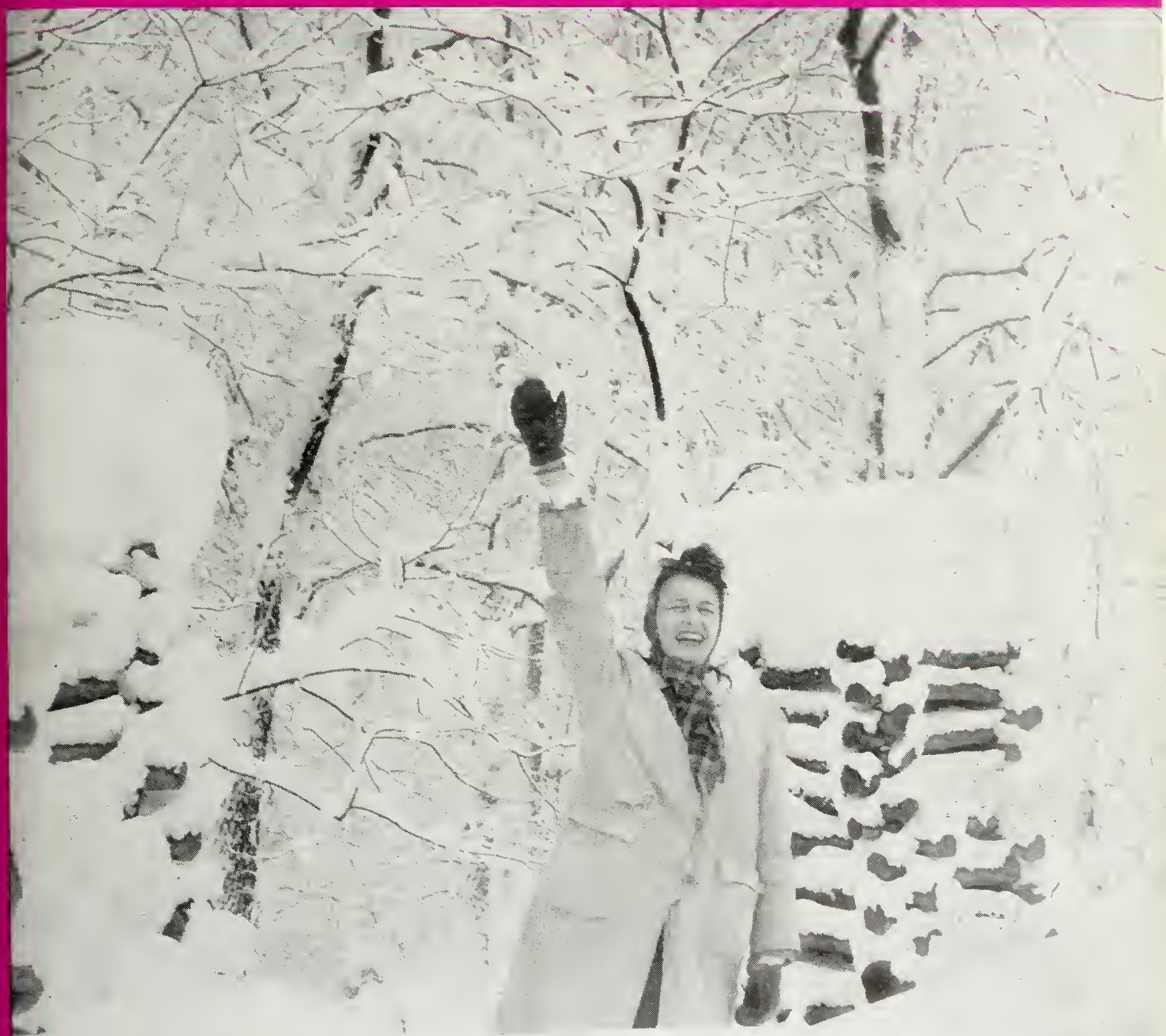
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BETHANIAN

VOL. 33

NO. 6

MAR. '42



WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder."



Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too . . . just like these students above.

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SOMETHING SO
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FLAVOR"**



She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's *strictly regulation* with her.



Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's strictly Camels, too. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

● "Extra mild," says Peggy Lennox. "Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over—over Camels in the pilot room above.

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BETHANIAN

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March, 1942

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EDITORIAL 14

Bethanian, a magazine of features and photographs, published each month from October through May by the Student Board of Publications of Bethany College. Entered as second class matter on

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Mr. Hugh Behymer
Head Librarian

Thomas Carlyle once said, "The true university is a collection of books," and to this the library organization of Bethany College responds with a hearty "Amen!" According to E. Hugh Behymer, Librarian, the library should be the center of student life, and is not only a collection of books, but also a pledge of service. It is the job of the library organization to make college studies meaningful through the assistance of an efficient, well-trained staff, eager to help the student in as many ways as it can. This is the sort of a staff that has been built up at Bethany this year, and this is why student and faculty members have been able to use the library to greater advantage than ever before.

At the head of the organization is Mr. Behymer, who is determined to make the library a dynamic part of the student life, and who is well equipped for the task. He has his A.B. degree in English from Indiana University, his A.B.L.S. from the University of Michigan, and his M.A. degree from the Graduate Library School of the University of Chicago, where his work was largely in library administration. Before coming to Bethany he was Research Bibliographer and Business Manager of the Library of the University of Alabama. He came to Bethany in the fall of 1941, and with all the zeal of a reformer, went to work to make his experience a real asset to the students of the college.

Miss Betty L. Bellinger, who has her A.B. degree from the University of Akron, and her A.B.L.S. from Western Reserve, is the assistant librarian. She has come to Bethany after four years experience as the Assistant Librarian at Kent State. Miss Bellinger is in charge of cataloging and classification. Her previous experience in college library work and her under-

EX LIBRIS

*"The Old Order Changeth
Yielding Place to New."*

By Ruth Schwartz

standing of student problems have made her a welcome addition to the library staff.

In addition to the two professional librarians, there are twenty-six students who work in the library. They are divided into several groups; some help administer the circulation department, others in the office, and others supervise the Periodical Room. Miss Mary Helen Reed, a sophomore honor student is special student assistant to Mr. Behymer.

The Bethany College Library has a collection of approximately 35,000 books. It subscribes to 150 scholarly journals and six newspapers. With these materials, and with the amount of circulation, reference, and general activity which a college library constantly has, it is obvious that organization is the most important single factor in the administration of such an institution. During the last semester, a successful attempt has been made to consolidate the various materials into three sections, reference, circulation, and periodicals.

The basement floor of the library contains the entire collection of standard references, a few stacks, a reading room, and the offices of Mr. Behymer and Miss Bellinger, which are located at either side of the lower entrance. Students coming in through this door are always sure of a smile or a nod from one of the two offices, which helps them realize that the library staff is eager to cooperate in making their study as easy and interesting as possible. Into these two offices, last semester, came approximately one thousand new books to be cataloged, classified, and placed on the shelves for the use of the students. This is evidence of the active book-buying program upon which the library has entered in an attempt to modernize the col-

lection. The emphasis this year is upon newly published books.

On the second floor of the library is the circulation department, a composite organization consisting of stacks, reserve shelves, checking desk, and rental collection. The latter item is a recent innovation, established with the purpose of providing, for student leisure time reading, books that the library could not otherwise afford. Books for this shelf are primarily best sellers in fiction and non-fiction. A charge of ten cents for four days is made for their circulation. When a book has paid for itself, it is put on the regular free shelves, and a new volume is purchased for the rental library. Students have already shown a real interest in this new addition and it is likely that it will become one of the most successful minor enterprises that the library has undertaken.

Through the hands of the regular circulation department of the library pass books on all subjects from 100 (Philosophy) to 900 (History). During the first semester of this year, 13,386 books, or about thirty-three books per student were circulated.

In the past, it has been the practice of Bethany librarians to classify biography as a separate section, coming after the histories. This practice has seemed singularly pointless in view of the fact that much biography has little significance apart from the field with which it is connected. This is one reason why Mr. Behymer has proposed a re-cataloging and re-classification program which will serve to make the order of the books in the stacks more logical and more comprehensive. Books on one subject will all be put together, along with books on kindred subjects. Students looking for material in the stacks will be able to find all that there is on any one subject in one place.

In cases where the library is not able to provide all the books needed by any student a system of inter-library borrowing has been established. Students have discovered, to their joy, that they are no longer kept from writing on any particular topic because there is a dearth of books on the subject. The libraries of several large universities have now been opened to them.

In the circulation department also another innovation is to be seen. Instead of sending postal cards several days afterward to those who have overdue books, as in the old system, a list of people who have books due on that particular day is posted each morning on the college bulletin boards. There are two advantages to this system. Students are notified on the day they are due that books must be returned, and thus avoid fines. In addition the library saves through not having to send out individual notices.



Miss Betty L. Bellinger
Assistant Librarian

On the top floor of the library is the periodical room, where are arranged all the periodicals that have come into the library, both current and back issues. (Here also are placed the Reader's Guides to Periodical Literature in order that references may be found more quickly.) The more recent issues of the mag-

azines are on shelves around the room, easily accessible to everyone. If, however, the student wishes to use magazines which are older than those on the open shelves, he must apply to the attendant at the desk, who will find what he wishes in the magazine stacks. This system is simpler and easier than the old way of individual groping, and, in addition, it is possible to keep the stacks in order with less trouble.

There are several organizations which are integrally connected with the library. First, the newly organized Reader's Club is a library-fostered attempt to stimulate more reading-for-fun among the students. On the first and third Tuesday of each month students gather to discuss the books they have been reading. The club prefers that such reading have nothing to do directly with any course, although much of it will naturally help make background for a well rounded education. It has no formal organization and in many ways resembles the coffee-house societies of the eighteenth century. It is expected that the new Rental Library will furnish a great deal of the subject matter of this group.

A more formal activity centers around the library science studies. At present, there is only one course in this field offered by the college, a three hour, two semester course covering a study of reference work, classification, cataloging, book selection, and library economy. It is open only to freshmen, sophomores, and juniors since it is intended primarily as a preparation for work in the college library. The library department has felt the need for training students who are interested in library work in a more comprehensive pre-library course. This course will cut across departmental lines, allowing students to take work in each department,

(Continued on Page 20)

WHO'S WHO IN BETHANY COLLEGE



Anna Olafsdottir

Anna Olafsdottir, Bethany's exchange student from Reykjavik, Iceland, came to America, because the war prevented her going to Europe to study, as students in the past have done.

The story she likes most to tell is about the time she went shopping by herself for the first time in America, and had one of the typical "gum-chewing" clerks who babbled on and on, and insisted that she would look perfectly wonderful in a certain dress, and then insisted that she buy it. All this was very confusing to Anna who had simply been used to going into a store and selecting a dress and, even then, not being urged by the clerk to buy it. The clerk at first mistook Anna for a German, since all accents nowadays are traced to that source. However, when she heard Anna was from Iceland, the clerk was very sympathetic, and asked if her country had been torn up much by the war going on there. Her one aim is to try to inform those about her a little more about Iceland and to help straighten out a few mistaken ideas about it. Anna plans to become a high school teacher.



Victor Cardenas

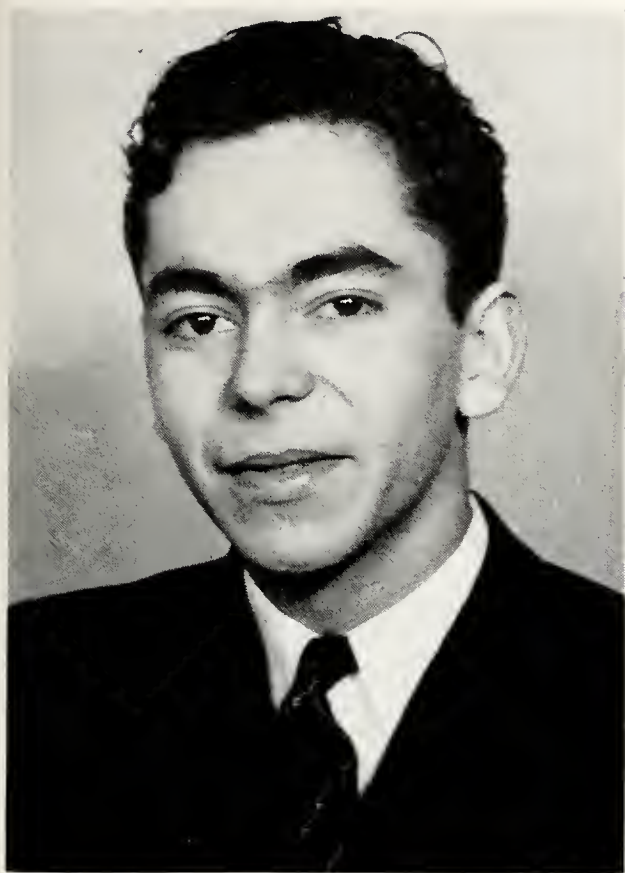
Late in the month of July, a boat from South America to North America pulled out of harbor, leaving behind one passenger, who fortunately made a later one. Still missing boats, he is a student at Bethany College—Victor Cardenas. Victor is the fellow who has made famous the phrase, "No Comprendo", and who has managed to make the entire campus very "Spanish-conscious".

Victor is very interested in aviation, and at one time he was a pilot in Las Palmas, which is near his home in Miraflores, Peru. For that reason he is taking a pre-engineering course at present, and later plans to go into aeronautical engineering.

After studying several years in the United States, he plans to return to Peru.

"At first when I came here, I could not understand the people of the United States, and their customs, but now I understand them, and I like their customs and ways of thinking," Victor remarked. He likes the frank manner in which friends of the United States exchange criticisms with each other and their promptness in keeping appointments. Bethany's friendliness especially impressed him.

FOREIGN STUDENTS



Jorge Jaramillo

With thumb stretched, "hitch-hiking" a ride, Jorge Jaramillo, or "Coco", made a typically North American entrance into Bethany. Coco is from Miraflores, Peru, where he first started studying to become an aeronautical engineer.

He was in a naval school for two years, where he gained several medals for his outstanding participation in sports. He was also president of a sport club in that school, participating in soccer, swimming and tennis.

Coco spent the summer of last year in Baltimore learning the language and customs of the "norteamericanos." He likes jitterbugging, but still prefers the LaConga. He would like, some time, to make a Conga "Chain" at one of the dances, and really do it the "South American Way."

From the various descriptions that he heard and read in Peru, Coco had expected New York to be much greater than it was, but of Bethany he said, "Carlos told me some things about Bethany. I thought of it then as I do now—an old school with very old traditions and customs." Of North American schools in general, he said, "The schools in North America are very good ones because they have very good methods of study. The only thing is that in South America we study more in fewer years."



Carlos Jaramillo

"It is an amazing country", was Carlos Jaramillo's comment about the United States after spending over a year in this country. Carlos came to Bethany from Miraflores, Peru, a year ago to study medicine, and since that time, he has learned much about this country and changed many of his ideas. He found that the United States was not as materialistic as most people believed it to be. Carlos was rather surprised that we "norteamericanos" had an interest in South America at all, and that we realized it existed. Last summer he attended a summer convention in Delaware, where he had an opportunity to become more acquainted with the boys of America and the way they think. At this convention the main topic of discussion was "America and the world After the War". "I was amazed that the boys thought of it in such an altruistic way," Carlos remarked.

On the subject of dancing, Carlos related that he was interested in learning to jitterbug, so that he can show it to his South American friends when he returns home. He said that people in South America like jitterbugging very much and try to imitate it as well as they can, but that it doesn't compare with the way it is done in the United States. Carlos, himself, is very adept at the Tango.

The Campus Orchestra

Br—oo—f!! Boom!! Carl Geenan's gloved hands beat the strings of the bass fiddle and Jim McPherson gives a few experimental taps on the drums as the latest local noisemaker the campus orchestra, warms up before practice.

It all began when Paul Lanham, gifted impressario on the slide trombone got together a few kindred spirits and organized them into an orchestra to play for fun and profit at local dances. At first they met nothing but difficulty, especially in the little matter of something to play. The music which the college Student Social Committee had promised was not forthcoming, and the boys found themselves left with some good players, a few prospective engagements, and nothing to play. Prospects were about as bright as the bottom of a coal mine at midnight.

Then it was that the Phi Mus came to the rescue with an offer of an engagement in one hand and a roll of music in the other. By buying their music for them and engaging them to play for the "Sweetheart Dance" in February, the Phi Mu sorority gave the boys their first real push toward success. Since this first engagement, the boys have played for the Pan-Hellenic Tea Dance, and for the Alpha Xi pledge dance, winning many followers with their varied style and smooth arrangements.

The boys hit their second real snag when Monty Stratton, star drummer of the group, left school just as they were all learning to play well together. Jim McPherson had to be shifted hurriedly from the post of vocalist to that of drummer, where he is now very ably filling Stratton's vacant place.

The boys who now make up the orchestra are Francis Fisher, Bob Wright, and Harry Murphy, who comprise the sweet sax section, Joe LaBarre, who gives out with the hot licks on the trumpet, Paul Lanham, on the slide trombone, Carl Geenan and Jim McPherson, pounding the bass fiddle and drums respectively and James Sembower tickling the ivories (They play without a leader).

The boys report excellent prospects for the future, and add that any and all good trumpet players will be gratefully received.

As Written by Carlos

Due to the fact that Lima, my birth place, is the capital and princi-

pal city of Peru, there exists there an excellent opportunity to know people from numerous places on the globe. Although Lima is only slightly larger than Pittsburgh, it is as cosmopolitan as San Francisco, New York, or Washington. My home is in Miraflores, a suburb of Lima where a large number of French, English, Swiss, Germans, Chinese, and North Americans reside. These people are predominantly business men, engineers, doctors, and diplomats.

As a student in San Marcos, I was acquainted with several North American students recently arrived in my country. All of them played bridge very enthusiastically. We often wondered how they could stand to play such a game for hours at a time, but we soon discovered that these good neighbors were as much perplexed by our custom of spending hours at a game of chess. We were even!

The VII Conferencia Pan Americana gave the people of Lima an opportunity to meet the special representatives of the Americas and to listen to their opinions about the future of the continent. During this conference I had a very interesting experience which increased my sympathy toward the people of the United States. This happened two days after Christmas of 1938. I was attending a meeting in honor of Mr. Cordell Hull, the North American representative. The meeting was to begin at seven p. m. (It began on time!) The chairman of the reception committee, elegantly dressed in a formal afternoon suit, announced Mr. Cordell Hull. The applause was deafening. Mr. Hull entered the reception room as a student would have entered a classroom. He was carrying his hat in his left hand. The chairman approached him attentively and extended his hand to receive Mr. Hull's hat, but Mr. Hull simply shook his hand and addressed him as if to say, "Don't bother." Then he placed his hat under his chair and put his folded newspaper on it, and without further ceremony sat down. Such simplicity in one of such a personality!

The attitude of the U.S. delegates gave a far more favorable impression to the Peruvian observer than does that of the North American tourist, who is rather too informal.

The spirit in Peru today is to limit the old-fashioned ceremonial formality. I thus expected formal dances to have no place in the United States but shortly after my arrival in Bethany I found out that here, also, I

would have the "pleasure" of many formal fiestas. Well, the opportunity came, and, once there in Phillips Hall, the girls being dressed in beautiful colors and the boys wearing tuxedos only seemed to add to the sparkle of the informal "jitterbugging". "Yes, sir," I said, "now I am in the U.S.A."

It amused me the way you can have a very inexpensive date at last in Bethany. That is to say, "What kind of Coke do you like?" Also, it is interesting that the North American students in Lima are known to be very much in favor of whiskey and hard drinks, and it seemed more evident in the girls than in the boys. Here I learned that this is not true.

However, what I like the best about North American people is that they are "good sports"

Co-ed Dinner

"Co-ed dinner tonight? Oh darn, that means 'heels'!" This was the general greeting to that announcement by most of the girls in the dorm. But on the evening of February 18 we girls reluctantly discarded our "flats" for an hour and a half, and made lady-like appearances at Phillips Hall or the Bethany House, precisely on time for a change.

Phillips hall glowed with the school spirit—in so far as the color scheme was concerned. Green and white predominated—even the parsley and potatoes echoed "Old Bethany." The green and white candles reminded us of the Christmas party—and, again, we were crowded so closely together around the tables that it was hard to tell whether you were eating your own salad or the one belonging to the person two seats down.

Despite this cozy arrangement, the atmosphere was rather quiet and strained—the merry babble of female voices dispensing the latest dirt about how "so and so" had told "such and such" just what she thought of him, and what happened then, was conspicuously absent. Bill White, as master of ceremonies, tried in vain to inject a livelier note into the gathering, with numerous appeals for a little more enthusiasm. Frances Fisher and his saxophone pepped things up a little, however, and by the time we got around to "Old MacDonald Had a Farm", everyone seemed to be having a good time. Janice Cooper's tap performance was downright smooth and Irv Glassman's whistling of "Stardust" was a real treat, despite a little diffi-

culty with the "mike." Roy Heckle and Mrs. Roosevelt and "her" discussion on how to bake a cake during an air-raid were really the stars of the evening. With a little imagination, one could almost believe that our "First Lady" was with us. Ethel Hanes, Phyllis Balch, and Lenore Neil made a charming trio and their rendition of "Ghost of a Chance" should give the Andrews Sisters something to worry about.

An important announcement was made which should appeal to all you would-be song-writers. Bethany needs a pep song and it's up to you to give her one. It must be original—the tune, as well as the words, must be your own or your collaborator's. The person who composes the best, the most rousing song by the tenth of April will receive ten dollars. And there's five dollars for the runner-up. So, if all you Irving Berlins get your sharps and flats in working order, Bethany should end the year with a badly-needed pep song. The winners will be announced at an all-college dance to be held on April 25.

The Alma Mater ended an evening which had added a little variety to an otherwise routine week. Why don't we do it more often?

Omicron Mu Phi

Let Us, the Students, Speak!

On Sunday evening, February 22, at 7 o'clock, the first of a series of student discussion panels was held in the drawing room of Phillips Hall. In an effort to enliven Sunday evenings and, at the same time, to provide a means for the expression of campus opinion, Dr. Reynard and Robert Smudski headed a committee which drew up plans for the panels.

The first meeting was attended by about 100 students who carried on a lively discussion on the subject "Why Bethany Boys Don't Date." A short devotion service preceded the panel; Coco, one of the students from Peru, led the group with a prayer in Spanish, and Jeanne Goodwin contributed a song. Bob Smudski acted as chairman, and the fellows and girls kept him on his toes the whole hour and a half with a steady torrent of theories about the poor boys who don't find their ways to the doorsteps of the girls' dormitories often enough.

Conspicuous by their absence were those who were the guilty parties. Apparently they were the ones con-

cerned, but not enough concerned to show themselves. No doubt the problem is a serious one, for it concerns relief from a week of studying for those who study and for those who don't study it would provide a good excuse. It might be well to bring this problem into the limelight in order to awaken the sleeping knights to the charms of the numerous princesses around about them. The problem having been brought into some focus or other, the rest is up to the people involved.

This meeting produced something of an attempt to organize the students into groups other than just frats and non-frats in the selection by the students themselves of a committee to appear before the S.B. O.G. with various ideas for the improvement of Bethany social life, with special reference to Sundays.

Poets, Lunatics, or—?

"I'll swear I've the only unburnable log in captivity," groaned the dishevelled Mr. Hyde, from an inverted position on the hearth, where he frantically fanned the faintly glowing log with which, for three consecutive weeks, he had been attempting to provide a homelike atmosphere for the Writer's Club. It was all to no avail, however, the log, albeit growing a bit thin in the middle, proved the better man, and all the combined efforts of the assembled throng couldn't make it burn. Finally, having worn out the latest issue of "Time", Mr. Hyde gave up the ghost and permitted the fire to do the same. Putting a record on the phonograph to silence the rabble, he vanished into the inner sanctum.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen—" shouted Dr. Jekyll a few minutes later, in a valiant attempt to call the meeting to order. But the populace paused in its discussion of the relative merits of Shakespeare and Walt Disney only long enough to cast a unanimously condescending glance of disapproval at the worthy doctor. Never a particularly forward person, he retired in confusion to the corner until an almost noticeable lull in the conversation gave him another opportunity to make himself heard. This time he attempted subtlety. "After all," he insinuated, "this is a Writer's Club, and don't you think —?" They didn't of course, but, like most people, wouldn't admit it. So, more to convince one another that they did than anything else, they greeted the Doctor's unorthodox

proposal with huzzas of approbation.

"Has anyone written anything?" he ventured, tentatively. For once not a creature was stirring, not even our Rudi. With becoming modesty each of the five assembled scribes popped finger into mouth and gazed shyly at the floor. Desperately, the poor doctor moaned, "Hasn't anybody—?" Then his eyes brightened and life seemed once more worth living, for hidden prominently in Harold's lap he spied a note book. Having looked, Dr. Jekyll was not the man to refuse to leap. By sheer force of superior will, he compelled the bashful author to read his poem to the waiting vultures.

"But what does it mean?" one of the dimmer wits inquired, plaintively. Immediately arose a hectic argument. Should a writer know what he says, or say what he knows, or both, or neither? The battle raged for hours. When peace was declared, the treaty included the doctrine that if he could, it would be nice.

The peace celebration precluded any other activity for the time being, and would probably have continued indefinitely had one indefatigable genius not been blessed with more perseverance and stronger lungs than the rest. It seems she wanted to read a poem. The hush that fell was chiefly distinguished by its absence. There would undoubtedly have been more silence had everyone not been requesting it at the top of his lungs.

Finally, however, our aspiring (and perspiring) young poet—Rudi in case you are interested—managed to interpolate among entirely irrelevant giggles and groans the following ditty:

DROWSY PROCTOR

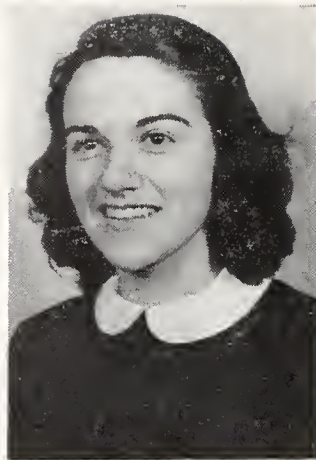
A long brown hum is all she hears
As she nods upon her bench.
A pencil dropping from her hand
half-clenched
Makes a small smash
Echoing along corridors.
She sleeps,
From a clock-tower far away,
Eleven golden beats descend;
She stirs, awakens, murmurs low—
"Quiet hour—please!"

Criticism of such a masterpiece being patently impossible and vain, there fell the long looked for silence—maybe because, by this time, Dr. Jekyll, driven to desperate measures, was feeding the five thousand with tea and cake. Due to National Defense it was necessary to

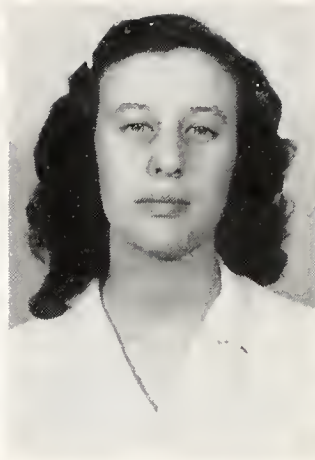
(Continued on Page 19)



Hilda Sarver
President



Ardath Willoschat
Vice President



June Crawford
Treasurer



Phyllis Skilton
Secretary

KAPPA DELTA

To some Bethany people our sorority is what the K.D. bridge was named after. To the Bethanian staff we are two pages in the March issue. At the present time faculty members should be thinking of Kappa Delta's in terms of potential geniuses.

Perhaps more important is what Kappa Delta means to the K.D.'s. It is more than just another secret fraternity; it is a way of life. To every loyal K.D., Kappa Delta is an ideal of truth, honor, and duty whose standards will not be lowered to suit the individual; the individual must raise her standards to fit the ideal. We sisters in Kappa Delta realize that we are given a privilege; the privilege of carrying out in our own lives the ideals of our sorority and of sharing the friendships of Kappa Delta here in Bethany and all over the nation.

To the nation, Kappa Delta is an organization of young women who are pledged to the service of America and the democratic way of life. As a part of the American fraternity system, Kappa Delta strives to preserve the fundamental freedoms of our heritage. Founded upon the Christian ideal, Kappa Delta has dedicated herself to sacrifice and service.

The members of Sigma Xi Chapter of Kappa Delta strive to attain the standards of excellence desired of all Bethany College students. At the present time we hold title to the Anna Ruth Bourne scholarship cup awarded to the sorority or Independent women's group with the highest scholastic average. The "K. D. Korkers" came to the fore as winners of the recent Intra-mural Volleyball Tournament and are showing promise in the present Basketball Tournament. Kappa Delta encourages its

members to take part in extra-curricular activities. At Bethany there are K.D.'s active in Y. W.C.A. social work, musical organizations, A. W.S., dramatics and the various other clubs and activities offered by the college. The social functions of Sigma Xi are carried on for the sole purpose of getting the utmost enjoyment out of college life. Kappa Delta is an organization of typical American college girls; loyal to their country, loyal to their college, and loyal to their sorority.

—Members—

—Seniors—

Frances Dvorak
Janice Evans

Ruth Moser
Hilda Sarver

Phyllis Skilton

—Juniors—

Pauline Babicz

June Crawford

Ardath Willoschat

—Sophomores—

Virginia Downes
Marjorie Hanes
Betty Lue Hood
Irene Jassen

Evelyn Jones
Ann Michael
Gertrude Schmeichel
Frances Thomas

—Freshmen—

Lee Fiess
Dorothy Ellen Green
Frances Johnson
Jean Jordan
Ruth Long

Patricia Mohler
Jean Morse
Dorothy Rensch
Betty Ann Reske
Jeanne Shervington

Nancy Tomasek





Miss
Catharine
Binder

MODERN
LANGUAGES

A newcomer to our faculty is Miss Catharine Binder, of the Modern Language department. Miss Binder is from the Quaker City, and comes to us from the National University of Mexico, where she has been studying Spanish.

Ever since she received her B.A. degree from Mount Holyoke College in 1937, languages have been all-important to her. She earned her M.A. degree in French at Pennsylvania State College and indulged in further study in both French and Spanish at the Linguistic Institute of the University of Michigan. At present, Miss Binder, who is a member of the Phi Sigma Iota honor sorority, is working for her Ph.D. in both French and Spanish at the University of Pennsylvania.

Next to her languages and her favorite sports, traveling appeals most to Miss Binder. Many of her vacations have been spent in French Canada, where she was able to study the true French language.

In 1940 Miss Binder taught French at Girard College in Philadelphia. As a member of the staff of Les Chalets Francais, a French camp for girls on Deer Isle, Maine, she combined her work with pleasure. There she taught French, swimming, archery, and life-saving.

Here at Bethany, Miss Binder, who is replacing Miss Key, is in charge of the Spanish Department and teaches lower division French.

A Horse-ing We Will Go

Comes spring, and the Bethanian's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the great outdoors and the sports thereof—among other things. Students pour out of every corner of Bethany, equipped with tennis racquets, rifles, bows and arrows, and sundry other deadly weapons. Some even go so far as to break through the ice in the Buffalo!

But apart from this happy scene, anxiously waiting for the slightest sign of a boot or saddle, stand Bethany's noble steeds, wondering why nobody loves them. Though they're ready, willing, and quite able to canter over the newly made trails at the least provocation, no one gives them a chance.

Shades of Gene Autrey, what's the trouble? Can it be that the days of cowboys and Indians are over? Doesn't spring bring out the broncho-buster in you?

I know, you're going to say that you'd like to ride, really, but there's no place where the traffic isn't heavy, like Castleman's Run or the Nature Trail. Well, it ain't so any more. Don't be alarmed, they aren't closing the



Dr. Kenneth
L. Bean

PSYCHOLOGY

This is the Bethanian's formal welcome to a new and interesting personality on our campus, Dr. Kenneth L. Bean, of the Psychology department. A native of the deep South, Dr. Bean has spent most of his life in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and it was at Louisiana State University that he received his Bachelor degree in music in June, 1932, and his master degree in 1933. He spent one summer at the Chicago Music School and three years at the University of Michigan. He then returned to Louisiana and received his doctor's degree in 1938.

Music and clinical psychology are Dr. Bean's chief interests. In fact, he had originally intended that music should be his life's work, radio performances appealing to him particularly, but, finding this field rather narrow and unprofitable, he decided to follow his father's footsteps and turned to psychology. He has not, however, given up his music entirely. He still plays the violin for his own enjoyment and occasionally appears at recitals.

Music has also played an important part in his clinical work, his research having been concerned particularly with the musical talents of the Southern negroes, into which he has delved deeply and discovered many things of great interest.

He has also written numerous articles which have appeared in various psychology magazines and which have met with great success. He is the author of "Practical Psychology for Musicians", a book written primarily for music teachers, and which, although not yet published, has great prospects.

Bethany is the second college in which Dr. Bean has taught. Last year, he was professor of psychology at Marshall College in Huntington, West Virginia, and before that worked as a clinical adviser in a guidance center in New Orleans.

Nature Trail to pedestrains, something new has been added, and within bounds, too. Last spring the school got out its little pick and shovel and made plenty of swell, new trails, for the mutual benefit of riders and track team. Result to date: no riders have disturbed the track team.

Next comes excuse number two, "I'd like to ride, but those horses are absolutely no good!" I grant that not all of our steeds are of blue ribbon caliber, but then neither are the riders. Before you blame the poor nag for bad behavior, consider, for a moment, the horse's point of view. He has been trained to respond in certain ways to particular signals, which it is well to know. (See Miss

(Continued on Page 14)

Forty Years - Ago -

By Mary C. M. Barclay

Though all the people who knew the beginnings of Bethany have now passed away, a new arrival forty years ago was just in time to absorb the atmosphere and hear the echoes from that past. Many in whose youth the College was started were still here. The buildings were little changed amid their old-time surroundings. It was the first year of the reign of President T. E. Cramblet, who began the work of "modernization" in many forms.

In the spring of 1902 a walk up Logan's Hollow was a veritable visit to Fairy land. Virgin woods still covered the hill-sides. At the upper end grew a lofty veteran tulip-tree, three feet or more in diameter, the butt of many jests. Every kind of wild flower flourished and beds of five-fingered fern hid in the undergrowth.

Then too, the Lone Grave was still a landmark. Its legend varies somewhat. In the long-ago the hill-top South-East of Bethany was covered with woods. A young girl and her lover were in the habit of walking up there. After he went away the spot remained a favorite with her. She used to go there to read and reflect. Opinion is divided as to whether the fatal illness that laid her low was heartbreak or typhoid. When death became imminent she asked that she might be buried at that beloved spot. Her wish was fulfilled. A wide upright headstone with inscription marked her resting place. This became a goal for the walks of other couples, being a pleasant upland ramble with a fair wide view.

As early as 1871 a young grand-daughter of Bishop Campbell from Point Breeze was asked to take for a walk a shy young man from Australia who had come to visit Bethany—already of world-wide fame. He was staying at the Mansion and they set forth for the Lone Grave. The path lay over a worn fence. This picturesque but extravagant barrier, built of stacks of poles some twelve feet long, crossed as you would lace your fingers, zig-zagging over the landscape, was still a feature of these fields forty years ago. Not so hard to climb as a woven or barbed-wire fence, they still took some agility in that day of ample skirts—and escorts offered aid! Many years later the shy

young man testified that on one side of the fence he was fancy-free, on the other he had lost his heart—caught by a pair of dancing hazel eyes, lovely curving lips and two thick braids of soft brown hair. He went back to his native land but failed to recover in five years, so returned to Bethany and actually persuaded the young lady to go with him across the world. In after years the hill-top was cleared and the "Lone Grave Field" cultivated. Later still a dwelling was built at the lower end—but the grave always kept intact. So the spirit of "modernity" of that Fraternity which obliterated the Grave and made away with the headstone seems more mistaken than enlightened!

Commencement Week deserved the name in 1902, for it lasted from the solemnity of Baccalaureate Sunday in the Old Church, through many banquets, special meetings and socials (but no dances) to the grand finale of Commencement Day on Thursday, June 18th. Even the Trustees found time to spend several days in Bethany, attending their own important meeting, the Alumnae Banquet and the Commencement Exercises. Among the Trustees of that more simple, leisurely time the most picturesque memory is State Senator Oliver S. Marshall of New Cumberland, a genial soul with his leonine head, long snowy hair falling to his shoulders, white moustache and blue eyes. He is the only Trustee of that time, except President Cramblet, represented now in the second generation by his son John, who graduated in 1902. The young stranger from afar was invited to sit beside the oldest alumnus at the Alumnae Banquet. He was very venerable but lively and entertaining with tales of his own student days when the college itself was very young. He spoke of the first President, Alexander Campbell, as wearing a tall hat and long tail coat for every day attire!

The girls were quartered in a nucleus of the present Phillips Hall but, with no men's dormitory, students lodged all over town, boarding here and there. At Commencement the whole of Bethany took part in the celebration. Guests were everywhere.

Commencement Day, 1902, was filled with golden sunshine. The ceremony was held in the full-height, stately Commencement Hall with its beautiful stained-glass windows. The sweet girl graduates wore filmy, frilly, lace-trimmed white frocks beneath their academic gowns and pompadours under their mortarboards. The visiting orator of the day shared honours with the graduating students: the class Salutatorian, the class Historian, the class prophet, and, last, the Valedictorian—most distinguished student of the year. This was practical democracy!

(Continued on Next Page)

Forty Years Ago

The Heights, Point Breeze, Villa Flora, the old Bethany Mansion, each set a groaning board for dinner on Commencement Day. It was a charming, gracious social occasion with no sign of haste. During the afternoon the tide ebbed—everyone went away and Bethany lapsed into peaceful summer somnolence.

That summer oil was struck in a well at the foot of Buchanan's Hill. Thus Progress approached Bethany, though in the Fall visible change had not yet touched the College buildings. The class-rooms were heated with frost-killer stoves, lighted by oil lamps. The walls were adorned with paper, one a bold lattice design, another large posies in serried ranks—each in sober brown but compelling the eye. The janitor, Archie Mercer, rang the bell half an hour before the eight o'clock chapel and at the end of each period. Chapel was compulsory, conducted by a different member of the Faculty each week. In the early Fall mornings, and at other spare times, wide lines of students would march singing along the corridor. Their fresh young voices carried far across the hills and sounded very sweet. This custom continued into the second decade of this century and its ceasing is lamented.

The Opening Social of 1902 had an unusual feature—possibly an experiment. The students gathered in the College Chapel—the big hall under the tower, and were marshalled in pairs around the outer edge of the room. Then a parade was started, the couples with mutual introductions making conversation. After a few minutes the parade was halted and each man moved forward one place to a fresh partner. After over half an hour of this, each student had made the acquaintance of a number of people. A vignette of memory is finding myself with a dark-eyed student named Gordon from India as partner and being haunted by the couplet

"They marched the animals two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo."

An important feature of Bethany College in those days was the literary societies, the Neotrophian and the American. One feels their discontinuance is a real loss. Men learned the rules of debate and parliamentary procedure. The meetings were really good entertainment. The discussions called forth quick thinking, wit and clarity of expression, while prepared orations sometimes developed real eloquence. It was good training for all who need to be able to "speak on their feet."

Bethany began in the old world, and is passing into the new. Let us hope it will combine the best of the old with the best of the new, carrying both forward to a yet better future.

A Horse-ing We Will Go

(Continued from Page 12)

Clark for further details.) A common species of rider, ignoring all this, clambers up, using the horse's mane for support, pulls the reins violently, kicks with fiendish glee from all possible angles, while yelling "Hi ho Silver" for the benefit of someone in Phillips Hall. The horse is expected to be sufficiently psychic to understand that all this is a signal to start, stop, or jump the nearest fence. What can the poor beast do? (And if he does it, you deserve it!)

Now, your ego and pet excuses having been shattered, your resistance, gentle reader, should be cracking. At this point you should be pulling on your boots, while visions of the Lone Ranger swim before your eyes to the tune of the Light Cavalry Overture. So before the mood leaves you, cross the Bursar's palm with the necessary silver, inform Miss Clark of your plans, and you're off for the wide open spaces. Come on, Buck and Betty Bethany, hit the trail!

Lily Pendleton

EDITORIAL

There has been quite a flood of campus opinions coming to the battlefield of late weeks which deserves some comment other than nasty remarks. In the first place, the student panel discussions, which are a channel for expressing these opinions, were not organized as a gripe or nasty remark session; but rather as a Sunday evening activity which would develop ideas, student discussion, student cooperation and action, etc. The etcetera certainly did not include anything that would lead to a virtual state of war between the administration and the student body.

Democratic discussions are the life of democracy, which most of us will agree is a fairly feasible means of government. Therefore, in the second place, the student panels should be given a fair chance to express public or democratic campus opinion. Lastly, these meetings were designed for each and every person interested to attend.

From the first meeting grew the sentiment which has come to be something other than what it was intended to be by the intelligent leaders. It seems that people cannot discuss problems without becoming excited and temperamental. That may be the way to excite the masses to action elsewhere, but not in an educational institution.

Since the presentation of this Sunday problem to the S.B.O.G. a blight has existed over the student action as a whole. That which had its origin nobly, was deviated in its embryology and now exists as a collected attempt to blame all sorts of naughty things on bodies and organizations that should be attributed to their rightful ancestor, the human personality. By this human personality is meant your thoughts, words and actions after experience and meditation. Your choice of a college, S.B.O.G. members, friends, actions during exams, and all the things you (or we) are now kicking about were brought by *us* not *them*.

At times when listening in at some session dealing with the terrible social and S.B.O.G. conditions, not to mention other subjects, I am made to feel that I am in prison instead of a liberal arts college. I know this isn't true for

(Continued on Page 20)

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SPORTS

Well, kiddies, it's your old uncle, the Sports Editor, again, and it's my sad duty to report that our heroes of the Hoop and Sphere still stand unsuocored in the NoWins forest. They have been defeated by those bad dragons, Alderson-Broaddus, Fairmont, Geneva, W. Va. University, Salem, W. Va. Wesleyan and Glenville. Although these brave and pure Knightmen fought valiantly, even attacking the monsters in their own dens, it was of no avail. Uncle knows that you good children aren't gamblers, but if you were, your only chance of finishing in the money would be to bid Nello and let it go at that.

The first half of the rough-and-tumble interfraternity basketball league is over and the Betas are in the top spot. You can take our word that the victory wreath was well earned. If you recall, the official first half was scheduled to end some time ago, but it was dragged out by three way tie. That memorable first half pay-off had to be played off twice. In the first game, the Sigs beat the Betas. The Non-frats then beat the Sigs, and the Betas complicated things by outpointing the Independents. In the second play-off the Betas were unbeatable, and if they can continue to produce the same brand of ball that won the first half for them, the second half will be in their pocket.

Keep in mind that spring is in the offing and that means track to you sports fans. In this field things are looking up. Bethany, if figures do not lie, should prove quite an unpleasant surprise to track coaches in this vicinity and to track fans in general at the famous Philadelphia races. Look for a Johnny-come-lately named Bob Sutton, this boy can really cover ground. There will be no premature predictions, but don't say we didn't warn you.

Martin Reiter

ATHLETICS—

Feminine

"A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world; be that has these two has little more to wish for; and be that wants either of them, will be but little the better for anything else"

Locke.

"Fitness for Victory" is the slogan that has been adopted by the women of the United States Home Guard. In keeping with this slogan Bethany College women have enthusiastically taken part in the in-

creased 1941-42 sports activities. The women's physical education department, under the supervision of Miss Betty Clark, extends these activities through regular service classes, intra-mural competition, and the Women's Athletic Association.

Some of the objectives of the intra-mural program are:

1. To provide opportunity for participation in wholesome, vigorous activities, both indoor and outdoor.
2. To place the school facilities for recreational activities at disposal of all, rather than a few.
3. To promote social contacts and group spirit.
4. To provide opportunities for play and practice which will improve skill and knowledge of games which will carry over into leisure time pursuits.

The W.A.A. is an important organization that furthers participation in all sports. Through a special system, girls may earn the letter "B" and a sweater. At the annual banquet, trophies are awarded to the winners of the tennis, swimming, and archery meets.

Early in the fall, classes were mainly concerned with soccer and hockey; which were played on the football practice field. The girls found the games required definite skills which were difficult to master, but they took a progressive interest in them before the season came to a close. Archery was also offered, and the range was open in the afternoon to any one who wished to shoot and will be open again as soon as weather is suitable.

With the coming of cold weather, classes moved indoors to concentrate on volleyball and swimming. The popularity of volleyball was proved by the enthusiasm of the girls' residence houses to organize teams for a Round Robin Tournament. Phillips Hall, because of its size, formed three individual aggregations. The elimination tourney resulted in four teams tying for first place, but at the final playoffs, the Kappa Deltas were champions with the Gateway Ghosts as runners-ups. Following is the outcome of the tournament in order of the team standings:

	GP	GW	Per.
K. D. Korkers	7	5	.714
Gateway Ghosts	7	5	.714
Phillips (Dardarian)	7	5	.714
Phillips (Waugh)	7	5	.714
Phi Mu Fools	7	3	.428
Zeta Zippers	7	3	.428
Phillips (Wilken)	7	2	.285
Helwig Hags	7	0	.000

With volleyball finished, the girls' interest moved to basketball. During class periods, they learned

(Continued on Page 18)

LAMBDA OF ALPHA KAPPA PI

That aggregation of human beings known as AKII's is headed, no one knows where, by F. Gordon Seidel (late of Philadelphia, and even later for his second semester classes). Mr. Seidel is known in polite and democratic circles as the president. However we of AKII are much too used to hearing him connect the deity with "und Seidel" to be moved by such an innocuous title. Nevertheless, the organization draws its strength and substance from the muscle and brain of F.G.S., contracts its bruises directly from his well aimed heel, and gains its idiosyncracies from his over-fertile imagination. Such a man, if you should wonder, was born and bred in the coastal garden spot of the world, Baltimore (his own words).

As the chief executive of AKII he is co-operatively opposed by the non-supporting staff of L. H. Deer, vice-president, W. L. Siemon, treasurer, and R. M. Wallace, secretary. W. L. Siemon has developed an intense fear of formal reports—financial reports, for instance. Mr. R. Mathias Wallace is our theotician. Although the best in the world, his theories never could be applied to any real situation. Do not think, though, that Mr. Wallace inhabits the realm of fantasy altogether, for, stored up somewhere in the back of his head, he has carefully filed away the name and preparation of most of the organic compounds.

Which brings us, quite naturally to the pledges, worthy and eleven, Anthony Cusmano, Myron Greiper, and Joe Previte form a trio fresh from the Great Metropolis—jokes, songs, and accent all standardized and intact. Brooklyn, acting as spokesman for the group (or for any group) says, "We can't understand American women." (Probably the true difficulty is that American women do understand them.) The desire to serve and the chic appearance of the white jackets, I am told, led Messers Northrup and McCracken to seek positions in the Bonnet and B-Hive, respectively. George Sitock and Harold Johnson form the ministerial lobby, with the paternal supervision of Mr. Deer. The duality in Mr. Sitock's personality may be seen when one considers that he is also business manager of the Bethanian.

The above enumeration leaves only the small minority group of Bob Sutton, John Taylor, Kenneth Henry, and Edward Gudgel. For some deed of a transcendental nature Sutton was known as the super-pledge until recently, when he incurred the displeasure of the present administration, and is now referred to (when referred to at all) as "Junior Birdman Sutton."



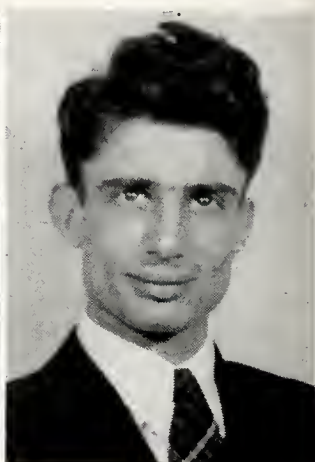
F. Gordon Seidel
President



Lewis Deer
Vice President



Richard Wallace
Secretary



William Siemon
Treasurer

The mysterious Mr. Taylor plays the piano and disapproves of the world in general. Indignation is his theme, and he develops it very well, indeed. Kenneth Henry has been too long associated with the presymbolic noises of Wheeling, to lend himself willingly to any other classification. Concerning Mr. Gudgel, let me be brief and to the point: ask him to recite some poetry for you—Lewis Carroll, perhaps.

Kind reader, I have tried to present the men of AKII. I only present them. You must draw your own conclusions. However, when you have reached your conclusions, remember that most things of that nature are not contagious.

The vice-president's office, as might be expected, covers a multitude of sins—namely, the responsibility (or lack of it) for the social functions of the fraternity. In spite of the stories one might read in the Wheeling paper, much of the credit or debit for the social functions of AKII rests upon the shoulders of Mr. Deer, and only Mr. Deer knows the true weight of that burden.

The light that I have shed upon the situation may seem to you total darkness. If so shake it around a bit. There is a bright side to it all. I believe that deep down in the hearts of these

(Continued on Page 19)



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Remember Kukan!

One scene in the picture KUKAN showed the situation of the Chinese student. The scenes depicted did not show it but the commentator did mention that 80% of the Universities and Colleges of China have been bombed and destroyed. Students, the leaders of the reconstruction that must come after the war is done have been left without buildings, without equipment, without supplies, without books and without food. Some have felt the need and answered the called to the armed forces. But still others under the urgings and guidance of Chiang Kai-shek have felt it their duty to continue at any price in their educational training. They have gathered up what they could use of damaged equipment, torn books, mangled desks and chairs and carrying these things they have moved their schools, on foot, 1000 to 1500 miles inland—far from the invading forces.

Settling in areas that were nothing but desolate traits they have set to work with a will and indomitable courage to build for themselves class rooms, lecture halls, recreational facilities. From clay they have moulded meeting halls, desks, chairs and other needed equipment. Books that have been salvaged are used by as many as 100 students to a book.

There are today, in China 45,000 students who are thus continuing their education under the most trying and discouraging conditions. That is one student to every 10,000 population. (The American figure is one College student to every 100 population). They are continuing it on funds provided from the new Chinese government and on funds provided by the World Student Service Fund. The governments interest in these students is obvious—what advantage is the war, even a victorious war if there is not trained leadership to guide the people when it is over! The interest of the people who contribute the money administered by the W.S.S.F. lies in several reasons. (1) A genuine interest in the peace

of the world in the future that can come only when there is intelligent, cooperative, sympathetic leadership in all countries. (2) A deep respect for the courage; ingenuity, and devotion to learning displayed by the Chinese students. (3) A sympathetic feeling for others in need.

This fund is collected from students and faculty and used to aid students in all countries where student needs are acute, especially in China. Money from this fund provides needy students with food—(did you ever try to study after missing all your meals for a day? Think what it would be to go every day for months with a bowl of rice your only daily nourishment) with books—think of studying any course you have when there was one text for the whole class—with clothing—not an extra pair of stockings or a new tux shirt but with a simple burlap quality garment to keep out part of the cold—with recreational facilities—not a name band at the Junior-Senior formal but a volley ball, a set of horse shoes, a checker game shared by 500 men and women.

The W.S.S.F. is a Relief Fund—Plus.

Athletics — Feminine

(Continued from Page 15)

the rudiments of the game, along with the intricacies of passing, footwork, guarding, and scoring. Basketball intra-mural matches are still in full swing and the winners as yet unknown. During the past month, each class has under gone fifteen minutes of preliminary exercises each class period in an effort to improve general posture and physical fitness. The exercises grew gradually more intense, and resulted in many stiff legs and sore muscles.

The beginning of March continued the fall swimming instruction Aquatic meets, and a bowling tournament will be next forms of intra-mural rivalry. Possibly tournaments in archery, tennis and softball will be held in the spring, and probably badminton and table tennis.

Physical education at Bethany College is required of all under-classmen. Although the upperclassmen are not obligated to enroll in this course, they are allowed to elect any physical education activity course. Perhaps with the present defense program physical education will eventually be required of all students. Civilian defense leaders proclaim that this would not be necessary if a certain part of every day was devoted to some form of active recreation.

Lambda of Alpha Kappa Pi

(Continued from Page 16)

men there is an overwhelming bulk of little things that add up to the true and lasting meaning of fraternalism, and that the world will have a better and wiser group of men because their college experience threw them together under the same roof and compelled them to live while they learned.

—Members—

Gordon Seidel
L. H. Deer
William L. Siemon
Richard Wallace
Antony Cusmano
Myron Greiper
Joe Previte
George M. Northrup
Jene McCracken
George Sitock
Harold Johnson
Bob Sutton
John Taylor
Kenneth Henry
Edward Gudgel

Poets, Lunatics, or—?

(Continued from Page 9)

ration sugar. At Dr. Jekyll's expectant request for all those who did not wish sugar to signify the same by raising the right hand and saying "ay", only Rudi, with truly heroic patriotism, responded, amid vociferous applause from the fifth column. Dr. Jekyll carefully rationed the sugar, grain by grain, into the waiting cups, and as the last grain vanished, our heroine repented her rash act, and wailed her sugarless state to the accompaniment of the gleeful gloatings of the masses.

Betwixt cup and lip, some one suggested a chain poem. For the benefit of the uninitiated, a chain poem is a poem (for so we will call it, although there is a certain amount of question among the experts) whose first line is written by whoever happens to have paper and pencil. The second line is contributed by the person sitting beside him. Any connection between the two lines is

purely coincidental and entirely without malice aforethought. The production of chain poems is the true, serious purpose of the club, and its one office (purely unofficial) is that of "Custodian of the Chain Poems", an hereditary title held at present by Rudi.

After a great deal of invoking the production of the evening was completed and read to its composers, who listened (for once) with rapt attention:

Vesuvius, boiling over with frantic glee,
Stood on his head and, laughing,
looked at me
And said with a hasty whistle harsh,
"Shall we now return to our favorite marsh?—
An ideal place to drink one's tea,
Or just erupt ecstatically."

Mutual congratulations ensued, but were interrupted by a howl from Pee Wee, "Heavens, its nine-thirty!" Dr. Jekyll was the only casualty in the ensuing stampede. "Are there any questions?" he gasped as he collapsed quietly beneath the feet of the thundering herd.

**That there were only five is due to the diabolical cunning with which the Spanish club has managed invariably to hold its meetings upon the night sacred to Writer's Club and S.B.O.G. The total enrollment, were there anyone so statistical as to investigate, would be about twelve.*

Spanish Club

"Buenas noches, senorita. Como estas?" This was the greeting I received the first time I attended Spanish Club. My eyes opened a few inches wider, I blinked, gulped, and said, "Okay, err, buena, y Vd?" Fortunately I had had that phrase the first day of Spanish class, or I would have made a complete fool of myself.

People about me were speaking in a mixture of Spanish and English, which was meant to be only Spanish. All the while I smiled, slightly confused, and finally lapsed into silence.

All sorts of Spanish phrases were swimming about in my head, yet the meaning of everyone of them was forgotten.

As luck would have it, I was placed next to Victor, who could speak only in Spanish. He spoke a few rapid Spanish sentences to me. I pretended I had not heard him, and so he repeated himself. I had no idea what he had said, but, in order not to appear too unintelligent, I nodded my head, and mumbled in Spanish that well-known word, "si."

His face broke into a smile, and I couldn't imagine to what I had just agreed. It could not be important, I thought, but I will have to remember this darn language and be able to use it a little more.

While I was in the middle of such contemplation, the meeting was called to order. Under Miss Key's guidance, we started to organize the club—which, thank goodness, was all done in English.

That was the first meeting. Since then, the Spanish Club has become very well organized. An initiation ceremony was adopted, and each member has been initiated by it. The club is open to anyone who is now studying Spanish, or who at one time has studied the language, and has a real interest in it.

Spanish songs and games are an important part of the meetings, and, later, refreshments are usually served. During this latter part of the program, only Spanish is to be spoken. The club, as a whole, has thereby increased its ability to speak Spanish, and to understand it.

Since Miss Key has left Bethany, the club will be under the general direction of Miss Catharine Binder. New officers for this semester include: President, Carlos Jaramillo; vice president, Pat Cedarquist; Secretary, Anne Seligman, treasurer, Kit Rowe, and reporter, Ed Elsasser.



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(Continued from Page 5)

thus insuring a broad educational background. Provision will be made for students to elect a major subject, but the number of hours of courses taken in this major will be kept at a minimum. This, it is hoped, will prevent students from taking a third or more of their work in one department and omitting courses in other departments which are necessary to their professional careers.

The objectives of such a course would be to prepare students interested in librarianship for library school, to give students who intend to go to library school a broader education, to offer a four-year course in pre-library school work which would appeal to those persons who intend to do administrative work in librarianship, and to give prospective librarians a background in administrative procedures and business methods.

In addition to the regular program of instruction, the students will be given a course entitled "Introduction to Library Science" which will include historical material on the origin of libraries, how library science is related to the other social sciences, an introduction to library literature, and a preview of library school. During the junior and senior years, these students would spend at least ten hours a week in the library becoming familiar with the organization and administration of the library, with routine procedures, and in laboratory problems designed to

coordinate their college program and library administration.

As for the library building itself, Mr. Behymer has great plans for the future. He is looking forward to the day, perhaps not too far ahead, when the library can be remodeled or rebuilt so that it will be better able to serve the needs of the students. His ideas on the subject are an inspiration to students who are truly interested in getting the most out of their college work.

The library is a complicated, efficient, and smoothly-running machine presented to the student for his use in the spirit of sincere scholarship. The library expects in return the same respect for it that it has for the students. Such an institution is of necessity cooperative, and much can be done by the students to make its function a success. Concerning cooperation of the students, Mr. Behymer has said, "It has been very stimulating to find a student body so interested in the library program as are the students at Bethany. I am very grateful for their interest and cooperation. Bethany may not be the biggest, but it's the best school I've ever seen. It's a swell place!"

EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 14)

I came here of my own accord and am remaining because of my own free will.

The whole muddy mess centers around the misguided attempts to start changing rules and regulations in order to take up the slack in human personalities, which are just about all we have to work with in this world of ours. To change enough regulations so that those who wish may dance on Sunday will never alter the social problem one whit; neither will altering the method of choosing S.B.O.G. members. The present method was set up to provide a workable small group with fair representation and still keep politics at a minimum, and now because of some displeasure with the members, the cry is "Change the Board around." Somehow I don't believe that a rose would bloom into its beauty and fragrance if no one ever noticed it, but merely acknowledged its existence and let it go at that. Every garden spot needs care, without care it never produces beyond a meagre output. So in a like manner, the S.B.O.G. performs its legal duties in apportioning the budget and all the necessary functions, but beyond this it must surely depend upon the S.B. (Student Body) for its cultivation to an output that includes any

changes or new ideas which are floating about the campus. It's just like an arm or leg; there to use if you take the care to use it, but just there otherwise.

If we go on making excuses for our own drooping responsibilities, and especially making excuses for a majority of the student body who don't give a darn anyway, but who will gladly throw in a vote along the way, then to advocate changes is all well and good. However, since the student body apparently doesn't feel the necessity of change, or perhaps to put it better, doesn't feel the need is great enough to get them into some concerted action, who should a minority of opinion carry the majority value? When an issue is brought to the surface it always takes on a much darker hue than it ever deserves; this appears to be true of the present situation. Let's think these things through in the light of the past experiences and what we expect for the future.

If all the energy expended on the social and political situations on the campus was directed in some other direction, wonderful would be the results. We can talk a great deal about what is wrong and why it is but so far there have not been very many fingers lifted around this campus to do something of a possible world-significance. Attention is called to the article printed in this Bethanian concerning the World Student Service Fund. Now there is a worthy cause into which to put some energy. We have only to place a value upon our own education; then imagine ourselves in the position of the thousands of disrupted students in the world in order to realize the true existence of a need.

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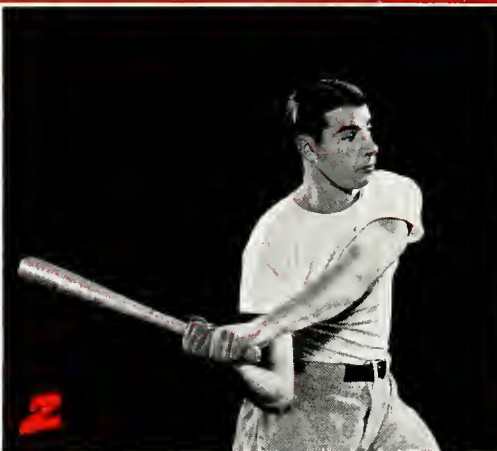


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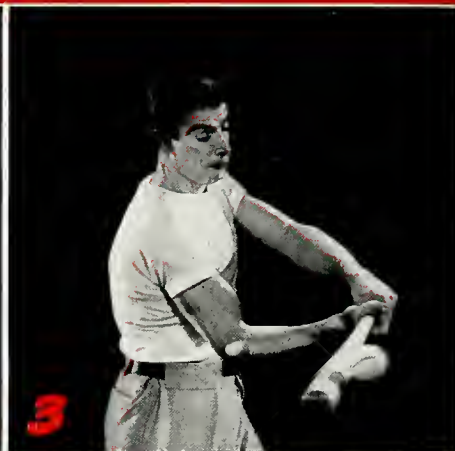
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Bethanian, a magazine of features and photographs, published each month from October through May by the Student Board of Publications of Bethany College. Entered as second class matter on

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THREE OR

Bob Bullard
the

When is the next one going to be? When are we going to hike to Olgebay?

The success of the first Outing Club picnic-hike is evident from the interest and enthusiasm shown by the hardy individuals who participated in this, the first of the spring activities of the club.

We gathered at the flag pole and at a little after four o'clock a gay little procession started to thread its way along the Buffalo and over the hills to Three Falls. Three Falls, the rendezvous of nature lovers; the talked of, but seldom visited, beauty spot of the scenic country surrounding Bethany.

The famed "seven league booted" Mr. John Jones and Mr. Hoak remained behind for a time to obtain hot dogs, buns, marshmallows and all the trimmings, while we less swift hikers proceeded on our merry way. They soon overtook us as we left Beta walk and took to the hills. Up and over (puff-puff) we went and there to our left were the remains of Billy Pilchand's cabin. Many people have heard of it—they know it is on the brow of a hill overlooking the Buffalo far below. We, the Outing Club, will, in the not too distant future, have one of our own cabins on this same spot perhaps. Looking up, over the cabin, in the distance, is a striking view of Bethany, the campus, and town in the rays of the late afternoon sun. When the trees and ground are clothed in green it will indeed be a beautiful scene.

Having reached the top of the hill, we went along the wooded ridge, skirting a field, a pasture was beyond us with a farm house in the distance. Horrors, a skeleton! Right in our



FALLS BUST

Speaks for
Outing Club

path, no cause for alarm however; it was only a horse, or who knows, maybe a prehistoric monster.

"Mr. Jones, put on your boots and run back and tell Ray Rappaport that we've found a new pile of bones for his collection!" somebody shouted.

Now we descended the hill. For a time we followed an ancient grass covered road, and then, more sliding than walking, we reached the little stream at the bottom. It is a beautiful sight to look up the hill and see the sunlight filtering through the trees on the ridge, far above.

Listening closely, as we started up the stream, we could distinguish the roar of the falls a little way ahead. Then we rounded one of the torturous bends in the little brook and there they were! Three Falls, the splendor that is hidden so well by nature, West Virginia hills and streams, uniting to produce scenic wonderlands.

Our camp fire was already laid and was soon burning brightly. Some minutes later, after we had properly explored the valley above and about the falls, the mess call was sounded and all tramped back to a welcome picnic supper. Roasted hot dogs always taste best when done over glowing wood coals, and so everybody roasted his own and ate till he wanted no more. Then our repast was topped by toasted marshmallows and crackers.

By this time it was growing dark and so, after quenching the fire, we headed down stream, and home. It was indeed a pleasant afternoon and a novel activity. Will we see you on the next picnic-hike. You are welcome!



On March 14th the roaring twenties came to Bethany campus at the urging of the non-fraternity organization. At 9:30 the subterranean entrance was opened to the public, and hundreds of celebrities elbowed their way through the crowd of onlookers, trying to keep from being observed as they entered a gambling den. Following the blue lights along the basement of the establishment, one finally climbed a long winding, circular stairway which ended in the main floor of the gymnasium; oh I shouldn't have said that, I mean it ended in a hazy gambling den which was flanked by a dancing pavilion. Many devices crowded the floor to win away those last few bucks that we should have turned over to wifey, but which we were now squandering upon the turn of the wheel, flip of the dice, deal of the cards, or the luck of the evening in general. The attendants of the gambling tables were attired in tuxedos which further alleviated the suffering of those who left the den with empty pockets for it is always nice to lose to a well-dressed man, or am I mixing love with gambling? Well anyhow the



The Roaring Twenties of That Night in Irvin Gym

girls were also dressed fit-to-kill, and the general impression one received, as hundreds of dollars in folding money went across the table was one of happiness and prosperity.

Dancing was to the strains of the best orchestras money could hire, you get it don't you, P.A. system, but really music

that put you hep to the jive. As an interval in the swirl of activity, Mr. Carl Geenen brought a troupe of high class performers which entertained for a half hour with songs and music in the Bethany manner. Then on with the dance for the remainder of the evening.

It would never do to leave this account without some mention of the lovely barmaids who hustled and bustled around with refreshing drinks for everyone. Witness these lovely ones as they serve two pineapples to Miss Palmer and Mr. Bowden; over there behind the bar, which is out of sight, presides barmaster Bill White, who mixes a mean Weimer Special. A mighty successful evening; the non-frats provided a great entertainment.



At the Junior-Senior Prom

Music is magic; it makes you climb into that old tux and evening dress. The name of Lang Thompson and all that it means in music aroused all the dancing public in Bethany. The date, March 21, and whoever you brought along, the time 8:30, attire, formal, the spirit, joyous. It was indeed—the highlight of social events thus far, and plainly showed this by the large crowd of dancers. Lang Thompson's orchestra made a hit with the Bethany dancing public, and the singing of Peggy Nolan added to the atmosphere of lullaby lane, and that sort of smooth stuff. Those jittery ones were provided with a place in the downstairs of Phillips Hall for their very own, while the main dance floor was reserved for bumping into those who took their chances with the slower traffic.

OUTING CLUB

The Outing Club inaugurated this year with somewhat staggering qualms, and gradually sank into the mire of doubt, non-support, and poor management . . . but, comes the Spring, and a small group of nature lovers started pushing the Outing Club to the surface once more, brushing it off so that its real worth might come to the light. With the assistance of the students this club can be one of the most forceful organizations on the campus, and as a start, the Student Board of Governors is backing them financially with an appropriation of fifty dollars.

Picnics, hikes, skating, and perhaps boating are among the to-be-supported activities of the club and the capable leaders ask the support of each and every student in their undertakings. The said leaders are Bob Bullard, President; Esther Mackey, Vice-President; Jane Walls, Secretary; and Ed Sweeney, Treasurer. Coach Boettcher, the original instigator of the group, left with the hope that his protege would be up and coming by the time he returns to Bethany, so let us all get to work and support it and those who are spending their time and energy in the interest of the club and its success.

As I skipped up the front stairs of Miss Mahaffey's home, I wondered what this girl from France, Anne Weill, was like. I was awed at the thought of a refugee from war-scarred Europe actually here at Bethany, where everyone is still comparatively unaffected by the war. Even though I had not formed any definite opinion of what to expect, the poised, friendly girl who answered my knock surprised me. I had feared for my poor knowledge of French, but after I had introduced myself, she immediately set me at ease, for she spoke English fluently. She explained that they spoke English at home, and that she had studied it at Cambridge University, and received a Certificate of Proficiency in English.

I asked her how she decided to come to Bethany and learned that her sister had attended Bethany as an exchange student seven years ago. Since that time, Annette, as she is affectionately called, has been corresponding with Miss Mahaffey, and after the Armistice of France in June, 1940, these letters helped her in securing a visa from Washington.

The German authorities in Paris were unsympathetic and would not give her permission to leave, so Annette and her mother were forced to escape from Paris. They moved into the apartment of Annette's sister, and later, by means of an underground railroad, found people to help them. Everybody in occupied France, many times including the Germans, knows passwords and places that eventually lead to safety. But the danger of being discovered is great and the punishment is often death.

In order to insure their not being traced when they left Paris, Annette and her mother headed in the opposite direction from Marseilles. They arrived at the first city where they hoped to get help, only to find that the Germans had discovered the work of the address the day before. A group of school teachers they met in a park gave them their first real lead, directing them to go to a small village near by. At the village inn, they told the clerk that they would like to "take a little rest." After a lengthy conversation about trivial things, he casually men-

tioned that he would introduce them to some people who were to be in town the next day for a funeral.

All that night, Annette and her mother grew impatient and extremely nervous; but the clerk had been sincere, for after the funeral, one of the women took them to a large farm. The family, consisting of a mother, father and eight children, were eating their dinner, but greeted

them unquestioningly. Annette and her mother joined the group at the table and ate in silence and uncertainty.

They waited till after twilight, about 8 o'clock, and then prepared the carriage for their journey to the border. Annette, her mother, and the woman from the farm, were dressed in peas-

ant's clothes, and rode in the carriage. One of the boys drove the carriage, and the other two rode bicycles many yards behind so that escape would be easier in case they were stopped.

It began to rain, and the night was very dark. Traveling in back country lanes, they arrived at another farm in an hour. Here they left the carriage and were told to cross a large cabbage field on foot. The field was very muddy as a result of the rain, and progress was slow. This was probably the most exciting part of their escape, because at the other end of the field was a road referred to as "no man's land", and across the road—unoccupied France. They all realized that sentries were very near and none of them spoke a word. Half-way across the field, Annette's mother lost her shoe and let out a gasp. Immediately they all fell flat on the ground, deep in the mud and cabbages. The dogs at the farm began to bark, and then they heard other dogs bark; those of the German troop close by. Nothing else happened and after all was quiet again, they finally reached the other side. The woman told them that soon they would be in safety, and left. They paid her the small sum she asked for her services. The amount surprised the refugees, for many people were making large fortunes by their work in the underground.

The party headed down the road and twice as a motorcycle passed them they hid by the

An Interview with Anne Weill



An interview by Martha Dardarian and the resulting story of Anne Weill's escape from war torn France

roadside. Farther on they met a soldier and learned that he was a free French soldier. They were very relieved and thankful, for they had been in constant danger and uncertainty; never knowing whether the leads they followed would result in greetings by the French or belligerent Germans.

They then went to an inn which had meals prepared at all times for any one crossing the border. The man at the inn arranged for a car to take them to the next town to the railroad station. On the train at Marseilles, they met some English soldiers who had escaped from Belgium, and they were happy to meet some one who spoke English.

Annette and her mother had to wait ten months in Marseilles for their visas and other credentials. Then in February, 1942, they secured passage on a small, overcrowded French ship to Casablanca, Morocco. While passing through Gibraltar, they witnessed a thrilling airplane drill of American-made planes. At Casablanca, they were interned for ten days in a concentration camp, where, Annette said she spent the worst days of her life. Conditions in the camp were unbelievably deplorable.

From Morocco, they boarded a Portuguese boat which regularly accommodated 250 persons, but there were 850 on board. The windowless steerage was used as living and sleeping quarters with no comforts whatsoever. As the ship traveled southward, many people slept on deck and it usually rained at unexpected hours, even though the loveliest stars were shining in the sky. The sailors washed the deck at five o'clock each morning leaving the passengers with no place to go and nothing to do. After a few weeks, the boat landed at Jamaica to let off some passengers. While docked there, the baggage in the entire ship was laid out on the pier and inspected. Annette noticed that everything was done efficiently and in a friendly spirit.

Their first day on land, they were taken to another camp, but conditions here were much better, and the passengers were treated sympathetically. Jamaica scouts cheered and sang when they arrived. They were served good food, and most important of all, each person was given a bar of soap. Annette said that there were times when she would rather have had soap than food. (She showed me some of her clothes that had been soiled and streaked by the "soap" in France, and I could readily understand how she felt.)

The boat made a brief stop at Havana, Cuba, but no one was allowed on shore. Then it headed straight for New York harbor where it arrived after its five week journey from Morocco.

As we talked, Annette smoked almost con-

stantly. I remarked about it, and she said, "It helps me more than you can realize. It is hard to talk about the past without doing something."

Bethany is exactly as she imagined it to be from her sister's letters and the pictures she had seen of it. Annette is very thankful to be in America. She loves the easy-goingness of it, and enjoys seeing people happy. She feels older than we because of her experiences, but wants to try to learn to be young and carefree again.

A present she is knitting for the Free French forces. She is considering taking more active part in their work, "But" she added, "One has to be very hopeful to have the spirit to do such a thing."

Annette has a charming personality and a vivacious smile, and several times I became so interested in what she was saying that I forgot to take down notes. As I thanked her and bade her good night, I felt a deep respect and admiration for this girl who had seen what war could do to civilian life. She has come through it unscratched, except perhaps she is a little older and more bitter—but also more wise and lovely.

An AKII Engagement



**The Guests at
the Dinner
Party**

Joe Previde to Gloria Pelletier on March 28th, celebrated by a dinner party at the fraternity house. Miss Pelletier visited in Bethany for the remaining days until Easter vacation.

(Editor's Note—Wonder what Lois Linn is grinning about?)



THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

"I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.—Matthew 16:19.



The Memorial Chapel
Altar

Taking the above quoted scripture passage as the guide and the title of A. J. Cronin's book *The Keys of the Kingdom* as the theme, the leaders attempted to show the congregation the four keys of the kingdom. The first key to the kingdom is Love, the second is Faith, the third Hope, and the fourth Sacrifice. Each key was emphasized by the use of song, poem, prayer and reading from *The Keys of the Kingdom*.

A program for the students by the students, these pre-Easter services were attended by an average of 120 per day. The following students participated during the four days:

Daily Leaders

Monday—Eleanor Achterman, Leon Schliff
Tuesday—Hilda Sarver, Edward Elsasser
Wednesday—Dorothy Reynolds, Morrison Ratcliffe
Thursday—Joanne Schott, Irvan Roche
Reader—Jack Esker
Trumpeter—Edward Golden

Musicians

Monday—Organist: Joan Taylor

Bethany Mixed Quartette

Jeanne Goodwin Alfred Swearingen
Jane Douglass Roy Heckel

Tuesday—Organist: Eleanor Sprouse

Freshman Girl's Quartette

Beverly Barnes Dorothy Rensch
Betty Anne Reske Ruth Strasser

Wednesday—Organist: Lenore Neil
Soloist: Wade Mooney

Thursday—Organist: Mildred Erskine
Soloist: Alfred Swearingen

The general plans were made by Professor Pearl Mahaffey and the Church Council on Student Work.

The Bethanian TELLS All



Working to
Meet the
Five O'clock
Deadline

A new phase in American journalism became apparent on March 16, 1942. That was the day that TELL, the spontaneous truth reporting newsheet first came off the press.

Born of an inspiration of Dode Meyers, TELL caught on with the expected immediate enthusiasm of Professor Robert's 'History of Journalism' class. To be more specific, it happened this way: Prof was telling the class,— "and so that's how newspapers get started." Walter, Jr. piped up, "let's start one of our own." "That's up to you. It's all right with me. Get going." The formal class broke up and for the rest of the hour, organization was begun. Nine students kicked in with anything from fifty cents to a dollar. The first issue came out the following Monday after a brief publicity buildup.

Actual work started the Saturday following the Friday lecture. Work was intended to be well under way before Prof returned from his checkup in Cleveland. He had been the first to contribute before he walked out to leave the class to its own brainchild.

According to the original set-up, class members alternate as daily editors. They include Janice Cooper, John Costanza, June Crawford, Nellie McIlvain, Dode Myers, Sandy Steinman, and Jane Williamson. Bob Davis is the hard-working business manager. He has the ignominious position of selling subscriptions, ads, checking publication, distribution, and catching it from TELL. Marion McHarg deserves credit though not a member of the class for her typing and general help. Ruth Rutherford is another non-class member who has done a lot of work. Stan Brown has turned in more scoops than any other writer. He is at present trying to be admitted formally to the staff.

TELL has met its publication days since the first issue every Monday, Wednesday and Friday that school has been in session. In addition there was a special extra. More about that later.

TELL is put out in about two and a half hours. The daily editor posts assignments for the day. Around 4 o'clock, the stories begin coming in. They are typed, set up, and stenciled. In case of last minute news, something less important is ripped from the makeup sheet. Printing begins around 5:30 and by 6:00, the "rag" is usually on the newstands.

TELL has twice scooped the wire services and the big newspaper chains. The first story was our own elopement story on Lois Linn and Bob Sutton. The other story was on the "overdue" admittal of the U. S. sub Perch with its ex-Bethanian Lt. Commander David Hurt.

The former incited the controversial "extra" on Thursday, April 9, not a regular publication date.

TELL has no formal editorial policy except to report the news truthfully.

Miss Mahaffey said, "Now that we have 'TELL' I don't see how we can get along without it." TELL is planning to continue publication after this semester so perhaps the TELL subscriber won't have to do without it. Prospects for this are not unlikely if student cooperation—(What, that again!)—is willing.

•

SPRING GETS INTO STRIDE

The advent of long awaited Spring finally has lured the trackmen out into the open. The cinder oval is being pounded every day, rain or shine, by 15 or more track and field men. The new coach for this season is Tom Hill, who comes every evening around 4:30 to help turn out what may be Bethany's last stand in the way of a winning team this year. The team has a schedule of meets arranged for the season and needs but the fellows to carry on.

Also to be seen in the middle of the oval is the new baseball team which is being recreated in Bethany this year after an interval of non-active years. The first game is with West Virginia University on April 11. The team will play their home games at Rine Field. A new road, which will provide a short cut for the student body, is now being constructed, or dug, from the back of the gymnasium to Rine Field. The steam shovel is hard at work every day, so perhaps the road will be completed for the first home baseball game.

All those fellows with tennis racquets slung over their shoulders are for the most part members of the inter-collegiate tennis team of Bethany College. It is a certainty that there will be a team, the prospects of an ace team are very good. Every person who can wallop off a fair volley should get in the running, and help make it a love-ly team.

MORALE

Morale may be defined as a state of mind characterized by confidence and courage, a well-founded confidence in the values of one's ideals, a steel-cold courage which, over the long pull, makes victory for those ideals certain.

Morale must not be confused with bland optimism or with slack assurance that success will come without effort or pain. It is not a flare-up of hatred and anger or a sudden surge of the fighting instinct. It is not noise or tumult. It is not flag soaring or martial music. It must be more solid.

Courage is not only for spectacular accomplishments but for the long, hard pull and for simple accomplishments. The state of mind of an individual always has a powerful effect upon the way in which he acts. It is equally true that what he does influences the way he feels and thinks. However, the state of mind which we are calling "morale" may be accompanied by different types of behavior under varying situations.

When the attention of men is concentrated largely upon the peaceful improvement of their society, morale is associated with such activities as formulating and criticizing social purposes, efforts to achieve the objectives of the society, and especially with a critical probing for points at which the society may be falling short of its adopted ideals.

But when the society faces grave external dangers, the behavior which accords with morale will be of a somewhat different nature. Under such circumstances, morale will be reflected in taking steps to match the impending threats; in recognizing sacrifices that have been made previously and in making further sacrifices so that the gains attained may be held or extended. In short, a nation with high morale will, in times of peace and order, focus attention upon the distance it must travel before it fully attains its social goals. A time of danger or actual war, on the other hand, will be marked by emphasis upon the value and preservation of accomplishments already made.



JUNIOR CLASS



Top row—George Albee, Grace Benedict, Angeline Bonessi, Gwendclyn Borden, Ralph Burbridge.

Second row—George Callendine, Susan Carnahan, Archie Conn, Joan Cramblet, Lewis Deer.

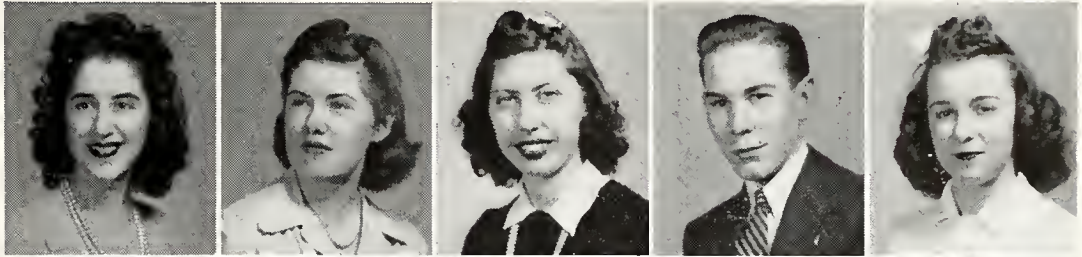
Third row—Kate Anna Drake, Donald Hillstrom, Nellie McIlvain, Betty McIntyre, Stewart Moore.

Fourth row—Mary Louise Sesler, George Sitock, Alfred Swearingen, Donald Wells, Jane Williamson.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

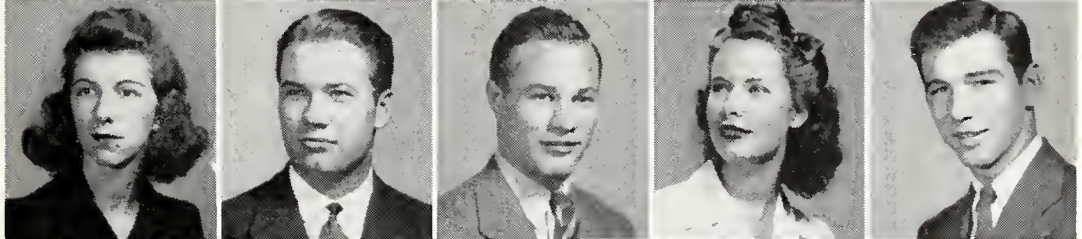
FIRST ROW

Evelyn Baxter
Jean Balknap
Mary Lou Bower
Donald Brinkworth
Anna Laura Burke



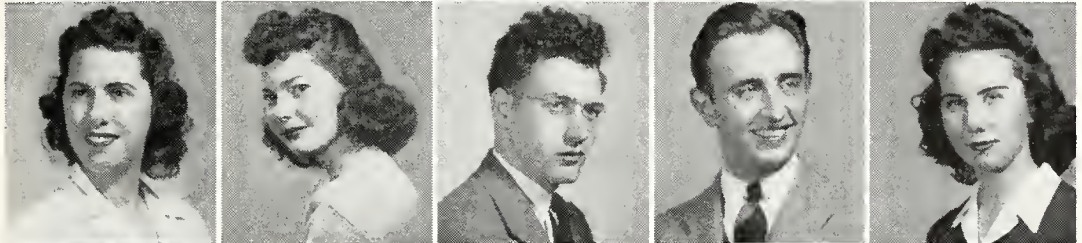
SECOND ROW

Marjorie Campbell
William Carlisle
Robert Connell
Virginia Downes
James Duff



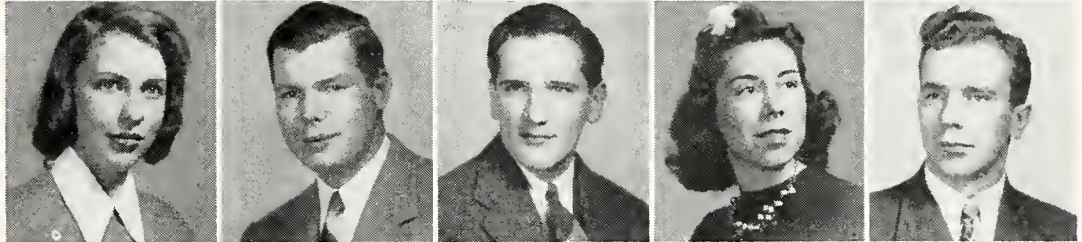
THIRD ROW

Magdaline Eggiman
Elizabeth Elder
Alonzo Freebairn
Roy Heckel
Mary Jane Helfer



FOURTH ROW

Phyllis Hendrickson
Theodore Herrick
Richard
Hockensmith
Betty Lue Hood
John Hudak



FIFTH ROW

Marjorie Hunter
Irene Hutchison
Evelyn Jones
Betty Grace Love
Bernice Monczynski



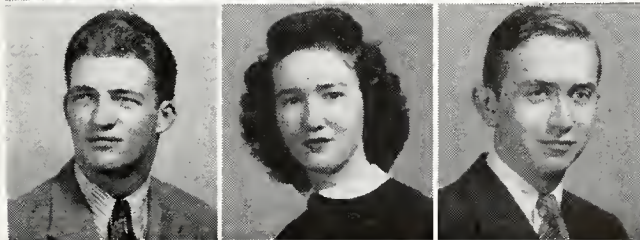
SIXTH ROW

Freda Osserman
Jessie Simpson
Mary Elizabeth
Smith



SEVENTH ROW

Ed. Sweeney
Jane Walls
William Young



FRESHMAN



FIRST ROW

Patricia Anderson
Lois Appleby
Yvonne Balster
Elizabeth Bannen
Beverly Barnes
Marguerite Benjamin

SECOND ROW

Gladys Brooks
Leatrice Buchholtz
Foster Burton
Nancy Calahan
Jean Cameron
Catherine Cavanaugh

THIRD ROW

Barbara Chapman
Helen Colton
Marian Culley
Anthony Cusmano
Martha Dardarian
Ann Douglass

FOURTH ROW

William Dumbaugh
John Esker
Rose Mary Faulds
Betty Federman
Mary Lou Fenati
Lee Fiess

FIFTH ROW

Janet Flint
Virginia Forry
Isabelle Francis
Rita Ganz
Charlotte Gay
Effin Graham

SIXTH ROW

Miriam Graybill
Dorothy Green
Florence Greggs
Myron Greiper
Edward Gudgel
Thomas Hart

SEVENTH ROW

Marie Henderson
Wilma Henne
Kenneth Henry
Elynor Hinkle
George Hoak
Doris Hood

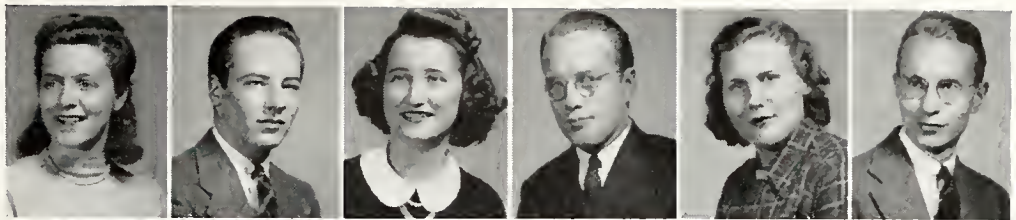
EIGHTH ROW

Gleneva Houghton
Frances Johnson
Eunice Johnston
Betty Jones
John Jones
Ruth Judy

CLASS . . .

FIRST ROW

Doris Kaiser
Thomas Keenan
Lois Keiser
Wilfred Keith
Anna Keyser
Erwin Koval



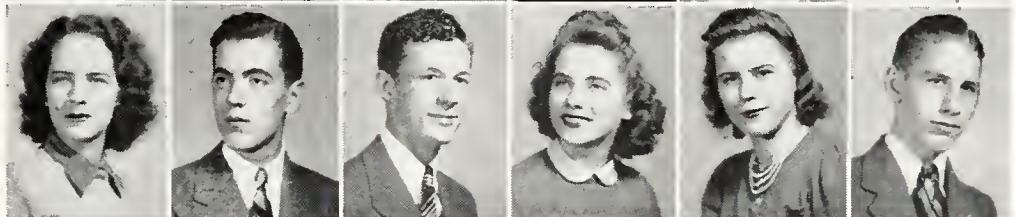
SECOND ROW

Elaine Landgrebe
Eugene Laughner
Ruth Long
Thelma Long
Jeanne Matheny
Esther McCandless



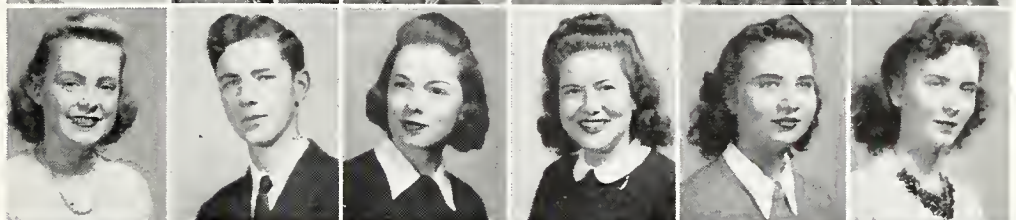
THIRD ROW

Mary McCarnes
Thomas Middleton
Richard Miller
Patricia Mohler
Jean Morse
Emmet Moyers



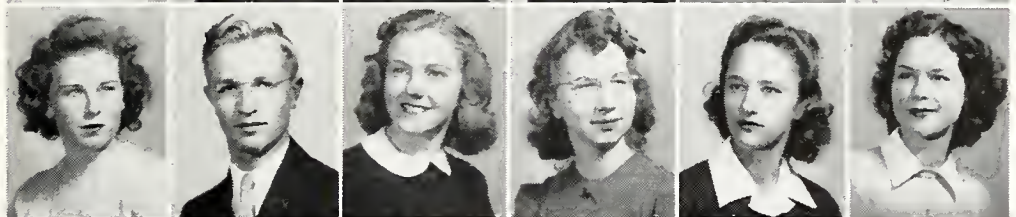
FOURTH ROW

Leona Olander
Ruben Ott
Mary Patterson
Audrey Pudlin
Dorothy Rensch
Betty Ann Reske



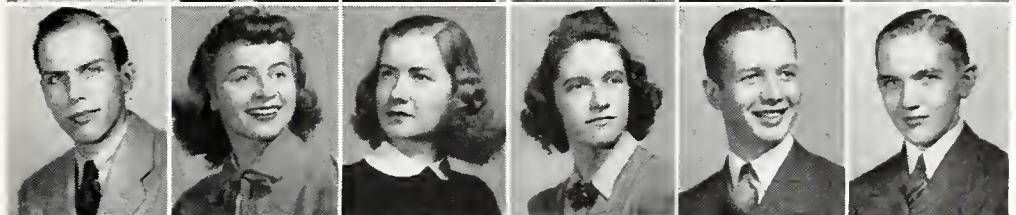
FIFTH ROW

Gladys Rinderman
Charles Rodefer
Jean Rylander
Evelyn Sabol
Ann Seligman
Gladys Sesler



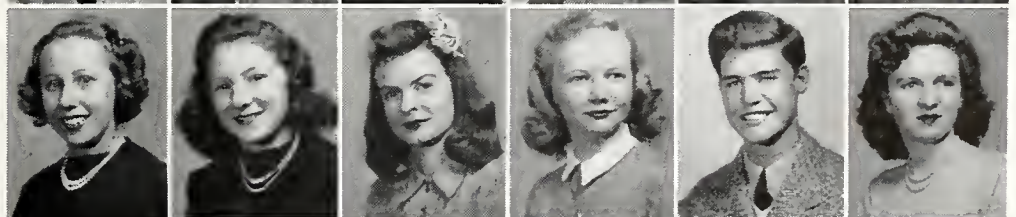
SIXTH ROW

Earl Shank
Jeanne Shervington
Shirley Skilton
Ruth Strasser
Melvin Sweeney
John Taylor



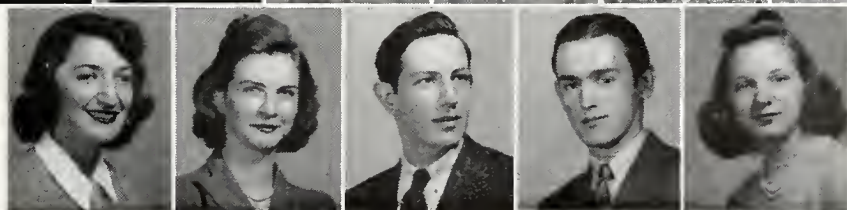
SEVENTH ROW

Ruth Thielke,
Nancy Tomasek
Martha Umbel
Jean Veith
Thomas Watts
Marilyn Waugh



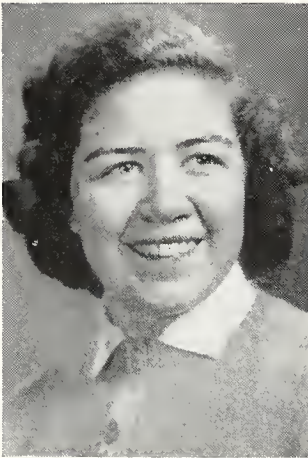
EIGHTH ROW

Sydne Weill
Mary Wilkin
James Williams
William Young
Elaine Zaworski





Gloria Bass



Jean McLeod

Pink-and-white and all that goes with it,
History that we're proud of,
Interesting activities,
Members numbering 24,
Unity, love, ambition,—

PHI MU



Phyllis Hendrickson

—that's what Beta Nu of Phi Mu is made of, besides lots of other good things like our recently redecorated house, the "Phi Mu Castle," and a wonderful house mother, Mrs. Worthen.

You can't miss the pink and white,—especially when the girls dress up in their pink sweaters and white skirts, oh yes, and their little white dinks with pink letters on them.

Phi Mu Fraternity is enjoying a lively old age, without a single gray hair or wrinkle. We celebrated our ninetieth birthday this year on March 4. Figure it out,—it dates back to 1852, when Phi Mu was founded in Macon, Georgia,—the second oldest national sorority. Our family of chapters numbers

sixty-three, and Beta Nu is one of the youngest. Our chapter was started in Bethany in 1939 when Alpha Delta Theta merged nationally with Phi Mu.

Phi Mu's social activities calendar this year has been well high-lighted. The pledges, after much very secretive preparation, drafted the actives at a military conscription dance; and the actives retaliated with a surprise Valentine dance. This latter activity gave the new college band its first hearing on the campus. April holds a Chinese Cabaret in store for members.

A "Cocktail Party" open house in November gave the campus a view of house improvements and beautifications. Another event that brightened the calendar was the surprise party, with lots of fun and food involved, that was given by Mrs. Worthen, our house mother.

Carrying on a newly established tradition, the chapter held its second annual Silver Tea Dance in January for the benefit of the Red Cross.

The girls have kept themselves busy outside the chapter too by occu-

pying large shares of membership in many of the clubs on the campus. French club has 'em (Phi Mu's); Spanish club has 'em; so does YWCA and WAA; outing club, international relations club, education club, radio club, likewise; also choir and band. We're athletic minded too,—basketball and volley ball playing, swimming, bike-riding, bowling, snowball fighting, and all the other varieties.

Some of the girls have been very active in social service work, and we are represented on the college social committee as well as on AWS and SBOG.

(We keep our word too. Most fraternities and sororities *tell* their pledges that they will have to ride the goat, but we actually furnish the goat.)

We have only two seniors leaving us this year, but we will miss both of them greatly. Dottie Reynolds is our energetic biologist who has served us faithfully as secretary for the past year. Eleanor Sprouse is number one musician of the crowd and has done a good job of keeping our chapter library in order.

The past several weeks have seen a
(Continued on Page 20)



Martha Stuart



TOO LATE TO SAVE A SAINT

A Short Short Story by Nellie McIlvain.

Joe slammed on the brakes of his graduation present and pulled the long, low sports model over to the side of the highway. So now he was being arrested. A fine way to leave college and start out into the world!

"Thought we couldn't catch up with you, smart guy?" the cop demanded.

What Joe wanted to say to this joy-killer wouldn't have been appropriate from a ministerial student so he answered politely "No, Sir."

"Guess you never heard that crime doesn't pay, either," someone behind the copper began.

The next second a plain clothes man was routing through his luggage.

"Crime? What do you mean? I was only doing fifty, and—"

"Don't act innocent, beautiful, and maybe the judge will kinda take it easy on you since you look so young." The cop actually looked sorry for Joe.

"What are you hunting?" he demanded of the plain clothes man as his socks and jerseys began to fall out onto the dusty highway.

As if in answer to his suspicious question, the ransacker drew a blood stained knife from among Joe's clothing.

The trial was over in a few days, sending Joe to prison for life. Nothing his parents nor the lawyer could do was enough to disprove the circumstantial evidence that convicted him of robbing and killing a pedestrian.

For twenty-six years Joe lived in the prison where he learned to make shoes and with the returns from his trade, he bought "The Lives of the Saints" which he read when there was light enough in the prison.

All his mirth was gone by this time but he still liked to sing and his voice was good, so he sang in the choir. He read the lessons in the prison church and prayed often. He began to walk slowly, even stooped. His hair grew white and his beard turned grey and was quite long.

Poor old Joe, whom everybody called "Grandfather" and "The Saint" never laughed, and seldom talked. The officials liked him, while everyone respected him. Whenever anyone wanted consolation or needed someone to settle a dispute he came to Joe.

One day a new lot of prisoners came to the secluded jail. As they filed into the long, bleak corridor, lined with cells, Joe watched them, little interest being revealed in his expressionless face.

Suddenly he sat a little more erect, trying to depict a particular character closely. This one had a closely cropped beard and was telling the

prisoners why he was arrested. He rather looked like the plain clothes man of many years ago.

"I only shot a burglar who was trying to get away with half my house," he objected. "Several years ago, I should have been sent here for much more than that."

Joe could not help joining the crowd of men who were listening to the other's stories. He remained silent when the stranger turned to him and said, "How did you get here, Pop?"

Then someone spoke up revealing his identity as "The Saint" and explained how someone had killed a man and put the knife among Joe's clothing and he was convicted unjustly.

The stranger looked surprised, delighted, and frightened all at the same time. When Joe saw the look of mixed emotions on the man's face, he rose and went back to his cell. He felt that this was the plain clothes man who found the knife among his clothes so many years ago.

Joe wanted vengeance more than anything that it was possible for him to want within the prison. He kept repeating prayers all night, but could get no peace. During the day he did not go near the character whom he suspected of causing so much heartache.

At night, Joe could not sleep. One night he decided to walk over to the prison church where he might pray and receive some consolation. Suddenly, as he passed the long shelves which had been given to the new prisoners for sleeping quarters, he noticed some dirt which fell from in under the boards.

He leaned closer and saw the very man who had been the cause of his restless nights. As the other felt a quick consciousness of someone's presence, he came to the surface. Drawing the old fellow to him by a sharp grasp of his wrist, he explained his chance to escape:

"If you tell the authorities, I will kill you, but if you keep your mouth shut, I will let you escape with me."

Joe did not answer. When freed of this man's strong grip, he made his way on to the church where he prayed all night.

The next day, one of the guards noticed that one of the men emptied some dirt from his shoes, but he was unable to distinguish which one it was.

Everyone refused to tell who was digging the hole. The authorities, feeling that they could rely on the Saint to tell who was digging, asked him what he knew about it.

For a minute he remained silent. This was to be expected, so everyone waited until he had

time to formulate a reply. In another second he answered,

"I can't tell you," and bending his head, walked away.

That night when he was lying awake in his cell and saying his prayers, he heard someone stealing quietly along the corridor. As the man stopped before his door, Joe recognized the figure of the man who had been planning the escape.

In a few seconds the newcomer was pouring out the story of how he had killed a man and purposely planted the knife among Joe's luggage several years ago. He pleaded for forgiveness and expressed his sorrow for Joe.

"It's easy for you to talk, but I have suffered all these years. I've grown old and weak," replied Joe.

"I'll confess at once so that you will be free," the blubbing man was offering.

"That will do me no good now," replied Joe with a little more sympathy. "Maybe God will forgive you." With that his heart grew lighter and he thought for the first time in many days that he might like to sleep.

In spite of what Joe had said, the other man confessed his guilt. But when the order for his release came, Joe was already dead.

THE CAMPUS ORCHESTRA



The Home Town Boys Swinging Out

The Bethanian camera found its way to an informal tea dance and snapped the swing and sway boys in action. The band is made of nine musicians with vocals done by Jim McPherson, the drummer. On April 14th they played for the whole college in chapel, and the attendance was almost 100 percent. The orchestra, which has come to the front since the second semester, has been engaged for several dances already, and from the sound of things in chapel it will have more response from local patronage.



CHARLEY'S AUNT



Cast of Charley's Aunt After The Performance

Big time theatrical productions put in their appearance at Bethany on April 8th with the performance of Charley's Aunt by the Bethespian Club. The play was directed by Mrs. Huntsberger and Miss Hoagland in what appears to be a record time of four weeks. The star of the show is Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez (alias Carl Geenen alias Lord Fancourt Babberly) or Charley's aunt. Two suitors for the hand of Charley's aunt are Stephen Spettigue (Gene McCracken) and Sir Francis Chesney (Roy Heckel), but due to the timely arrival of Charley's real aunt, Geenen is saved from a terrible fate. The two conspirators who put Fancourt on the spot are Charley Wykeham (Merle Cunningham) and Jack Chesney (Lew Wells). The time honored butler Brasset (Speed Koval) adds his bit to the male element along with Farmer (Jack Esker).

The pulchritude of the play is provided by Kitty Verdun (Yvonne Balster), Amy Spettigue (Jeanne Jordan), Donna d'Alvadorez (Janet Flint), Ella Delany (Lee Fiess), and Maude (Betty Ann Reske).

The show was a great success, Benny has nothing on Geenen. The picture of some of the cast is shown here, and the cover shows Charley's aunt having a confidential chat with some other girls.

DROWSY PROCTOR

A long brown hum is all she hears
As she nods upon her bench.
A pencil dropping from her hand half-clenched
Makes a small smash
Echoing along corridors.
She sleeps.
From a clock-tower far away,
Eleven golden beats descend,
She stirs, awakens, murmurs low—
"Quiet hour—please!"

Ruth Schwartz

HERE'S WHAT THE CANDID CAMERA PICKED UP AROUND

THE CAMPUS



1—Jane Douglas and Pete Pletz are making their special request to be played by Lang Thompson's orchestra and vocalized by his pretty singer.

2—Simply a stamp by library assistant Dorothy Ralston, and the books are ready for the concentrated study of Joan Cramblet and Budd Deer.

3—Of all things! Marty Umbel turned window washer on February 14 and made the College Inn windows sparkle. Life was hard that day for the ZTA pledges.

4—On Bethany's corridor these two among the first to loiter in the warm shine. Yes, it's Brooklyn (Tony Cus and Mariah Smith).

5—And they're off to the races! It's Golbey, Bill Loper and Chuck Brown. They're starting out for the sailboat. Prof. Boettcher sends them off with best wishes.

6—Two men on a horse! Bill Sawyer and Roger Waterman show that it can be done. Of course Carl Geenon (Auntie) is substituting.

7—A second story man, and at Gateway, too. No, Bethany policeman wasn't called, for Pug was only trying to retrieve a Moo Moo bathrobe.

8—It was really a hot time at the house and Bethany students certainly things fly. Practically everything was thrown out of the window.

9—Jonesy! Of all things! Standing in front of Gateway with Ed in your What will Miss Bankert say? It's one of those Moo Moo Moo effigies, but so . . .

10—What does go on in front of the Bethany House? One warm afternoon Jane Sturman, Larry Lancaster, and Kit Rowe were in a marvelous mood, and this is the result.

11—A typical sight on Bethany's campus is this of Miss Carrigan and Miss Hoagland. They, too, seem to be camera fiends, but who wouldn't be on these warm Bethany days?

12—Here's a scenic shot for your collection. It's the walk to Gateway, if you haven't already guessed it.

13—Nice horsey. Mary Wilken finds very nice and gentle creatures. Not every colt, though, that gets his nose patted by such a pretty girl.

14—The KD open house had a very attractive on its front porch. Of course they are only four effigies of the Moo Moos but they do look realistic.

15—Well, you boys have often wondered about bull sessions, and here is one of the typical gatherings that assemble nightly in Phillips Hall.

16—Helen Colton and Bill Dowler have approved of the punch for they back for seconds (or was it thirds?) combination ZTA-KA semi-formal dance.

17—Maybe you don't recognize her but she is a Bethany girl. Of course, she is seldom seen in this pose, as Bethany is primarily an educational institution. If you really want her name turn to page 23 of this issue.

EDITORIAL

ON THREE QUESTIONS

"Have We Learned Our Lesson Yet?"

"How Does It Taste To-day?"

"What Will We Do About It?"

For some few days of late, this editor has been wondering what subject would be appropriate for an editorial, or whether there was even a call for one. This question seemed to be answered when on Saturday, April 18, 1942, the headlines in red ran thusly: Tokio Bombed. Then there came many thoughts to mind about the effect such news would have upon the home rooters in this land of ours, and the realization also that upon each and every person there rests a responsibility which consists of being level-headed and utilitarian about the whole war with special emphasis upon its aftermath. Wherever there is an opportunity to throw some thoughts, which are at least intended to be intelligent, into the carnage, there exists a responsibility to do so. Therefore, the Bethanian allowing space for some such thoughts presents these words, which, though they are dogmatic to the point where they express the ideas and possibly the theories of one person, are meant to be flexible according to the personalities which read them. The writer does not claim intelligence enough to cope with such weighty topics, he merely aspires to it; read on then.

The significant grouping of Arabic letters to form the word Utilitarian provide a mask for a striving philosophy. Underneath the mask should be written these words, "The greatest good for the greatest number of people." This then is the meaning of the Utilitarian philosophy. The application of this meaning is in reality the subject of this editorial.

If we search for the place of Utilitarianism in our country today, we will probably discover that its application is a hard and cruel one, but one that appears necessary, nevertheless. We in the U.S.A. have chosen to regard the highest good for the most to be the defense of Christian democracy as we know it with all its failings and evils, yet the best the world has brought forth. Whether we realize it or not *this is what we are doing*. The constituency of our nation is almost 100% anti-war in normal times. There may have been times when we stepped out of bounds, but those issues were decided by their own people; now we have our own issues about which to be concerned. So

(Continued on Page 23)

THE MANLY MAN

The world has room for the manly man,
with the spirit of manly cheer;
The world delights in the man who
smiles when his eyes keep back the tear;
It loves the man who, when things go
wrong, can take his place and stand
With his face to the fight and his eyes
to the light, and toil with a willing hand;
The manly man is the country's need, the
moments need, forsooth,
With a heart that beats to the pulsing
troop of the lilled leagues of truth;
The world is his and it waits for him,
and it leaps to hear the ring
Of the blow he strikes and the wheels he
turns and hammers he dares to swing;
It likes the forward look on his face,
the poise of his noble head,
And the onward lunge of his tireless will
and the sweep of his dauntless tread!
Hurrah for the manly man who comes with
sunlight on his face,
And the strength to do and the will to
dare and the courage to find his place!
The world delights in the manly man, and
the weak and evil flee
When the manly man goes forth to hold
his own on land or sea!

Anon.



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Drink . . .



IN BOTTLES

PHI MU

(Continued from Page 14)

grand scramble in the chapter of passing record books and duties back and forth,—elections, you know. Anna Laura Burke, who has been our president, and prexy of Pan-Hell as well, passed her gavel on to Gloria Bass. Jean MacLeod is starting a new season of vice-presidency, but has acquired an assistant or second vice-president in the process,—Marty Dardarian. Dottie Reynolds toted all the secretary's equipment over to Phyllis Hendrickson's room, while Phyllis was busy passing information to Martha Stuart on how to run the treasury. Timmie Simpson has inherited the office of social chairman from Mary Elizabeth Smith. However, Timmie will continue to lead us at song practice.

Among the pledges, "Skipp" Webster does a dandy job as president of the class with Lois Keiser as vice-president and Eunice Johnston, secretary, to assist her. The group is now busy writing new songs for the chapter.

When it comes down to the last item on the above analysis, unity, love, ambition, and all the other things that make sorority life real and worthwhile, just ask any of us,—we've got them all.

—Officers—

President—Gloria Bass

Vice-President—Jean MacLeod

Sec. Vice-Pres.—Martha Dardarian

Secretary—Phyllis Hendrickson

Treasurer—Martha Stuart

—Seniors—

Dorothy Reynolds

Eleanor Sprouse

—Juniors—

Anna Laura Burke

Angie Bonessi

—Sophomores—

Margaret Abel

Gloria Bass

Bettie Blanck

Phyllis Hendrickson

Jean MacLeod

Timmie Simpson

Mary Elizabeth Smith

Martha Stuart

(Continued on Page 22)

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Freedom of speech—*verboden!* Freedom to choose your friends—*verboden!* ". . . All you need to learn is to obey!"

Now they would attempt to put the yoke on us—on you. *It must not happen here!* Whatever the cost, the Axis must be smashed. Your part, as a college student, is clear. You may not be behind a gun today, but you *can* help today to give our soldiers, sailors, and marines the weapons they need for Victory.

Put your dimes and dollars into fighting uniform *now* by buying United States Savings Bonds and Stamps. You'll help not only your country, but yourself—because you are not asked to *give* your money, but to *lend* it. You can start buying Bonds by buying Savings Stamps for as little as 10 cents. Start buying today—and *keep it up!*



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This space is a contribution to America's ALL-OUT WAR EFFORT by
 the "BETHANIAN"

Eye Trouble?

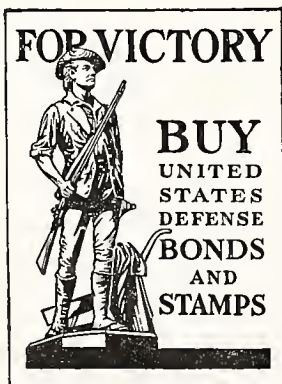
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LETTERS TO EDITOR DESIRED



ODDS AND ENDS OF NEWS

Bethany baseball team lost its first game to Marietta 7-4 on Friday, April 17th. Batteries: Bob Alexander and Pete Pletz. This was the first baseball team to take the field since 1926.

The other day someone brought to the attention of the staff that somewhere they had seen a challenge to a softball game. After looking in to their reserves, it was discovered that the Bethanian had some of the greatest ball players this side of the Rockies, and the challenge is hereby gladly accepted. The game will be announced later so that everyone will have an opportunity to see the action. The teams will consist of mixed players.

The annual spring concert of the music department was held on Saturday evening, April 18th. Lasting for two hours, the program was opened by the choir which was dressed formally. Scenes from Faust, Rigoletto, and Cavalleria Rusticana were portrayed in costume, and these scenes were sung in English. The program was well worth the time it took for preparation, and everyone who was in it or helped prepare it is to be complimented. Special mention goes to those who sang solos and took part in the scenes from the operas.

This brief taste of opera awakened in most of the audience an interest in this branch of culture.

Bethany Freshman Now in Service



First Bethany man to be called from reserve to active service, was Lt. Raymond M. Harris, Class of '45. Now stationed in Alabama, "Ray" is busy training new troops and enjoying himself tremendously. His present address is Co. B., 1st. Bn., 1st. Reg., B.I.R.T.C., Fort McClellan, Alabama, in case any of his former buddies would like to drop him a line.

The Winning Snow Contest Picture



Here is the prize example of the campus photographers. The winner is Phyllis Hendrickson who took this shot of the gates near Cochran Hall during the big snow. She was presented with a prize of one dollar, and the picture in Bethanian. The editors are always glad to receive any good pictures you may have, to use them in the magazine.



PHI MU

(Continued from Page 20)

—Freshmen—

Lois Appleby
Betty Bannen
Martha Dardarian
Mary Lou Fenati
Isabelle Francis
Eunice Johnston
Ruth Judy
Lois Keiser
Jean Rhodes
Mildred Shotton
Ruth Taylor
Ruth Webster

Open Motto—*Les Soeurs Fideles*

Colors—*Rose and white*

Flower—*Enchantress Carnation*

Publication—*Aglaia*

(Continued from Page 19)

we have concluded one way or another that the best course to take is one of action, believing and hoping, as most Americans do, that this time the lessons from the follies of history will overcome the prejudices and greeds of today.

Follies of history; these are the mistakes which, we must remember, we meet in our own immediate positions. When this war has been brought to an end, the end will be chaos for millions of people in Europe and in the East. At that momentous period we must act. We have burned our fingers once in Versailles; we can thumb through the burning pages of history and read of duplication upon duplication of what we experienced in Versailles. Ever since the world's first army and on up through the ages we read of the beginnings and conclusions of multitudinous wars. Have we learned our lesson yet?

What is the lesson history teaches? It is the same lesson we should be taught by the Golden Rule of life, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." The victor has been too much engrossed in his victories and triumphs to remember the conquered as he would *choose* to be remembered were the conditions but reversed. This is the greatest evil of the aftermath of war, *the evil of negligence*. Perhaps the second is a lingering spirit of hatred and revenge. When we look back upon Versailles and study the workings of the peace conference, we find that the negligence of the American people left the American delegation without any continuous support. Perhaps even the League of Nations was voted out by our people because of neglecting to fully consider its meaning for the future. In other words we were so glad to have done with the war, that all else could go to pot while we welcomed the boys home and listened to the bands playing. We have heard much of the sin of omission; this is the same as the sin of negligence. Today we are paying for Versailles and for our negligence, hatred, and revenge double over. Revenge was sweet to some twenty-three years ago; how does it taste today?

How does it taste today? It tastes of blood. How will it taste in the future after this war is ended? If we young Americans are on our toes when the tape is broken at the end, we will decide. No more negligence, we must continue the struggle for Utilitarianism for the whole world, not just our little sphere. We have been shown that internationalism bridges briefly all expanses of distance, it is ours to decide whether the bridge will be one of fire and sword, or

Once a little shadow came
And played about my door,
And I asked her, "Little shadow,
Are you tapping there before?
Are you searching for the sunlight,
Or your playmate, deeper shade,
Are you looking for the essence
Out of which the world is made?
But she laughed and shook her hair out
Into shining pools of black,
And she said, "I'm hiding here from
Sunlight peeping through the crack.
In a second I'll go join him,
And he'll shine me out of sight
Till my face is lost forever
In amazing whirls of light."
I could stay to talk no longer,
As the door I held swung wide,
Sunlight cried, "There, now I've found you,"
And she vanished at his side.
Yet she'll hide from him tomorrow
On the self-same portal's edge,
And the shut-out sun will clamor
From a frosty window-ledge,
Till the door I hold swings open,
And she runs to join his play,
And he shines her out of being,
For like most men, that's his way.

The name of the mystery girl (product of Bethany make-up artists in Phillips Hall) is Ruth Judy.

friendship. We cannot expect our army to come back to be put away on a shelf; the men in the army will have known war, and they shall want a promising constructive peace that will guarantee their descendants life, liberty and happiness. And so even before this war is closed, we must begin and continue the preparation of our minds and wills to call out to our government with an unmistakable meaning and tone that we want, not revenge, but justice to all. Therefore, the last question, and the most important, is "What will we do about it.



JOAN BENNETT in her
American Women's Voluntary
Services uniform

★
Starring in Edw. Small's United Artists
Production "Twin Beds"

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and Mine*

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BETHANIAN

VOL. 10

NO. 1

1970-71

ISSN 0007-0817



YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're
flying Uncle Sam's
bombers across
the ocean



WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), (*second from left, above*) says: "I found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

—AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!

GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice... you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain (*nearest camera*), a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

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NICOTINE IN THE
SMOKE IS IMPORTANT
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Our Thank-you Notes

Since this will be our last opportunity to express our thanks and appreciation publicly, the Bethanian staff doesn't want to forget:

Speed Koval—the fair-haired photographer without whom your Bethanian would often have been later than it was. His time and cooperation were all given without scholarship aid, and sometimes we even forgot to thank him, but it will be a long time before any future Chief Photographer can match his patience, skill, and dependability.

George Sitock—Business Manager of this publication, most thankless job on the campus. It's lucky he's had a quick temper and a sharp tongue to turn away all the wrath incurred with late issues, three editors, no staff, and irate advertisers. Maybe we haven't always appreciated his work or lectures properly, but at least we realize that Business Manager-Editor is a tiresome, thankless, slave-driving position.

Our Contributors—who weren't always as prompt as they might have been, but were ready and willing to accept assignments, even during test week.

The Student Body—who was a constant reminder of late issues, a good critic of features and subject matter, but who, nevertheless, bore with us through a difficult editorial year and often consented to conscription into an ill-organized staff.

Geenan and His Sousaphone



And as a representative campus group, we'd like to nominate Carl Geenan, 41-42 freshman and friend, as the student who contributed most to the fun, spirit, and enjoyment of this year's Bethany. Certainly Carl was an able and willing life of every college party and activity. He has received an appointment to Annapolis in January, but in his brief time at college, he has become a part of the Bethany Spirit he promoted; he should be one of our well-remembered, most welcome Alumni.

BETHANIAN

Senior Issue

Volume 33—Number 8

May, 1942

"If it is printable, you'll find it here!"

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Bethany College

One Hundred and First Annual

COMMENCEMENT

*Academic Procession from
Pendleton Heights to Commencement Hall*

The President of the College, presiding

Processional—Pomp and Circumstance, in D Elgar
The National Anthem The Audience Singing
Invocation Professor E. Lee Perry
Presentation of the Class of 1942 for Baccalaureate Degrees
Dean of the Faculty
Emitte Spiritu Tuum Schuetky
Bethany College Choir
Presentations for Honorary Degrees
Dr. Sao-ke Alfred Sze for the degree of Doctor of Laws
Major General Richard K. Sutherland for the degree of Doctor of Laws
Rev. J. Frank Green for the degree of Doctor of Divinity
Hon. J. Weldon Jones for the degree of Doctor of Laws
Commencement Address Hon. J. Weldon Jones
Posing the Right Question
Moment of Appreciation for Bethany Sons in the Armed Services
Moment of Appreciation for Professor Anna Ruth Bourne
Announcements
The Alma Mater
Benediction Rev. J. Frank Green
Recessional—Triumphal March, from "Fifth Symphony" Beethoven

ACADEMIC HONORS IN THE GRADUATING CLASS

Summa Cum Laude

Hilda Sarver, Mercer, Pa.

Magna Cum Laude

Elizabeth Jean Murphy, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rosemary Ann Roberts, Washington, D.C.
Irvan Druid Roche, Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

Cum Laude

Harold Theodore Blank, Youngstown, O.
Edward Orr Elsasser, Washington, D. C.
James Robert Huntsberger, Reading, Pa.
Ralph Edward Pryor, Wheeling, W. Va.
Barbara Gordon Schutt, Germantown, Pa.
John Robert Smudski, Greensburg, Pa.
Eleanor June Sprouse, Newell, W. Va.
Elizabeth D. White, Bethany, W. Va.

COMPREHENSIVE EXAMINATIONS PASSED WITH DISTINCTIONS

James Robert Huntsberger Chemistry
Elizabeth Jean Murphy Biology
Lily B. Pendleton Psychology
Ralph Edward Pryor Economics
Rosemary Ann Roberts French
Hilda Sarver Chemistry
Barbara Gordon Schutt Psychology
John Robert Smudski Biblical Literature
Elizabeth D. White Economics



Reading the above pictures like you read print, you'll see: 1. Sidney C. Porter, retiring president of the Alumni Association, Mr. Hettler, and Miss Alice Drake, new Alumni president, as Miss Drake unveils the Bethany War Roll. 2. Seniors summing up their knowledge in the Tuesday morning, May 12, comprehensive. 3.

In approximate alphabetic order, the seniors march to Commencement Hall. 4. Baccalaureate procession. 5. Listening to the quartet at the faculty reception for seniors. 6. Alumni Banquet. 7. Pendleton Heights perch during faculty reception. 8. Dean Kirkpatrick cites Dr. Sao-ke Alfred Sze to President Cramblet. 9. Even diploma-giving was accelerated in 1942's rush.

And So They Graduated

It started Thursday evening, May 14, the big weekend for the class of 1942. It started slowly, with the formal but friendly faculty reception for Seniors, at the Heights. The quartet was in fine voice. The refreshments were refreshing, though the green lime ice was frozen a little too hard. Rev. Stevenson chipped some of it onto the carpet. But as Miss Mahaffey said later, "It was the friendliest reception we've had in years."

Next day, Friday, was a long wait for the Interfraternity Ball. Midway through the evening Barney Rapp's orchestra halted while IF President Don Kramer wreathed Queen Betty Murphy with a circle of red and white carnations. That night was the year's only 1:00 a. m. permission. And it rained.

Saturday people slept in till noon, got up for lunch, slept till the Alumni Banquet at 6 o'clock or more. At the banquet the quartet ran through their repertoire again, Miss Alice Drake was elected president of the Alumni Association, and Bill Siemon and Forence Nicholas left early. They had to go to a wedding.

Nothing happened Saturday night—officially. But next day, Sunday, May 17, was full. The Baccalaureate procession, after a long wait, filed down the hill to the

church, to hear Dr. Cramblet speak of "times that try men's souls," and to tell graduates that "now is your time" to win the war and the peace.

By the time Baccalaureate was over, Bethany was thick with visitors. Graduates-to-be, with their mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts, and friends, dined in Phillips Hall, Bethany House, the Gray Bonnet, and the Inn.

Commencement in the afternoon was an accelerated program. But it was also a broadcast one, the first Bethany commencement to be radioed. Receiving an honorary degree, Dr. Soa-ke Alfred Sze, first Chinese ambassador to the U. S., told of continuing educational zeal in his shattered country. Assistant director of the budget J. Weldon Jones, addressing the graduates, claimed that "The issue is not the old order versus the 'new order'. The question is what will be the new order?"

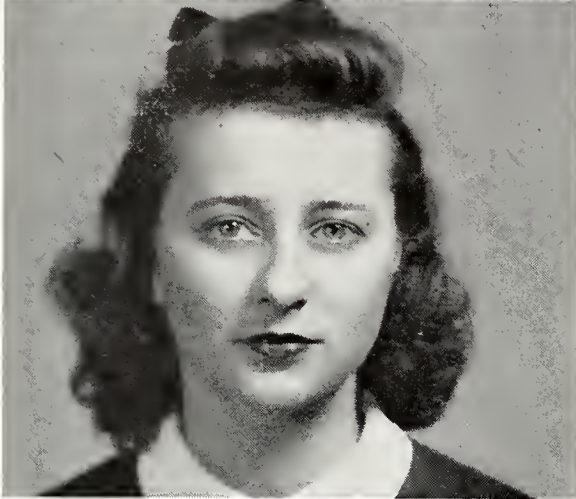
The weekend flurry ended with the President's reception in the late afternoon.

Come Monday. The ex-seniors had begun to dwindle away, leaving Bethany with only three classes. Those graduates who hung on, freed from study worries, giped underclassmen just beginning to plunge into the academic testing-grounds.

Seniors



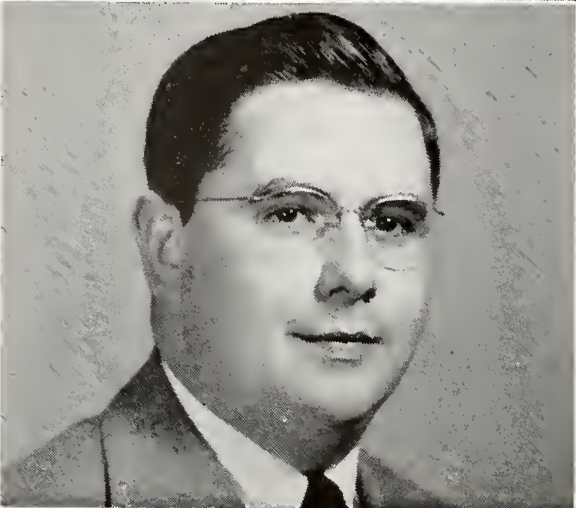
ELEANOR ACHTERMAN...Stroudsburg, Pa... Psychology...Y.W.C.A. 1, Vice President 2, Treasurer and Librarian 3; Alpha Psi Omega 3, 4; Student Guide 3, 4; S.B.O.G. Secretary 3, Executive Board of A.W.S. 3, President 4; Alpha Xi Delta, Historian 4; Pi Gamma Mu 4; Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities 4.



GLADYS ARMOR...Tarentum, Pa...Psychology... Zeta Tau Alpha, Social Chairman 3; French Club 2; Outing Club Treasurer 3; Y.W.C.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary 3, 4; Cheerleader 3, 4; Secretarial Science Club 3.



WILBUR CRAMBLET...Bethany, W. Va...Economics...Cross Country, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3; Bethespian Club 3; Sigma Nu, Recorder 4; Mathematics Assistant 4; Church Deacon 3, 4.



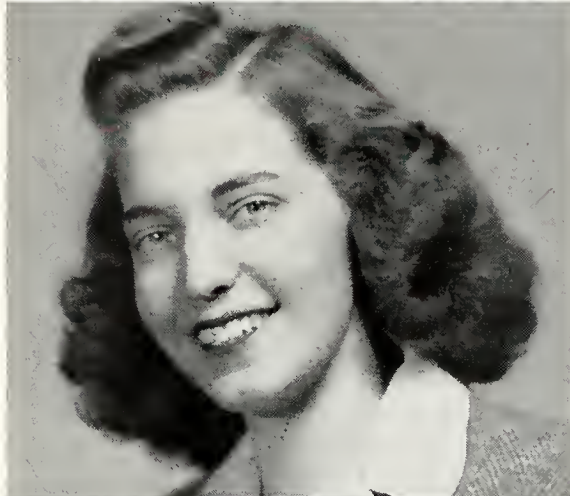
GEORGE HARDING DAVIS...Sharon, Pa... History...Bethanian 1, 2; Bethespian Club 1, 2, 3; International Relations Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Education Club 2; Treasurer 3, President 4; S.B.O.G. 2, Vice-President 3, Social Chairman 4; Sigma Nu, Secretary 3, Rushing Chairman 3, 4; History Assistant 4; Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.

Seniors

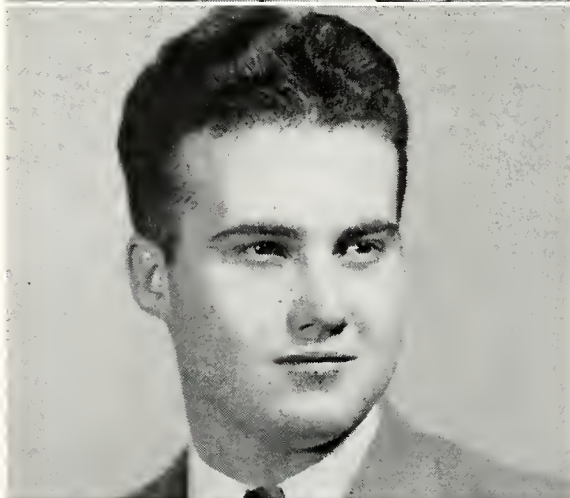
EDWARD ORR ELSASSER . . . Washington, D. C.
 . . . History . . . Bethanian 1, Managing Editor 2; Inter-
 fraternity Council 1, 2, President 3; Sigma Nu, Lt.
 Commander 2, Commander 3; Moo Moo Moo 2, 3, 4; In-
 ternational Relations Club 2, 4, Vice-President 3; Church
 Deacon 4; Track 1, 2; Cross Country 1, 2; Pi Gamma
 Mu; History Assistant and Senior Fellow.



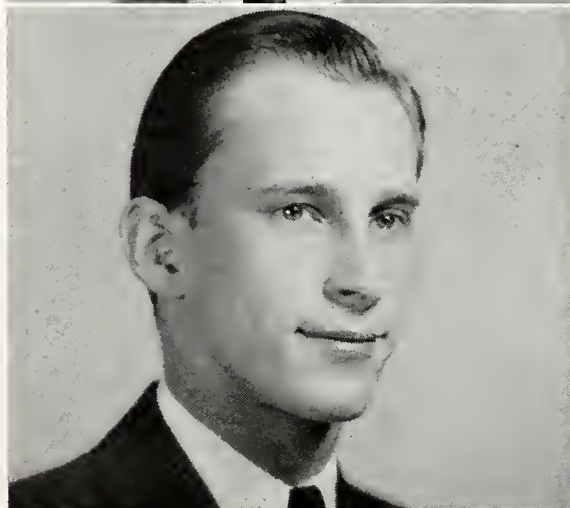
JANICE F. EVANS . . . Carnegie, Pa. . . . Physical Ed-
 ucation . . . Outing Club 3; Pan-Hellenic Council 4; Ath-
 letic Board of Control, Secretary 3, 4; Treble Clef 1;
 Kappa Delta, Ass't Treasurer 2, Historian 3, 4, Rush
 Chairman 4; Y.W.C.A. 1, 2; W.A.A. 2, President 3, 4;
 German Club 1, 2; Education Club 4; Bethespian Club 2,
 3; Phy. Ed. Assistant 3, 4; Phillips Hall Social Chairman
 4.



WILLIAM EARLE GRIFFITHS . . . Wellsville, Ohio
 . . . Biblical Literature . . . Ministerial Association 1, 2,
 Vice-President 3, 4; Kappa Alpha, Treasurer 4; S.B.O.G.
 3, 4; Student Pastor 3, 4; Football Manager 1.



WALLACE A. MAYOR . . . Wheeling, W. Va. . . .
 Journalism . . . Bethanian 1; Cross Country 1, 2; Track
 1; Baseball 4; Sigma Nu, Secretary 4, Song Leader 3, 4;
 Twenty Club 4; Glee Club 1; Chief of News Bureau 4.



Seniors



JOHN C. McCORD, JR....Wellsburg, W. Va....
Chemistry...Cross Country 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3;
Radio Club 1, 2, 3.



RUTH BEVERLY MOSER...Smithfield, Pa....
English...French Club 1; Y.W.C.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Educa-
tion Club 2, 3, 4; Kappa Delta; W.A.A. 2, 3; Student
Guide 4.



LILY PENDLETON...West Springfield, Mass....
Psychology...French Club 2, 3, 4; German Club 4;
Writer's Club 4; Riding Club 3.



RALPH PRYOR...Warwood, W. Va....Economics
...Sigma Nu, Treasurer 2, Lt. Commander 3, Comman-
der 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Interfraternity Council, Secre-
tary-Treasurer 3; Tennis 3; Pi Gamma Mu.

Seniors

MARTIN DAVID REITER...Tarentum, Pa....

Biology...Beacon 1; Football 1, 2, 3; Biology Assistant 3, 4; Bethanian 4; Vice-President Independent Men 4; S.B.O.G. 2.



DOROTHY REYNOLDS...Moundsville, W. Va....

Biology...Y.W.C.A.; Bethespian 1; W.A.A. 1; Phi Mu, Secretary 4; Band 4; S.B.O.G. 2; Biology Assistant 2, 3, 4; German Club 1, President 2, Secretary 3.



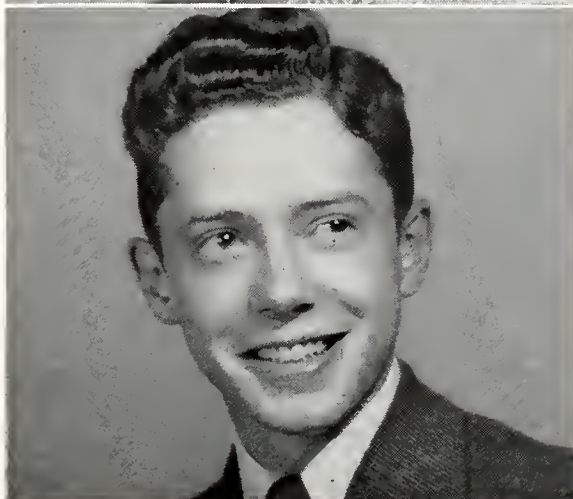
ROSEMARY ROBERTS...Washington, D. C....

French...French Club 1, 2, 3, Vice-president 4; Y.W.C.A. 1, 2, 4, President 3; President Independent Women 3.



IRVAN D. ROCHE...Mt. Lebanon, Pa....Chem-

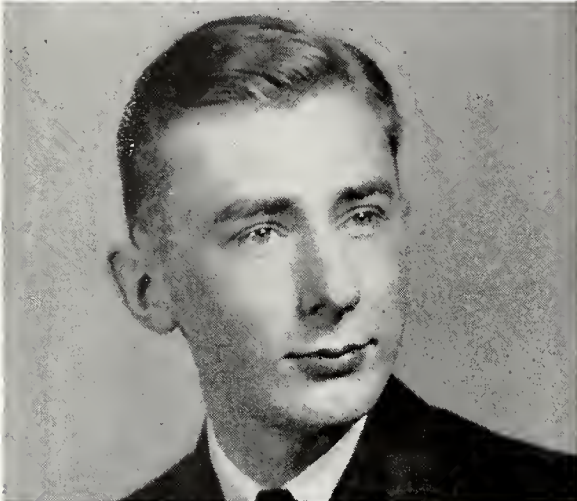
istry...Beta Theta Pi, Rush Chairman, Vice-president 3, President 4; Interfraternity Council, Vice-president 4; Class Vice-president 1; S.B.O.G. Vice-president 3; Glee Club 2; Gamma Sigma Kappa 4; Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities 4; Senior Fellow in Chemistry.



Seniors



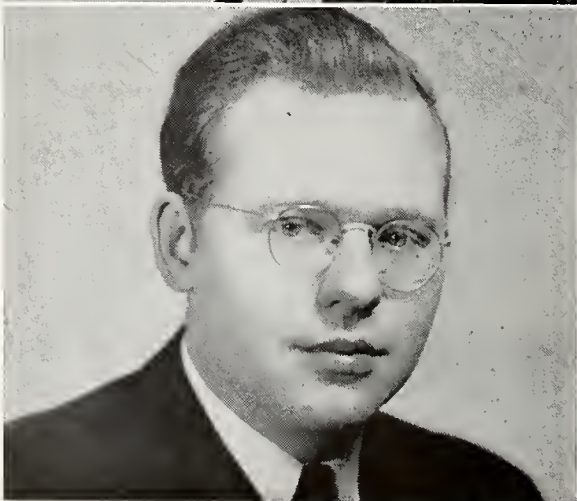
HILDA SARVER . . . Mercer, Pa. . . . Chemistry . . .
W.A.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Kappa Delta, President
3, 4; S.B.O.G. 3, 4; Student Guide 2, 3, 4; Gamma Kappa
4.



LEON SCHLIFF . . Waterbury, Conn. . . . Biology . . .
Biology Assistant.



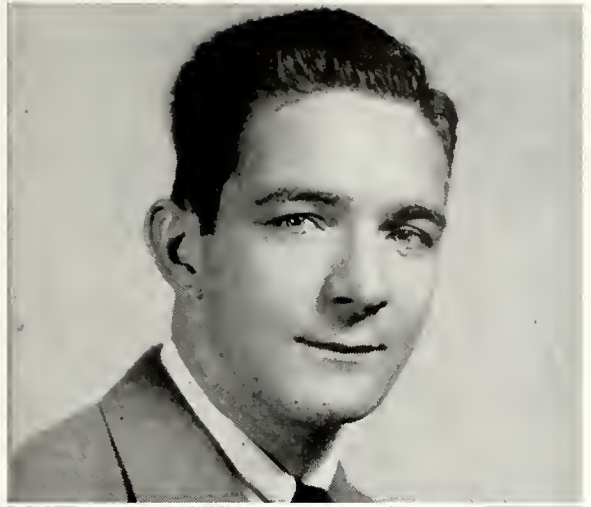
JOANNE P. SCHOTT . . . Clarksburg, W. Va. . . .
Psychology . . . Zeta Tau Alpha, President 3; Student
Guide 3, 4; W.A.A. 1, 2; Bethespian Club 3, 4; Y.W.C.A.
President 4; Alpha Psi Omega 3, 4; Social Committee 3,
4; Sociology Club 4; Outing Club, Secretary 4; S.B.O.G.
3, 4; Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.



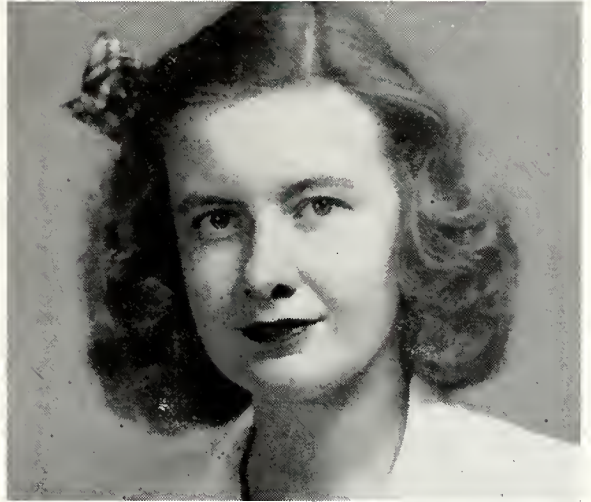
FREDERICK GORDON SEIDEL . . . Baltimore, Md.
. . . History . . . Bethespian 1, 2; Bethanian 1, 2, 4, Man-
aging Editor 3; Athletic Board of Control 1; Glee Club
1, 2; International Relations Club 2, Vice-president 3,
President 4; S.B.O.G. 3, 4; Cross Country Manager 3;
Alpha Kappa Pi, President 4; Moo Moo Moo 2, 3, 4; Choir
3, 4; Pi Gamma Mu 3, 4; Interfraternity Council 3, Pres-
ident 4; History Assistant.

Seniors

JOHN EDWARD SIMERAL . . . Coraopolis, Pa. . . .
Chemistry . . . Kappa Alpha; Chemistry Assistant 2, 3;
Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 4; "20" Club 4; Interfratern-
ity Council 4; Athletic Board of Control 4.



PHYLIS SKILTON . . . Winsted, Conn. . . . English
. . . Kappa Delta.



FLORA JANE SMITH . . . Wellsburg, W. Va. . . .
Psychology . . . Alpha Xi Delta, House Manager 3, Secre-
tary 4; Y.W.C.A. 1, 3, 4.



ELEANOR SPROUSE . . . Newell, W. Va. . . . Music
. . . Y.W.C.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Treble Clef 1, 2; Choir 3, 4;
W.A.A. 2, 3; Secretarial Training Club 3; Phi Mu.



Seniors



JUDY WAKEFIELD . . . Harrisburg, Pa. . . . Economics . . . Student Guide 3, Secretary 4; Executive Board of A.W.S. 1; Zeta Tau Alpha; Rifle Club, Secretary 3, 4; Bethanian 1.



ELEANOR WATERHOUSE . . . Wheeling, W. Va. . . . Economics . . . Alpha Xi Delta, Historian 3, Vice-president 4; Alpha Psi Omega 3, 4; Pan-Hellenic Association 2, 3, 4; Bethespian Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Y.W.C.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Alpha Psi Omega 3, 4.



MARY JEAN WEIR . . . McDonald, Pa. . . . Psychology . . . Rifle Club 1; Beacon 1; Y.W.C.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Zeta Tau Alpha, Librarian 4.



ELIZABETH WHITE . . . Bethany, W. Va. . . . Economics . . . Economics Assistant 3, 4; Pi Gamma Mu 4; Bethespian 1, 2; W.A.A. 2; Y.W.C.A. 3.

Seniors Without Pictures

PHYLLIS JANE BALCH...Follansbee, W. Va....
Music...Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Choir 3,
4; French Club 3, 4; Treble Clef 1; S.B.O.G. 3, 4.

HAROLD THEODORE BLANK...Youngstown,
Ohio...Economics...Track 1, 2, 3; Boxing 1, 2, 3;
Football Manager 2; International Relations Club 3, 4;
Ministerial Association 4; Kappa Alpha; Church Deacon
4; Radio Club 3; Glee Club 1, 2; Divisional Church Board
4.

GWENDOLYN BORDEN...Mount Vernon, Ohio
...Education...Y.W.C.A. 1, 2; Outing Club 3, 4;
Class Treasurer 3, 4; Zeta Tau Alpha, Social Chairman 4,
Librarian 2.

PAUL BOWERS...Wellsburg, W. Va....Economics
...Glee Club 2; Choir 3, 4; Beta Theta Pi.

JANE CAMPBELL...Toronto, Ohio...Sociology...
P.C.W. 1, 2; Alpha Xi Delta, House Manager 4; Bethes-
pian 3; Y.W.C.A. 3.

JOHN V. COSTANZA...Oil City, Pa....Journal-
ism...Beacon Editor 1; Bethanian 2, Editor 3; News
Bureau 1, 2, 3; Exchange Student to Peru 3, 4; Spanish
Club 3, 4; Alpha Psi Omega 3, 4.

FRANCES DVORAK...Oak Park, Ill....Biology
...Kappa Delta, Vice-President 3, Editor 4, Social Chair-
man 3, 4; Y.W.C.A. 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 1, 2, 3; Band
1, 2; Choir 4; Spanish Club 4; S.B.O.G. 3; Pan-Hellenic
Council 3; W.A.A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

MILDRED ERSKINE...Washington, D. C....Music
Choir 3, 4; Treble Clef 1, 2; Y.W.C.A. 1, 4, Cabinet 2,
3; Executive Board of A.W.S. 1, 2, 3, 4; Alphi Xi Delta,
Treasurer 3, President 4; Student 3, 4; Pan-Hellenic
Council 4.

EDWARD GOLDEN...Wheeling, W. Va....Bio-
logy...Kappa Alpha, Secretary 2, President 3; Band 1,
2; Orchestra 1, 2.

RUTH ANN HALTER...Wheeling, W. Va....
Psychology...Zeta Tau Alpha; W.A.A. 1, 2; Outing
Club 3, 4; Y.W.C.A. 1, 2, 3.

GRACE HENKEL...Pittsburgh, Pa....Psychology
...Student Guide 4; Zeta Tau Alpha, Vice-President 3;
Y.W.C.A. 1, 2, 3; Psychology Assistant 4.

JIM HUNTSBERGER...Bethany, W. Va....Chem-
istry...German Club 1, 2; Bethesian Club 1, 2, Presi-
dent 3, 4; Chemistry Assistant 3, 4; Alpha Psi Omega
President 4.

BERTRAM MAJOR...Wheeling, W. Va....Eco-
nomics...Kappa Alpha, Vice President 2; Baseball 4.

BETTY MURPHY...Pittsburgh, Pa....Biology...
Zeta Tau Alpha, Treasurer 3, President 4; Executive
Board of A.W.S. 3, Vice-President 4; Pan-Hellenic Coun-
cil 2, Secretary 4; Biology Assistant 2, 3, Senior Fellow 4;
Student Guide 3, 4; Outstanding Junior Girl; Y.W.C.A.
Board 2; Choir 2; W.A.A. 1, 2; German Club 1, 2, 3;
S.B.O.G. 3; Who's Who in American Colleges and Uni-
versities.

FLORENCE NICHOLAS...Washington, Pa....
English...Writer's Club 2, 3, 4; Bethanian 4; English
Assistant 4.

MORRISON RATCLIFFE...Beech Bottom, W. Va.
...Economics...Glee Club 2; Choir 3, 4; Kappa Alpha,
Social Chairman 3, Secretary 4; French Club 2, 3; Phy.
Ed. Assistant 4; Assistant Secretarial Science 4; Bethes-
pian Club 1, 2, 3.

CHARLES SCHULENBERG...Bridgeport, Ohio...
Chemistry...Tau Kappa Epsilon.

BARBARA GORDON SCHUTT, R.N....Ithaca, N.
Y....Psychology...Student Nurse; Alpha Xi Delta,
Scholarship Chairman 3, Chaplain 4; Helwig Hall Social
Chairman 2; Phillips Hall President 3; Student Guide 3,
Chairman 4; Executive Board of A.W.S., Corresponding
Secretary 3; Assasems 4; Orchestra 2, 3; McKinleyville
Child Clinic 2.

WILLIAM L. SEIMON...Pittsburgh, Pa....Matha-
matics...Alpha Kappa Pi, Treasurer 3, 4; Track 3; Moo
Moo Moo 3, 4.

J. ROBERT SMUDSKI...Greensburg, Pa....Biblical
Literature...Football 1, 3; Basketball 1, 2; Track 1;
Baseball 3; Band 1, 2, 3; S.B.O.G. 2; Ministerial Associa-
tion 1, 2, President 3; Student Pastor 1, 2, 3; President
Independent Men 2; Senior Fellow; Who's Who in Ameri-
can Colleges and Universities.

MARGARET ELIZABETH STEIN...Elm Grove, W.
Va....English...Student Guide 4; Pan-Hellenic Coun-
cil 4; Zeta Tau Alpha, Secretary 3; Phillips Hall President
4; Helwig Hall President 3; Secretarial Club, Vice-Presi-
dent 3; Assasems; Orientation Assistant 3.

WILLIAM HAMILTON STOPHEL...McKeesport
Pa....Psychology...Sigma Nu; Class Vice-President 3,
President 4; "20" Club 4.

RUTH SWARTZ...Pittsburgh, Pa....English...
Writer's Club 1, 2, 3, 4; English Assistant 4.

HELENMAE WEINIK...New York City...Psych-
ology...German Club 1, 2; Writer's Club 3, 4; Psych-
ology Assistant 4.

Bethanian Poll of

Outstanding Senior Personalities

Remember back in one of those last chapel periods when we took this Senior poll? Well, you'll find the re-

sults below and, contrary to absurd rumor, TELL did *not* have the results at any time . . .

FUTURE HALL OF FAME NOMINEE

- 73 Eleanor Achterman
- 122 Hilda Sarver
- 45 George Davis
- 83 John Costanza
- 60 Bob Smudski

SAGE AND STUDENT

- 51 Barbara Schutt
- 128 Betty Murphy
- 14 Florence Nicholas
- 111 Gordon Seidel
- 22 Edward Elsasser

BEST BETTER HALF

- 64 Judy Wakefield
- 28 Margaret Stein
- 34 Phyllis Skilton
- 29 Flora Jane Smith
- 10 Sue Beth Archer
- 10 Florence Nicholas
- 25 Janice Evans
- 9 Jane Campbell

BETTER WORST HALF

- 24 Wilbur Cramblet
- 51 Irvan Roche
- 16 Bill Griffiths
- 38 Bill Stophel
- 19 Gordon Seidel
- 26 Jim Huntsberger
- 25 Jack Simeral

BEAUTY (women)

- 150 Ruth Halter
 - 54 Judy Wakefield
- (men)
- 98 Bill Stophel
 - 96 Irvan Roche

TALENT

- 46 Florence Nicholas
- 143 Midge Erskine

- 107 Jim Huntsberger
- 98 Ted Golden

PRIDE OF THE FACULTY

(and you know what we mean)

- 48 Sue Beth Archer
 - 133 Margaret Stein
- George Davis—Unanimous

POSSESSOR OF THE MOST PECULIAR HAT

- 127 Wally Mayor
- 84 Charles Schulenberg

SENIOR ATHLETES (or should we avoid the subject?)

Janice Evans—Unanimous

- 99 Jack Simeral
- 101 Jack Pryor

IDEAL SENIOR COUPLE

- 137 Costanza-Schutt
- 38 Nicholas-Simon
- 80 Bordon-Bowers

MOST POPULAR CAMPUS DATE (entanglements don't count)

- 105 Joanne Schott
 - 102 Gladys Armor
- Bill Stophel—Unanimous

WIT (caustic)

- 106 Jane Campbell
- 93 Sue Beth Archer

WIT (men)

- 139 Gordon Seidel
- 33 Bob Davis
- 37 Paul Bowers

GROOMING

- 77 Eleanor Waterhouse
- 147 Joanne Schott
- 41 George Davis
- 154 Bill Stophel

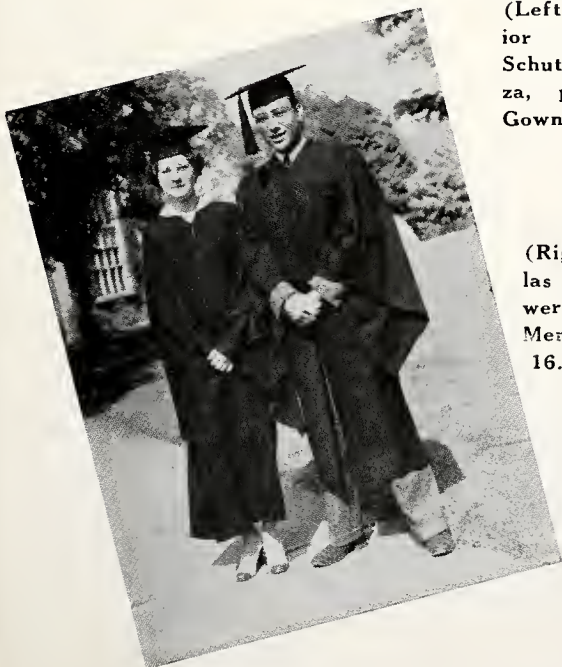
CORONATION

of the Interfraternity Queen

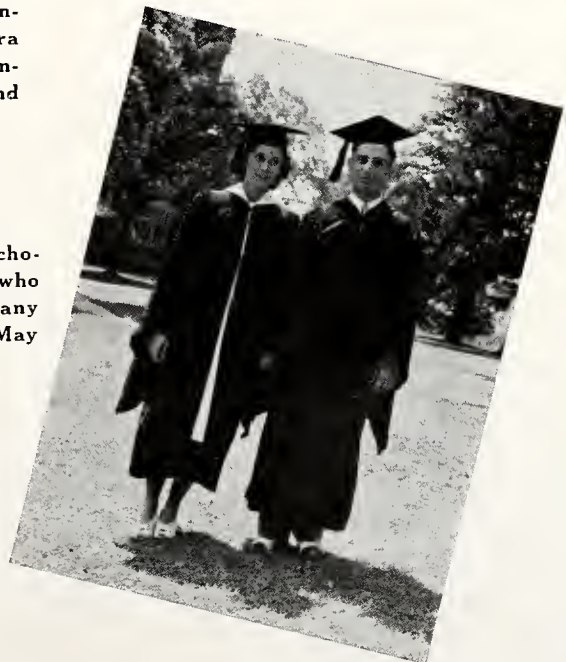


Betty Murphy is crowned Interfraternity Queen at the Court of the Pan-Hellenic and Interfraternity Councils. Her attendants are Joanne Schott and Eleanor Waterhouse.

SENIOR COUPLES



(Left) Most Ideal Senior Couple, Barbara Schutt and John Costanza, pose in Cap and Gown.



(Right) Florence Nicholas and Bill Siemon, who were married in Bethany Memorial Church, May 16.

A Bethanian Looks at *The World and the Future*_____

And here we are at another last issue, another school year gone by, another page torn from the calendar. Locally we are wondering about next year's Bethanian, whether or not it will replace the New York Times, the army, the draft, how we're going to get through another year of school without being bothered by the draft board or a marriage proposal.

All of which is not to be dealt with lightly. But what about the future, post war, not only in relation to ourselves, but to the nation, even the world?

A prediction at best is only a stab in the dark with the blade sheathed. Even when backed up with reams of facts and figures, it is still only a thrust into blackness. Only in this case we may allow that the blade is unsheathed. The remainder of facts and figures recalls the shot about "figures don't lie but how liars can figure." This will be figuring, so be wary.

It would be fanatical to expect any such article to be universally accepted even if written by someone who knew what they were talking about. So take this for what it is worth.

Why be asinine? We'll never see the same conditions in this country that we saw before; nor will they be what we hope for. But they can't be as bad as subjugation. Although I'm sure that this won't be in agreement with the opinion of conscientious objectors, I'd rather we be forced to inflict our way of life on others than have an Axian way of life forced on us. If this be oppression call it that and call me a Simon Legree or what have you. As far as I can see it—and this whole article is just a series of personal impressions—American dominance even where it should not have happened, has turned out well. Our unjustifiable seizure of Puerto Rico and the Phillipines in our own days of expansion have been partially allayed by the improvements we have made in those places. Therefore, if it becomes necessary to inflict an uncompromising peace and one side must prove the master of the other, let it at least be world subjugation to the United States instead of the bayonet-point allegiance to Benny of Italy, Hiro of Tokyo, and Shikelgruber of Berlin. And now, after that patriotic outburst, everybody take time out to buy a defense stamp and we'll go on under the assumption that the United States will win the war.

Why did I say the United States instead of the Allies? Because I don't think the U. S. was a direct cause of the war and because I don't think England would have won even with her dominions and Indian slaves. And don't forget that England and the Soviet are very strange bed-fellows; England was more afraid she would have to fight Russia than Germany for many years, and from what I can gather they are still not the type who would share their last piece of Yorkshire pudding and bottle of Vodka to-

gether. The Russians are still a threat to us. I shall prefer to beware of such propaganda that the Treasury Department put out on the May second "This Is War" program, in which an American soldier said that the United States has misunderstood the Communists and that the young people are more than ever in favor of Russia. Remember that Russia is fighting a war of preservation too, and if she can get help from us in the form of equipment and technical aid, she will surely not refuse it. After the war, why shouldn't Stalin insist that his way of life has triumphed, and demand mastery of the peace board? Perhaps we shall see this danger too late, if it is a danger. This might be the time to bring in Dr. Crobaugh's analogy about the camel pushing his head into the Arab's tent, and the Arab's moving out a little. Then the camel moves in a little more, and the Arab retreats. Finally, the Arab wonders how he got pushed out of his tent altogether until he lifts the flap to see the camel sleeping too peacefully to be disturbed.

So, we assumed that the United States won the war and that world peace conditions have been all set to take care of themselves and all we have to do is to take care of ourselves. Now what?

Well, we'll probably have a war debt of almost \$210,000,000,000. How to pay it off? Brother, you figure that out and your fortune is made. But yet again, another assumption (that's the easiest way to get through this thing, maybe the debt will be cancelled or in some way taken care of). Maybe the Student Board gives the government an appropriation, but anyway, the debt is out of the way. That leaves something else.

Let's stop for a minute to take stock of something. We say we have a republican type of democracy. Whatever your conception of democracy, it probably includes factors in reference to the rule of the majority, opportunity for self-advancement, the freedom of religion and expression and guarantees against want, fear and oppression.

Well, with the sudden unemployment of the millions working on previous defense jobs, with the return of an estimated five million service men, there will be a lot of people wanting work. Add to that the danger of post-war inflation, which will lessen the value of the people's dollar, and you have a problem. High costs won't help much either. Add it all together plus indices of pre-war and I'll think you'll find that there are a lot of people who aren't living in a democracy. But if the majority has a chance, they'll want the things they were told they were fighting for. You know how they'll get it.

But don't be afraid. Socialism doesn't have to be that bad. We've been told about the evils of that system for so long we never stop to realize how much socialism

(Continued on Page 19)

Blue-Law Appeasement

A report from the Student-Administration Committee Concerning Sunday Social Activities

Perhaps some of you remember the student-administration feud that was precipitated by the Sunday night Forum and the February issue of the Bethanian. But no doubt the majority were too submerged by tests and army questionnaires to realize what action, if any, resulted from the fracas.

To review the course of events: in late February a new Sunday night Forum group was organized to discuss student problems. The first meeting was well attended, and enthusiastic criticism of our social program (aimed at Sunday evenings), led to the appointment of a committee to bring the problem to the Student Board of Governors. The following week the Bethanian presented the same question. Answering student demand, Harvey Wilson, at a somewhat tragic meeting of the S.B.O.G. attended by faculty and students, appointed a committee to survey the situation and make recommendations for improvements.

After three lengthy meetings the special committee made the following report:

"As the result of considerable feeling by the students that there is a lack of opportunity for social and recreational expression in the college, the Student Board of Governors several weeks ago appointed a student-faculty committee to review the situation and aim at relieving it.

"The committee encountered what happened to be the "bottleneck" in the social situation—the problem of restricted activity on Sundays, and the existence of only one social outlet, the motion pictures, on Friday evenings.

"The committee is fully aware that the social-recreational life of the college student is much wider in scope than the two points mentioned, and does not represent a particularistic viewpoint because it deals only with these two points. It must be noted that the committee was not set up to study all the complexity of a college social program and its relation to other educational aims, but merely a small part of it. But the committee believes that the questions presented are important in any balanced view of the program.

"After analyzing the opportunities for recreational outlet on Sunday, and carefully comparing the arguments in favor of extending the program with the arguments against it, the committee concludes that individual sports should be permitted on the campus on Sundays. Specifically, these are swimming, tennis, horseback riding, fencing, archery, badminton and handball. The main gymnasium floor as well as the the swimming pool should be opened. The maintenance and supervision necessary could be provided by the regular student assistants in the Physical Education department.

"The committee also believes that card-playing should be permitted on Sunday in the social rooms of the dormitories and sorority houses..

"It is evident that the students who do not attend the motion picture Friday evening have little else to

choose from in the way of entertainment. The committee asks that the motion picture begin earlier, probably at 7:30 p.m. This would leave sufficient time after the pictures to make it possible to schedule Open Houses for Friday. This change should be announced with at least a week's anticipation and should be kept on trial for at least several weeks.

"To meet the frequently arising problems that concern the college and the students, the committee recommends the establishment of a permanent Student-Faculty Committee with a rotating membership, to aid the Student Board of Governors by offering unbiased analyses and solutions to such problems as they arise.

"The committee asks that this report be considered at the earliest possible time so that some concrete results can be given to the students who so earnestly asked for them.

By the Committee,

John Costanza, chairman; Miss Mahaffey,
Betsy Ann Plank, Bob Smudski,
Jeanne Styre, Dr. Woolery."

Harvey, realizing the inability of the S.B.O.G. to take any direct action, asked that the recommendations be presented by committee members to the Council on Guidance and Personnel, composed of Dean Weimer, Miss Hoagland, Miss Carrigan, Rev. Stevenson, and Mr. Hettler. At the second of these joint committee meetings it was decided that swimming, badminton, tennis, and other individual games would be allowed on Sunday, Proper tennis costume and court regulation would have to be supervised by students, and student life-guards must also contribute their services at the pool. No team games would be allowed because of excessive noise and activity, and horseback riding was vetoed because of little student participation. The hours of permission granted all these sports were to be limited according to Church services and meal times.

The faculty, particularly Dean Weimer and Dr. Woolery, who took active interest in the students' demands, were very cooperative and anxious that a joint faculty-student group would continue to discuss campus problems, thereby improving the administration and student relationship.

Although the response to this action was small, perhaps the students will realize now that it is possible to discuss their demands with the administration, and by going through proper channels, gain compromise action. No doubt this fall, arguments over whether all college men should eat at the Bethany House and problems incurred by acceleration will dominate campus discussion. This one example of intelligent cooperation and action should prove that these problems may be considered and presented thoughtfully and forcefully enough to make student opinion a power to be reckoned with in Bethany.

Letters to Editor And Students



From the alumni, from the administration, and from the students came the cry, "Where are all the pictures of the classes?" "Why haven't more students had their pictures taken?"

From the time of the Roman civilization the star that guided most people was the amount of money they possessed. This is true today as it was then. The students of the school could not or would not have their pictures taken, therefore, according to contract, their pictures are not in the Bethanian. No one realizes this more than I, but there is very little that can be done about it at this late date.

What can be done? This is a very logical question. There are several things that can be done in the future to avoid such a catastrophe. The first suggestion would be to assess every student in the school one dollar to pay the sitting fee of the professional photographer. This could only be done through a great deal of red tape, but, if necessary, it could be done. The second suggestion would be to make a contract with a professional photographer to take the pictures of all freshmen and seniors at the expense of the Student Board of Publications. The sophomore and junior class would be shown using the pictures taken in the freshman year, unless the student paid his own sitting fee for a new picture. The third suggestion would be to have informal pictures taken by a Bethanian photographer of all the classes except the Seniors.

What will be done about it will depend on you, the students and representatives of the Student Board of Governors.

Wake up Bethanians. This is your magazine. Express your opinion for a better magazine-year book for 1942-43.

George Sitock, Business Manager.

P.S.—Thank you for your cooperation of the past year.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM THE DEAN OF STUDENTS

The following letter was received after Dean Kirkpatrick had made a visit to the campus and expressed his

dissatisfaction at student demands for self-government and social activity.:

. . . It is doubtful, however, as to whether I would have spoken with any different intent or purpose even if I had been better informed about your grievances because of some of the things I mentioned represent fundamentals in my philosophy of education. Here is about the way my thinking lines up:

1. The college is an experience in both living and learning, which means that it is an experience in learning how to prefer the best because of having lived and known the things that are preferable.

2. The direction and planning of college affairs is a co-operative enterprise between students and faculty with each group carrying important, but differentiated, responsibilities.

3. Student government—in any form—does not come by proclamation or official delegation of privileges. It comes as students are able and ready to carry the serious obligations of government.

4. The privilege of self-government must be earned by evidence of dependability, responsibility, industry, ethical and moral values, social-mindedness, and many other character qualities.

5. There should be no suppression of free speech—written or oral—so long as it represents truth, good taste, and sound ethics. Certainly this has never been an issue at Bethany.

6. In these times, students and faculty members should be giving time and attention to significant issues—and not to small matters. "Dancing on Sunday" is hardly a big issue and it has never warranted the time and attention given to it.

7. We Americans can not escape moral responsibility to have some constructive part in the serious demands that are upon us because of war. We can not escape by stopping our ears or by believing that we are still too young or too far removed from reality for serious and important thoughts.

8. The college is not simply an institution, an organization, or a program. To look upon it in such a light is to underestimate the fullness of the life it nourishes. A college experience must contribute to the moral wisdom and leadership of society, teaching student how to live together with mutual respect and with a sense of high and significant purpose. It is partly the responsibility of the faculty to disturb the complacency and uproot the narrowness of student thinking (or lack of thinking) and part of my remarks at the Sunday evening discussion were with that aim in mind. In a positive way the college should elevate student purposes, make clear their vision, and lead an intellectual clarity to life's major problems.

Sincerely,

FORREST H. KIRKPATRICK

Dean of Students.

Dear Editor:

A good definition of Spring for the next Bethanian: Spring—that time of year when a young man's fancy idly turns to thoughts of next year's freshman class.

Anon.

A Bethanian Looks at *The World and the Future---*

(Continued from Page 16)

we have. American history will prove that both major political parties have slowly adopted the program set up by the socialist party in former years. The liberals had the idea long ago. They were young ideas and it took us a long time to become accustomed to them. If you wish, you can tie it up with Tennyson's "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers . . ." (Eng. 32, MWF II or 3).

Well, we can push the camel out as soon as he sticks his head in the tent, but they say that camels are tough customers when aroused. Or, we can let the camel in the tent, wait until he falls asleep, and move the whole tent away from him. Or maybe we can let the camel have half the tent and keep the rest for ourselves.

In other words, we can reject socialism and take our chances with the result of unobstructed capitalism. I don't know if that would be good or bad, but private capital would have to be able to satisfy the greatest number of people. Or we can admit total state socialism, and quietly replace capitalism when the time is proper. The other alternative is to try to coordinate a system of capitalism and socialism. Finally, we can let the camel have the tent and decide it's too nice a night to sleep inside anyhow and take our blanket and sleep under the stars. Total socialism . . .

Well, an analogy is a weak type of argument in any case, so take this for what it is worth.

But about ourselves. We can hope for a kind of peace that will hold at least until we are behind the wheel and hope that our own generation can live more cooperatively than the one we see now. Maybe we can show England something about India and a few more mandates she has mishandled. Too, maybe the Latin Americans can tell John Bull that she doesn't like the way some of the English-South American investments are managed. We're probably in for some criticism along the same line. Also, France might be convinced that Syria is more than an international gasoline station for her.

Internationalism should be in a better position than ever before if the peace is handled right. And that peace need not be a personal, temporary treaty like Lord George and Clemanceau wrote in 1918.

Internationalism, is that what we want? It's theoretical, it's idealistic, it's a step toward utopianism, and what's more, it's possible.

What will the situation be: victory or defeat, capitalism or complete socialism, a new world system by the eight points or a new order? Will it be the old set-up with a new coat of paint, world cooperation or medieval mercantilism?

This article was started some 1500 words and ninety minutes back on an assumption. Therefore, it has no real basis . . . But please remember to feed the camel when you put the cat out and turn off the lights.

The Bethanian Staff

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